THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Pride and Hospitality

Now that every one in the land has had various opportunities of expressing his or her opinion as to what are the world's best short stories, here is a whimsical question which we like to think has never been asked before, at least in print, although the idea itself is suggested by a paragraph in Arnold Bennett's *Your United States*. Suppose that you were entertaining for a week some distinguished, cultivated, discriminating European who had never visited our country before, and whose impressions of America were to be formed entirely by that week as your guest. Your patriotism was keenly sensitive. You wished him to go back to the older world with the highest possible opinion of every aspect of American life and civilisation, its dignity, comfort, and beauty. Of course in real life you would be obliged to extend your hospitality in accordance with material limitations. But in fancy there need be no such limitations. All the land is yours. Where and how would you entertain him?

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A Dream

A few years ago we heard a story of a curious dream, which at the time we did not feel at liberty to print, but which now, with the suppression of names, may be told without indiscretion. A clever American woman was writing a book about the death of one of history's greatest martyrs, whose assassination shook the world. She had saturated herself with her subject, living with it night and day. While in this mental condition, she, to use the phrase of John Bunyan, dreamed a dream. In the dream she was walking in company with the man whose misguided hand had struck the martyr down. There came a time when he stopped in the walk, and turning to her said, "Miss ———, I will tell you a great secret of history. It is something that no one in the world but myself has ever known. I did not kill —— ———. *He committed suicide in that box.*"

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A Letter

In the Chronicle and Comment of the June issue we quoted from Mr. Charles Edward Russell's *These Shifting Scenes*. A part of what we quoted brought to us the following letter from the General Manager of the Associated Press. We have no opinion to express in the matter, and are printing the letter because we feel that it should be printed, not that we are espousing one side or the other.

EDITOR "THE BOOKMAN":

In your June issue you quote from a new book of Charles E. Russell's a statement that Eugene Field was the author of what was known as the "Matthew Arnold Hoax" perpetrated by the Chicago *Daily News* upon the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. Russell's state-

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THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

ment is inaccurate. Eugene Field took no part in the "Matthew Arnold Hoax."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MELVILLE E. STONE.

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Cobb Comments

Ever since the late Frank Norris declared that New York, New Orleans and San Francisco were the only American cities to be taken seriously in a literary way, earnest youths with ideals and small typewriters have been flocking into them, drinking more or less California claret, and turning out copy. San Francisco has become a tradition as possessing the most essentially literary atmosphere of the three cities, and it has been accredited to her blue sky, infusion of old Spanish blood, the sight of Mt. Tamalpais and the spirit of the '49ers. Now comes Irvin Cobb and, after investigating San Francisco and writing about it in *Roughing It De Luxe,* a humorous guide to the Far West, he has declared in an interview that the only reason why San Francisco is literary is because it is the oldest town in its territory.

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The same reason, says Mr. Cobb, applies to the aforementioned New York and New Orleans; to Rome, London, Paris and Vienna. They are old. They have had time to accumulate traditions. It makes no difference whether it is London's fogs or San Francisco's sunshine, once the town is old enough to have a literary atmosphere, the pleased consumers of the atmosphere credit it to the meteorological conditions, or the fact that famous men have lived there, or to anything but the real cause—the age of the town. When Painted Post, Arizona, grows old enough, says Mr. Cobb, it will have had famous men treading its streets, it will have traditions and literary atmosphere, and there will be a group of young enthusiasts drinking California claret and declaring that it's only in temperamental Painted Post that one can get the real

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inspiration to write—just as they now do in San Francisco.

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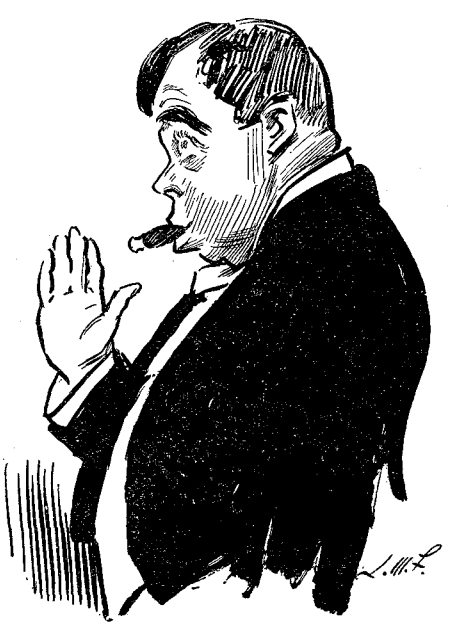
Personalities

Slight, but unquestionably amusing, are the various skits that make up Mr. James Montgomery Flagg's *I Should Say So*. The book is in a way an own cousin to some of the books with which Mr. Julian Street has won a measure of popularity, and is more remotely related to the works of certain other contemporary American humourists. In a spirit of pleasant exaggeration that is not always exaggeration *I Should Say So* hits off some of the foibles and follies of the day. The dinner party, the "used" motor car, and its ingenious salesman, the theatre, and the summer resort are all fair game for Mr. Flagg. Much more intimate is the chapter "Parlour Entertainers." Here, in text and illustration, are presented to us a score of American men and women of letters of more or less celebrity. In a spirit of perfect good nature Mr. Flagg has played with their pet poses and eccentricities, now and then introducing the title of a favourite anecdote or an innocent-looking epigram that causes the initiated reader a momentary gasp.



ANOTHER IMPRESSION OF IRVIN COBB

AN ACCURATE PORTRAIT OF IRVIN COBB AS SEEN BY JOHN MC CUTCHEON

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More of the Editor

A criticism that is constantly being directed against all magazines, and perhaps more especially against what are known as class magazines, is that they are lacking in variety. "The —— Magazine. Oh, yes. It is good. I grant that. But it is so much the same month after month, and why do they run so much to the same set of contributors?" That is the kindlier judgment. There are others who are firmly convinced that when certain names appear with regularity on a magazine's Table of Contents it means just one thing. That there is an inner and favourite circle of contributors, and that an outsider, however efficient, stands but little chance. Again we take occasion to point out that this idea assumes that the editor is a traveller from Altruria. As a matter of fact no one experiences so much pain and exasperation as does the editor when he contemplates the contents page and sees that his authors of this month are very much the same men and women whose names appeared in the issue of last month and of the month before. He is keenly sensitive to that charge of sameness, but what is he to do?

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There is prevalent the idea that editing a magazine is merely a matter of selection. There is the manuscript box

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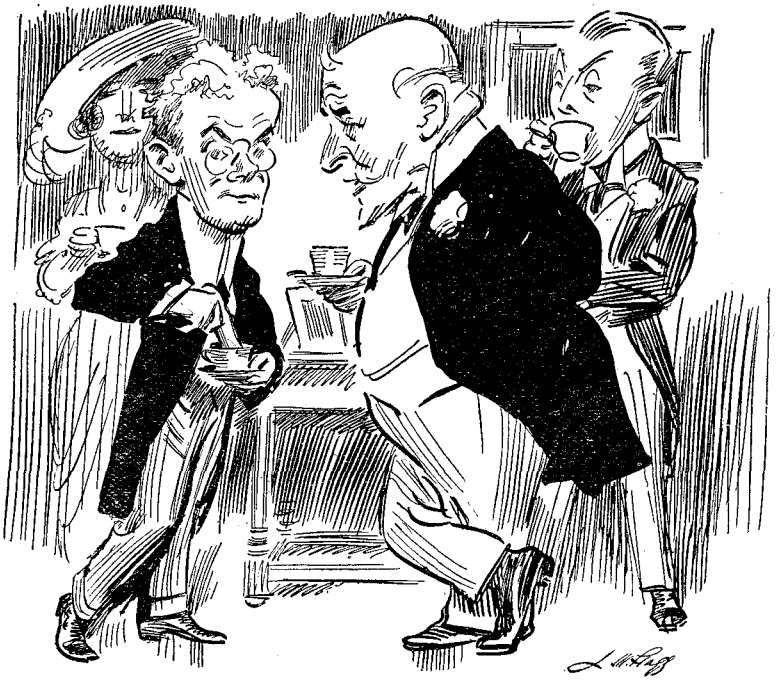

OLIVER HERFORD AND JAMES L. FORD IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS

filled with proffered material, good, bad, and indifferent. The good editor picks out the good manuscripts and makes a good magazine, the mediocre editor the mediocre manuscripts and makes a mediocre magazine, the poor editor the poor manuscripts, and his magazine is in consequence a failure. The legend has naturally been fostered by all the tales of subsequently famous novels and short stories that in the beginning met with rejection. But what are the facts? Perhaps three out of one hundred unsolicited and unsuggested manuscripts are available, and perhaps ten call for serious consideration. It is not that those that can be discarded at a glance entirely lack quality. The subject may be a sound one. Construction and writing may be all that could be asked, and yet there may be any one of half a dozen justifying an editor in giving it immediate rejection. Every magazine has a policy of a sort, hard to define, perhaps, but none the less distinct, and the contribution admirably suited to one magazine may be quite out of place in another. Or again there are times when the very fitness of an article may work against it. Yes, that is so much the kind of article we want, that, if you will look in our files you will find that most of what you have to say was said in our issue for January, 1906, and the rest said in a paper that appeared in March, 1911. Or it may be that an article on substantially the same subject is already in type, or else has been planned. Or perhaps the proffered paper deals with a topic that we have been rather overdoing of late. Or perhaps the editor does not see how he can possibly find a place for it in a reasonable time. For the manuscript to be forgotten of restless nights, the manuscript that helps to streak the hair with grey, is not the prize that has been let slip through the fingers, but the good enough article or story that has to be held over from month to month,

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the place planned for it being constantly taken by a newcomer of greater interest and vitality. It is in no spirit of hostility that the editor comes to a belief in the adage "When in doubt, decline."

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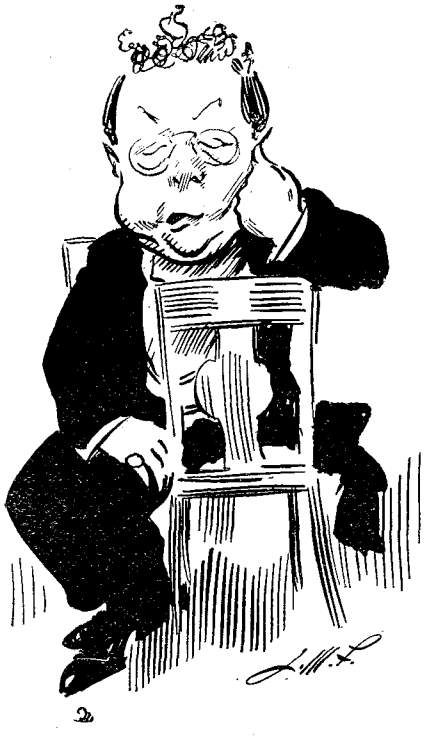
Just what we want and an absolutely new name. That comes but seldom, but when it comes it is greeted in a spirit of selfish exultation, and not in the imagined spirit of resentful annoyance. Of course old associations are pleasant, but so little of an altruist is the average editor that he would probably be quite pleased at a change which swept away every old contributor provided it brought him a new set of fellow-workers as good and as reliable as the old. But so long as that is possible only in fancy, he must cling to the old, replacing now and then with great care. An idea comes in for a series of two or three or four papers. To whom shall the task be given? So and So's name may be becoming a little monotonous on the Table of Contents, but he is accessible, and the work is certain to be reasonably well done. Against the untried hand the chances are a thousand to one, and the almost inevitable result of experiment would be disappointment and endless complication.



CHARLES HANSON TOWNE AS MRS. FISKE

"BILL IRWIN" TELLS HIS FAMOUS STORY OF THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER BREAK

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There is another thorn on the editorial cushion of which we have spoken before, and of which we are moved to speak now. That is the charge of lack of sympathy and appreciation that is being constantly directed at magazine offices. It is quite evident that there are in the land a vast number of persons with the idea that an editor is omniscient, and that this omniscience is at the public service. Every other day's mail is likely to bring a letter asking for information that to supply would require ten or twelve hours' research. Some of the writers are considerate when they are informed of the utter impossibility of complying with all these requests. Others are hotly indignant. "Last week I wrote you a postcard asking for a list (1) of the sources from which Shakespeare drew his plays, (2) of the books that have been pub-

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lished about Napoleon, (3) of the leading magazine articles that have been written about the work of Rudyard Kipling. Why have I not received this information?" An extreme case, perhaps, but a typical case. There is no use arguing, or

JULIAN STREET SINGING "FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN"

illustrating by recalling the story of the German millionaire who placed an order with a bookseller for all books dealing with Napoleon and who, as a first consignment, received forty thousand volumes. That information was wanted, and it was the editor's business to supply it.

Here is a request of a milder nature, very courteously expressed, which came to us the other day. The writer, on behalf of a class in advanced English, wanted a list of the authors of to-day who were contributing of permanent literature. Now at first sight there is nothing unreasonable in this request, but under analysis, it serves to illustrate the editor's position. In the first place just what is permanent literature? Who are the writers who, without dispute, have come to be accepted as permanent? By virtue of some thousand years Homer and Virgil, Horace and Aristophanes may be admitted into the group. And by this time Defoe and John Bunyan. Also there are a few lusty youngsters who were active in the interesting decade of 1840-1850, Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray, Messieurs Balzac and Dumas, to confine ourselves to a handful of the novelists. They, too, have probably served their time of probation, and have been welcomed into the noble company of Permanents the other side of Styx. But we heard the other day that Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune,* originally published about 1898, had gone into a new edition and was still in yearly demand, and that substantially the same might be said about some of the earlier novels of Mr. Robert W. Chambers. So just what did the lady mean by permanent literature, and what could we reply beyond pointing out that it was all a matter of opinion, merely suggesting that among the men of to-day the work of Kipling, Rostand, Conrad, Shaw, Howells, and half a dozen others could hardly be regarded as entirely ephemeral? But we are very much afraid that that answer was not entirely satisfactory and that the lady to whom it was sent will be inclined to cast darkling glances at the orange cover of this magazine.

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Particularly exasperating is the charge of lack of sympathy, and in that connection, here is another letter of the other day that brings its little twinge. That letter had a predecessor of some length in which the writer told of the translation

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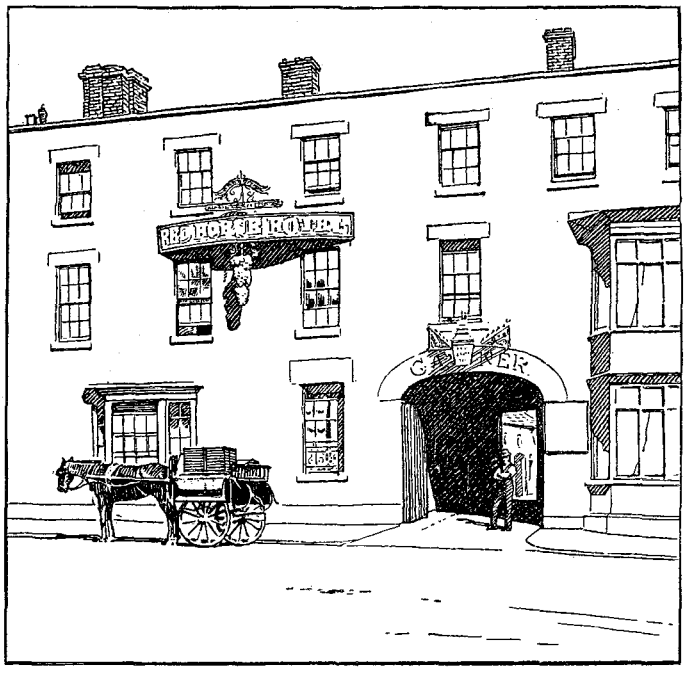

WASHINGTON IRVING'S INN

she was making of some Latin-American historical work, and asking if we would be interested in it. Reading perhaps a little carelessly, we derived the impression that it was a suggested contribution and replied to the effect that we feared it was not at all suited to the magazine. It seems that that was very much the wrong answer, for there soon came a second letter expressing indignant surprise at what the writer characterised as "entire indifference and want of understanding." Also there was one crushing argument which was a gem in its way. "I have received from a book reviewer, for a publication similar to your own, very encouraging words, such as 'if the translation (of the work you are engaged upon) reveals a book approaching in interest Prescott's *Peru* or *Mexico,* you have made an important literary discovery and I have no doubt but that such a book will receive due recognition.'" A diplomat and a profound master of euphemism, that book reviewer. Could it possibly have sounded better or meant less? Editors, please note. If the poem upon which you are engaged proves as good as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" it will undoubtedly be a serious contribution to our literature. If the novel that you are contemplating writing turns out to be another *Père Goriot* or *Henry Esmond* you are certain to achieve an unqualified success. If the trench that you are about to dig should happen to reveal the long-lost treasure of Captain Kidd you will be amply compensated for the purchase of the spade.

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Washington Irving's Inn

Mr. W. H. Hutton, in his *Highways and Byways of Shakespeare's Country,* recalls to the memory the inn at Stratford-on-Avon that Washington Irving made famous. That is the Red Horse, and in appreciation of what the American did to preserve it to posterity, Irving's room is kept as he described it, with the poker, guarded

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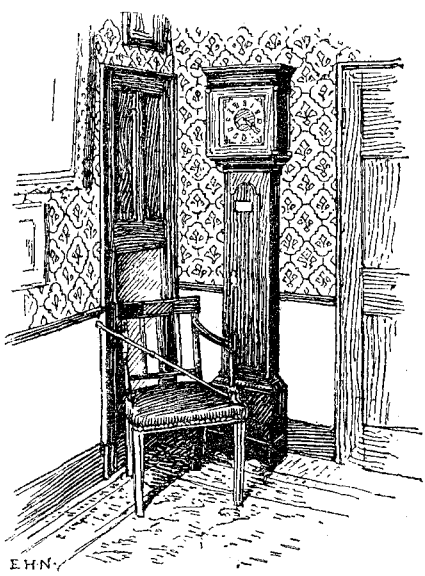
as a relic. Of the Red Horse Irving wrote:

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day: and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows



THE WASHINGTON IRVING POKER

the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Casa Napoleon

There is something strangely familiar about the stories that make up *At the Casa Napoleon,* written by the late Thomas Janvier, and bearing the imprint of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. These tales are old friends. It may be that we read them as they appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine,* but we seem to remember them in a more permanent form. But whatever the facts are, in their new incarnation we greet them with great cordiality, because they bring back the memory of youthful thrills and enthusiasms. The Casa Napoleon! There is a certain charm in that name. The structure itself still stands, it boasted the other day of a fresh coat of paint, but its patrons of yesteryear, the men and women of whom Mr. Janvier wrote, are dispersed over the face of the earth, or have gone to another world. When Mr. Janvier came to New York, about 1881, to enter definitely upon a literary career, there was something very like a Latin Quarter in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. To the south there was a French Quarter, where various simple old-fashioned French restaurants attracted artists; to the north there was an artist's colony. There was the old Studio Building at 51 West Tenth Street, and across the street in a rear courtyard was a little house which was the home of the once famous Tile Club. That house was also the domicile of Colonel George Fairfax Carter of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia, and his faithful servitor, Chad, whose adventures and misadventures were recorded by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. To the west stretched old Greenwich Village. That was in the eighties and nineties of the last century, when the world was very young.

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The Casa Napoleon was not a house of fantasy, but a very definite haven for wanderers of Latin origin which for several years opened hospitable doors upon a side street near lower Fifth Avenue. To be exact it was numbers nineteen and

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twenty-one West Ninth Street, and its real name was the Hotel Griffou. To this house it was the custom of Mr. Janvier to come, and it was during dinners that his observation garnered suggestions which ripened into the stories that make up this book. The simple and

THOMAS ALIBONE JANVIER

honest Bohemianism of the Quarter gave a colour to its life which attracted the writer, and an early result was the production of his tales of artist life, familiarly known as the Ivory Black Stories, which appeared in the magazines and afterwards in his first book, entitled *Colour Studies,* published in 1885. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, in his preface to the present volume, comments that *Colour Studies* attracted attention immediately on account of their warmth, richness, humour, and felicity of diction, qualities which always distinguish Mr. Janvier's work. His style, says Mr. Hitchcock, was as unusual as his superb personal appearance. His feeling for effect was that of a Frenchman rather than an American, or, more definitely, he showed a happy and glowing imagination, characteristic of the Midi.

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Thomas Allibone Janvier was born in Philadelphia, July 16, 1848, the son of Francis de Haes and Emma Newbold

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Janvier, the descendant of Huguenot forebears from the south of France. From 1870 to 1881 he was chiefly occupied with editorial work upon various Philadelphia newspapers; after that he devoted himself to literary work, and New York became his home, with the exception of travels in Mexico, a long stay in the south of France, and many visits abroad. After the years which produced the tales of Latin New York, he made his Mexican journey. His *Mexican Guide Book,* published in 1887, was called a new discovery of Mexico. The picturesque history and environment, which appealed to him so strongly, found ample expression in his romance, *The Aztec Treasure House,* and in his *Stories of Old and New Spain.* A few years later he went to the south of France. There his affinity was recognised, and he was adopted by the poets and writers, whom he quickly learned to know. He became a warm friend of Frederic Mistral and he was made presently an honorary member of the Felibrige, that inspiring society of poets and men of letters. While Janvier and Mrs. Janvier were living at Saint Remy de Provence, their friendship with Félix Gras brought them an opportunity of reading a manuscript of his *Reds of the Midi.* It was through their appreciation that the work of Gras was brought to the attention of an American editor, and his books, translated by Mrs. Janvier, were made known to the English-speaking world. That stay in the Midi lasted from 1894 to 1897 and yielded, in addition to various magazine articles and stories, *An Embassy to Province* and *The Christmas Kalends of Province.* From 1897 to 1900 Janvier lived for the most of the time in England and then returned to New York. His literary activity lasted until the time of his death, which took place a little more than a year ago.

THE HOUND OF THE MOVIES

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The Hound in the Movies

From a theatre programme recently received from Germany we find that Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* has been presented in the moving-picture theatres of Berlin. The adaptation was made by one Richard Oswald, and from certain illustrations shown in the programme, it is evident that Herr Oswald has introduced some strikingly radical changes from the story. For example, one picture shows two men attired in the dress of the present day seated at opposite sides of the table, one of them with a levelled revolver in his hand, while over them stands a knight encased in armour of the time of Oliver Cromwell. Another picture, apparently illustrating the *dénouement* of the story, shows the same knight lending material assistance in the capture of a man who is probably Stapleton. Also in the pictures Dr. Watson is as phlegmatic as Doyle showed him in the stories, but his phlegmatism is essentially Teutonic.

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Stories of Sport

In Mr. Gouverneur Morris's recent collection of tales, *The Incandescent Lily,* there is an unusually good lawn tennis story, "The Championship." Incidentally there is a point in the yarn where Mr. Morris

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seems to have taken a twist from the late O. Henry. But that is a detail. Of chief importance is that here is another excellent short story dealing with athletic activity. Ten or twenty years ago the tales based on sport, with the exception of the sport of horse racing, could be counted on the fingers. Where was the golf yarn, the tennis yarn, the football yarn, the baseball yarn of 1895? Moreover, where was the magazine that, at that period, would have regarded a story of Big League ball, for example, with any sort of favour? But all that has changed. Sport has been recognised as a legitimate subject for fiction. Mr. Will Irwin and Mr. Charles E. Van Loan are two of half a dozen who are turning out ingenious baseball tales industriously and profitably. Mr. Van Loan's wider fame incidentally resting upon the fact that he once achieved a fine steal of second with all the bases full. The growing demand for baseball reading is reflected also in the quality of the daily narratives that are syndicated throughout the country. Take, for example, the work of such men as Mr. Grantland Rice and Mr. Hugh Fullerton. These men are far removed from the old time reporter of sporting events, his atrocious English and his vapid slang. They have literary backgrounds and they know how to write.

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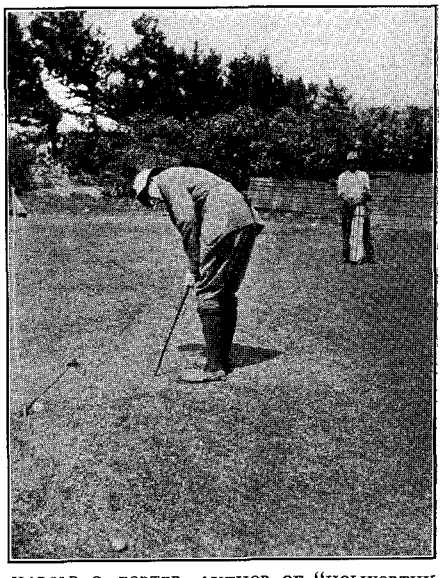
Perhaps of all stories dealing with sport good golf stories are the rarest. But golf does not seem to offer a great variety of situations for fiction. We recall one golf novel, *John Henry Smith,* which was entertaining and absolutely ridiculous; a short tale, "The Sheik's Curse," which by the way, had practically the same idea as a baseball story which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* two or three years ago, called "The Pig Bristle Slugger," and the very unusual "Even Threes," to which allusion has already been made in THE BOOKMAN. The list of writers of football stories of merit is a long one, including Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Owen Johnson, Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, Mr. James Barnes, Mr. James Hopper and possibly half a dozen more. The motor-car story seems to be no longer in the highest demand, but its popularity endured long enough to bring ample rewards for the clever work of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. Indeed a new book by the first named two is always certain of a reasonable amount of success, but that success is no longer to be attributed to the merely motoring aspect of the story. With the passing of the car of the type of the "German monstrosity" of *The Lightning Conductor,*



HAROLD G. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "HOLWORTHY HALL," IN BERMUDA

and of "Baby Bullet" of Mr. Osbourne's yarn of the same name, the motor-car novel lost its greatest asset in the way of plausible dramatic situations. A flat tire, a mixture that is too rich, or a loss of compression in one of the cylinders are still possible and annoying. But such incidentals do not spell Romance.

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While on the subject of the motor car there is one recently published book that deserves more than passing attention, for it is a book of real practical value to motorists, and there are very few such

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LOUIE AND HER SON; FIRST PLAN OF "THE STORY OF LOUIE" AS MADE BY THE AUTHOR

books. This is Mr. Walter Hale's *The Ideal Tour in France,* the first of a series of "Ideal Tours" for Americans who are contemplating motoring in Europe. Now there have been a score or more volumes dealing, in a general way, with the subject, but they are either mere records of personal impressions and experiences, or word pictures of scenery, architecture, and historical associations. The Chateaux country is charming, the ascent of the Pyrenees inspiring, and the Corniche Road gives views of the Mediterranean that are unsurpassed. But Mr. Hale's book serves a much more practical purpose. The "Ideal Tour" of his planning begins at Havre, runs on to Rouen, Paris, Orleans, Bordeaux, and Bayonne, turns east through Provençe, to Marseilles and Nice, and thence through Burgundy, Champagny, and back to Normandy. Not only does he tell what it is, but how to make it, dealing with Baedeker-like precision with the little problems that will be likely to confront the American taking an American built car to France to make the journey. We hold that the one way in which to make a book of this kind adequate is to jot down every question that is likely to come up, and to answer these questions. That has been the method followed by Mr. Hale, whose experience in driving American cars over European roads has probably been more comprehensive than that of any other American. Ten years ago, barely knowing the difference between starting crank and differential, he made his first venture in a car that was slightly more efficient than the car in which Miss Randolph began her touring as told in *The Lightning Conductor.* The first stage of the journey was from New York to Boston, thence the car was shipped to Naples, and from there the road was through Italy, over the Apennines and Alps, and across France to Havre. It is needless to say that the trip brought various experiences over which it is kindlier to draw the veil.

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Mr. Hale tells a very pretty story illustrating the spirit of the *wanderlust.*

JAMES JEFFRIES'S FIRST DINNER WITH FINANCIAL MAGNATES. "THE DEBIT ACCOUNT" AS MADE BY THE AUTHOR

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One day, in a great steamship office in New York City, his attention was called to a little old man with wistful eyes who was timidly asking for a set of the line's folders. The following spring, in another steamship office, he came upon the same man making the same request. Enquiry brought out the story. The man was mad with the love for travel, but did not possess the means to gratify his passion. So from these folders he made estimates of probable expenses, and in imagination travelled over the world. In connection with *The Ideal Motor Tour in France,* the author has compiled two interesting tables of expenses. The first table deals with the expenses of a man and his wife, "travelling with a chauffeur in a sixty horse-power touring car, who went to high-priced hotels and did not economise;" and the second table of the expenses of a man and his wife "who travelled in a light runabout, without a chauffeur, went to hotels of moderate charge—not the lowest—and made the trip economically but comfortably. The two trips were of the same duration, approximately five weeks. The first called for an expenditure of a little over sixteen hundred dollars, and the second for an expenditure of between eight and nine hundred dollars.

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Oliver Onions

From Mr. Oliver Onions, one of the young English writers at whom Mr. W. L. George looked most attentively in "Who Is the Man?" in the February BOOKMAN, there comes a new book, *Gray Youth* (published in America by Doran). *Gray Youth* deals in large part with artists, young artists and enthusiastic ones, who say large colourful words about technique and eugenics. It recalls the fact that Mr. Onions himself began his career as an artist. He made an inadequate living in the Midlands as a designer. Then he went up to London, passed through the art schools, and did war pictures and stories as a correspondent, after trying his hand at posters and advertising pictures. The success of his war stories turned him to novel writing and to his trilogy, *The Debit Account. In Accordance with the Evidence,* and *The Story of Louie.*

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In the meantime Mr. Onions had not forgotten his art, which he uses very practically by making rough sketches of the scenes he wants particularly to visualise for his novels, as though he were going to turn them into paintings. The accompanying illustrations show two of

OLIVER ONIONS

the scenes from the trilogy. The actual scenes in the novel follow the "placing" much as a play follows the playwright's setting in a toy theatre. Although an artist himself, Mr. Onions does not seem to be mad over the merits of young artists. In *Gray Youth* he has presented the conservative side of the "economically independent woman" question. The following quotation expresses the candid opinions of an old art-school teacher on young women who are artistic and advanced:

There's too murh paper in their lives. They read too much. Weeks and months

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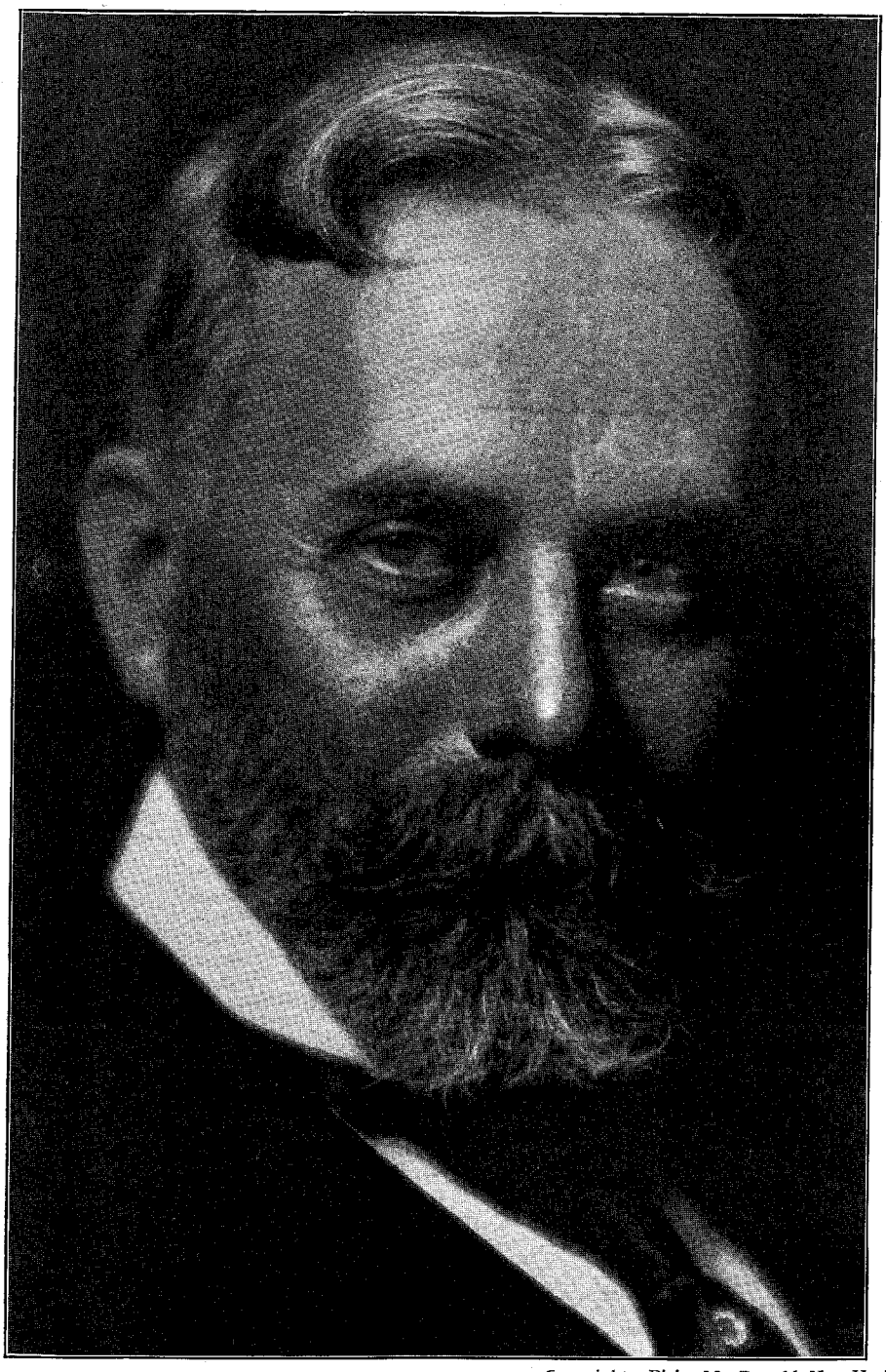

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SIR GILBERT PARKER

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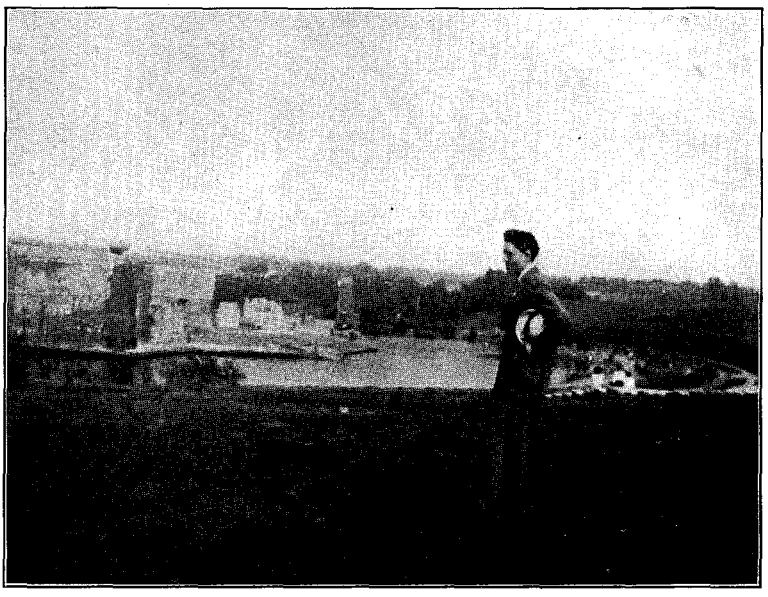

PERCY MACKAYE OVERLOOKING THE PAGEANT STAGE IN ST. LOUIS DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION IN MAY

together I've heard them: Meyers says this, and Galton says that, and Tolstoy says the other; and they make up a sort of world out of that, and think it's the real one, or is soon going to be, and they never get out of it. . . . From all young women who talk paper with their hair down. From all young men who think the New Woman isn't just the same as the Old one. And from all day-nurseries for the children of the well-to-do middle classes. . . !

• • •

Parker on the Novel

Many years ago the late F. Marion Crawford wrote a little monograph called "The Novel" in which he summed up with remarkable clearness the opportunities and responsibilities of his craft. Since that time many other novelists have indulged in philosophical reflections of the same kind, and the latest of these is Sir Gilbert Parker, whose recently published *You Never Know Your Luck* seems to be something of a departure from his studies of French Canadians and colonial problems. Here is Sir Gilbert's idea of the function of a novelist.

The novelist must note not only symptoms which may indicate a passing functional derangement of the moral and mental constitution, he must go infinitely deeper if he wants to know character. He must find out, it may be, the more or less obscure thing—the disease or corruption lying behind the many obvious symptoms, and it is probable that he will find his key in some small, elusive thing which is a danger-signal to the trained mind to which is given also the trained eye.

To a registering eye—an eye which sees and photographs—there comes, under stress of the senses and the illumination which follows, a moving picture of innumerable things in their proper places, the automatic memory of the thousand visualised objects.

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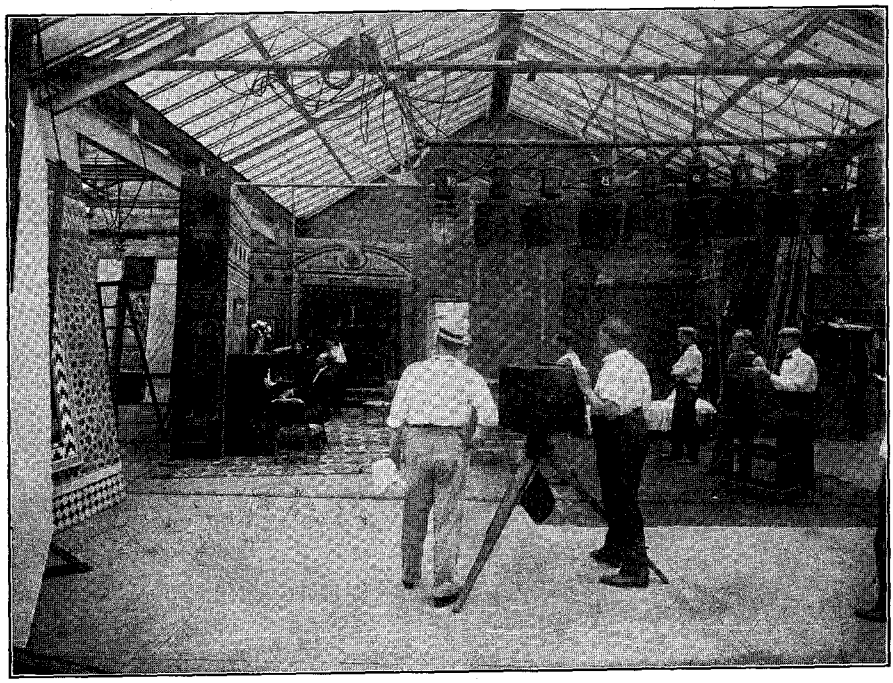

TAKING A SCENE IN THE STUDIO

THE BUDGET OF THE MOVIES

BY GRAHAM BERRY

ONLY once since the early days of the Elizabethan drama has the public had the opportunity of beholding an art absolutely in the making. It was about 1896 that the first "tabloid" play was produced, and now in 1914 the motion picture leads all other forms of entertainment. But it cannot be said that the public has taken advantage of the opportunity. As must have been the case in the days of Marlowe, Kyd and Greene—when novelties were coming thick and fast—only the initial novelty takes people by surprise; and a procession of novelties passes almost unrecorded. Especially in these days of rapid, intensive development do we take it for granted that it is the nature of things to improve. All this is a pity; for watching the art of the motion picture grow step by step has been as fascinating as the privilege of doing so is unique. The unparalleled evolution in a little over fifteen years from the reproduction of petty and unrehearsed scenes of real life—a boy blacking shoes or a police-squad parading—to such marvels of story-telling, theatrical effectiveness, and grouping as *Les Miserables* or *Antony and Cleopatra,* has elicited from most people only the comment, "Isn't it wonderful how well they take them now! Don't you remember how they used to jiggle?"

But though the public generally fails to appreciate the art of a business, sooner or later it always appreciates the business of an art. When twenty-four sheet posters announce picture plays on every cor-

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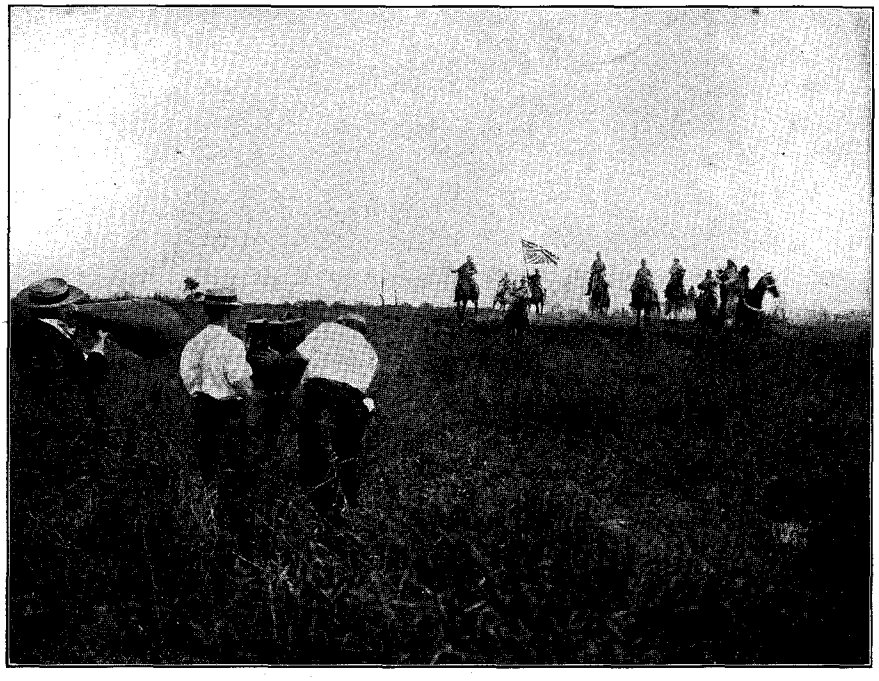

TAKING A WAR SCENE. VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

ner, when electric letters over the entrances of usurped theatres flash the names of film companies and stars, when a well-known periodical advertises in the street cars as a contest for moving-picture patrons "Which is your favourite leading man?" when in a syndicate of large American dailies is published from week to week a story-version by one of our most popular novelists simultaneously with the picture-version in the theatres, when the news-stands display several periodicals devoted to news of the motion-picture world—even the man in the street (who, in spite of his location, is never supposed to see anything!) can no longer remain oblivious to the fact that he is perambulating in the midst of an enormous industry. Then he begins to wonder how it happened and what all this represents.

The figures for such a widely extended business are of course only approximate —and furthermore it is the nature of an adolescent industry to swagger and of a theatrical one to fib—but it is estimated that there are twenty thousand theatres in the United States and Canada and that in Greater New York alone some three hundred thousand people go daily. "Judged merely as an industry," says the *International Year-Book* for 1912, "the motion-pictures are of startling importance. The different business interests involved are said to represent an investment of over two hundred million dollars and offer employment in one form or another to half a million people." And that was over a year ago. In point of magnitude the motion-picture industry has now outdistanced many of the largest and oldest industries in America. As much money has been put into the movies as into all the anthracite coal mines; and more than a third as much as into the entire printing and publishing business of the country.

"There are four hundred moving-picture shows in Brooklyn alone and about fifteen hundred in the Greater City," said Commodore Blackton, vice-president of

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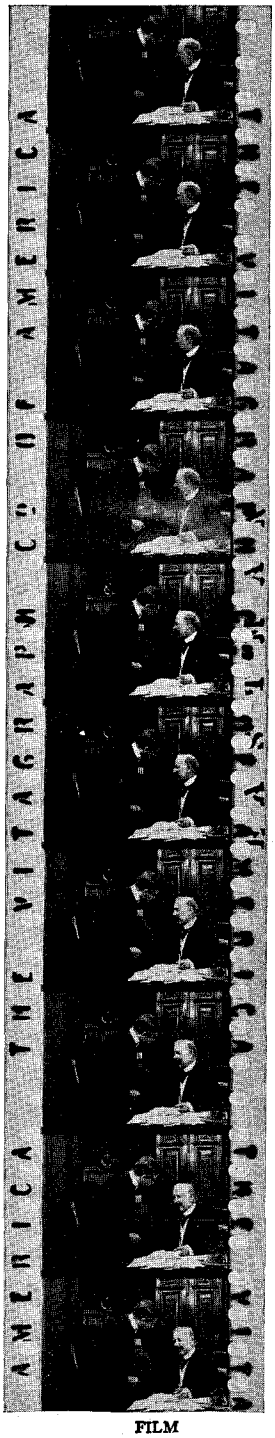

FILM

the American Vitagraph Company, to the Brooklyn Municipal Club at a recent dinner, where was begun a much-needed systematic survey of this vital universal factor in modern life. "The total return of the film exchanges to the manufacturers per year in the United States has been estimated at twenty million, and the sum levied by the exchanges from the moving-picture show owners approaches twenty-five million. From the public the show managers get a gross return of about two hundred and seventy-five million per year. The total length of all the films manufactured in the United States alone per year is about forty thousand miles, or over three billion separate pictures, of which there are sixteen to each foot of film. This means enough pictures to make thirty-two of each inhabitant of the United States per year."

It may be imprudent (but one must forestall the mathematical reader!) to call attention to the fact that these figures must be wrong. By them the manufacturer under colossal expense has a gross income of only twenty million, the exchange, whose expense is small, has a gross earning of five million for handling the films, and the exhibitor, whose expenditure is—except for rental—least of all, gets the great bulk of the profits. "But what's a million or two," said the school-boy, "when your slate's full anyhow?" It is probable that the Commodore's statement of what the public pays for its movies is approximately correct, and just who gets it is never a matter of popular worry.

TRADE ORGANISATION

The story of the motion-picture business is an epitome of American industry in general. Except for the one fact that the early supply entirely failed to meet the sudden demand, it is an illustration of industrial development as representative as it is strikingly compact. Naturally a brand-new industry would embrace all the more avidly the modern commercial methods of consolidation and concentration, and in this case all the conditions for doing so were more than favourable. Motion pictures projected upon a screen became a commercial proposition in 1895, and the following year came their first great boom as a popular amusement. As there were nowhere near enough films to go round, the institution of the Exchange sprang into being to facilitate their distribution. It soon became powerful, and the more important exchanges formed a central organisation, the Film Service Association. This at once necessitated as compact and powerful an organisation on the part of the manufacturers. These had from the beginning been embroiled in warfare over patent rights, but joining hands against a common enemy, they now pooled their

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interests as the Motion Picture Patents Company. They then set out to reduce the exchanges to terms by leasing their films only to those individual concerns which would make them concessions. Within two years they produced as a result of this system, the General Film Company, which had absorbed all the licensed exchanges in the country but one. Against this powerful company the independent manufacturers for some time struggled in vain, until they, too, combined and formed the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company. This new group was successful in building up its trade until, rent by internal disputes, it split up into two new groups called the Universal and the Film Supply; and then within this last-named group there took place a new alignment. But one thing was now needed to complete this illustration of modern American industry. In 1912 the Government instituted proceedings for the dissolution of the Motion Picture Patents Company and its affiliated corporations for restraint of trade. A lower court sustained Edison in his perpetual injunction against the Chicago Film Exchange, but the Court of Appeals reversed the decision. Thus the cycle became complete, and the independent manufacturer was at last free to develop as he might if he might.

The European attempts to corner the market had never been as successful as the American ones; and this—says the *Motion Picture Year-Book* for 1912—is doubtless responsible for the superior artistic progress there. On the other hand, the heavy and unjust Government taxation constantly threatens to overwhelm the business. Taxation has this year closed some of the largest theatres in Germany, and in Italy the preposterous seating tax is thought to mean the strangulation of the exhibitor and hence of the manufacturer. For even as it is, American films form the larger part of moving-picture programmes throughout Europe, and we export more than we import. Another great curse of the foreign industry is the arbitrary and oppressive censorship. This is a real danger in America also. The industry has already incurred much undeserved hostility from church and civic societies — a hostility which time has demonstrated to have been on the whole without reasonable basis— and a municipal censorship would place the whole business at the mercy of politics and graft. The mistaken antagonism of well-meaning people (who after the fashion of reformers failed to discriminate between desirable and undesirable legislation) forced the exhibitors to band together in an organisation of their own. Already they had found themselves squeezed between the manufacturers and the exchanges, but the attitude of the enthusiastic protectors of the public weal threatened greater annihilation.

FILM

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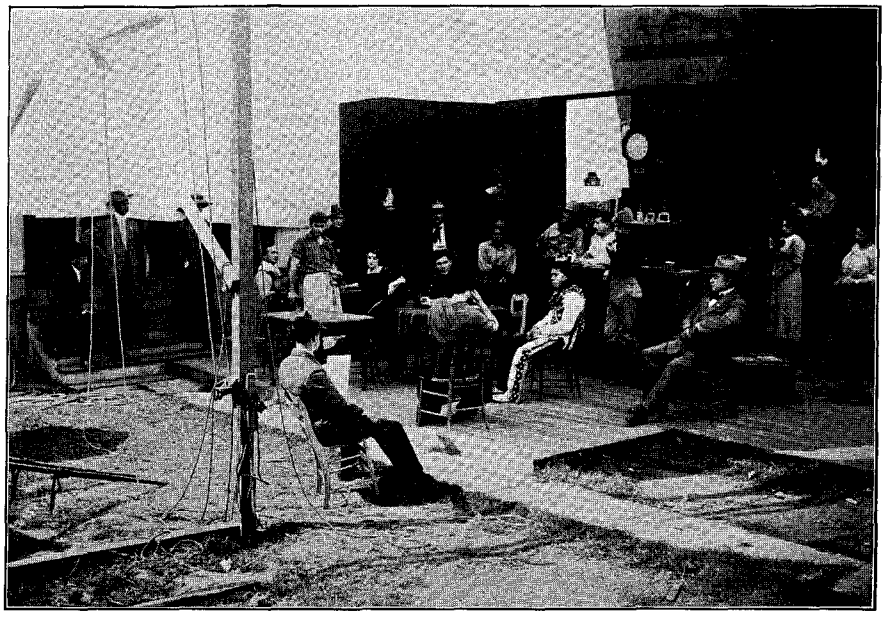

TAKING A SCENE UNDER CANVAS AT THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY'S WESTERN STUDIO AT SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

In 1911 they formed the Motion Picture Exhibitor's League of America. At present they are joining hands with the manufacturers in their fight against possible municipal censorship. The present Board of Censors is appointed by the National Government and receives no salary. The Board passes upon every film before it is released for exhibition, and for this privilege of demonstrating that they are not breaking the law the manufacturers must pay two dollars a film. But though the censor system as now conducted has its absurd features (pray imagine a newspaper proprietor paying two dollars for an inspection by a national board of censors of every edition he publishes!) still it is not as yet liable to the political corruption of municipal censorship.

THE PLANT

Everything about the production of the motion-picture play has been as tentative as the extreme rapidity of its growth would allow. When it was first suggested that the public wanted plays, the showmen were not only sceptical but hostile. They protested against the invasion of the "legitimate" into a field they had created. But when the first little play proved successful, they began to make preparations to stage plays. There were no studio theatres and the open-air roof-stages were unavailable. Thus the producers had to make their own arrangements. It was at first thought that only some great and novel spectacle could succeed, and the Passion Play was chosen. Several weeks were spent in preparation and sixteen thousand dollars upon preliminaries before rehearsals were begun, in 1897, on the roof of the Grand Central Palace, New York City. The film ran to three reels, the first ever produced, and some forty-eight thousand separate pictures, requiring fifty-five minutes to project. For six months it created a continuous sensation at the Eden Musée. But even then the manufacturers hesitated to follow up the lead, and until 1911 productions of more than one reel were practically unknown. Only in 1912 came the common appear-

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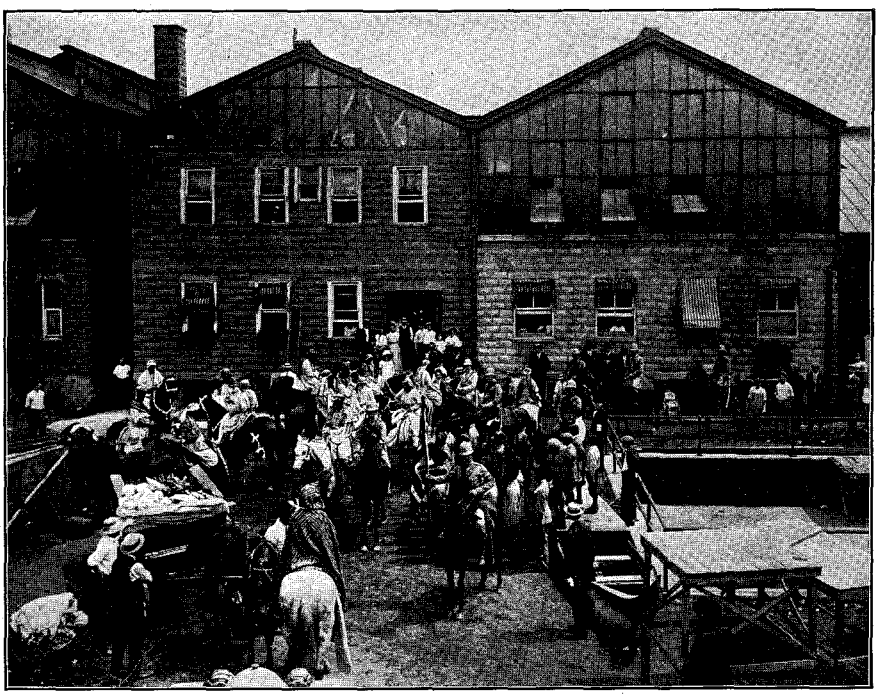

PREPARING FOR A LARGE WAR SCENE IN THE VITAGRAPH YARD

ance of the "feature" film, ushered in by the tremendous success of Dante's *Inferno*. Then features rather than first runs became the popular demand, and now productions of more than two reels are the staple of every evening's performance.

It was the Pathé Frêres about 1906 who first elevated the picture play to the level of the theatrical performance. They built large studios, secured prominent stage-managers and actors, and mounted plays lavishly. The native firms, finding their own plays were trash in comparison, combined to eliminate the foreign competition they were unable to meet. Then they set to work to learn how to produce better and more elaborate plays. They erected studio theatres capable of any kind of production. The present Edison studio cost something like one hundred thousand dollars. It is a glass building one hundred feet long, sixty wide, and forty-five high. The stage has an area of twenty-four hundred feet, and there is a water tank with a capacity of one hundred and thirty thousand gallons. The Selig Company in addition to its studios has an enclosure of three hundred acres for outdoor work. It is dotted with little groups of scenery and patches of artificial landscape *à la* Japanese garden and an artificial pool so constructed that it can become at short notice almost any body of water but the deep-rolling sea. This company and other firms maintain studios in Southern Californa within easy reach of mountain and coast and desert backgrounds. It has also a menagerie larger than that of the ordinary travelling circus. The Vitagraph Company occupies what would be several city blocks, in the outskirts of Brooklyn, and its stone wall encloses many hives of activity. Its plant consists of four studios, giving accommodation for the taking of twenty indoor scenes daily, the yard where outdoor scenes are constantly in progress, a concrete pit where explosions and fire scenes may rage harmlessly. For

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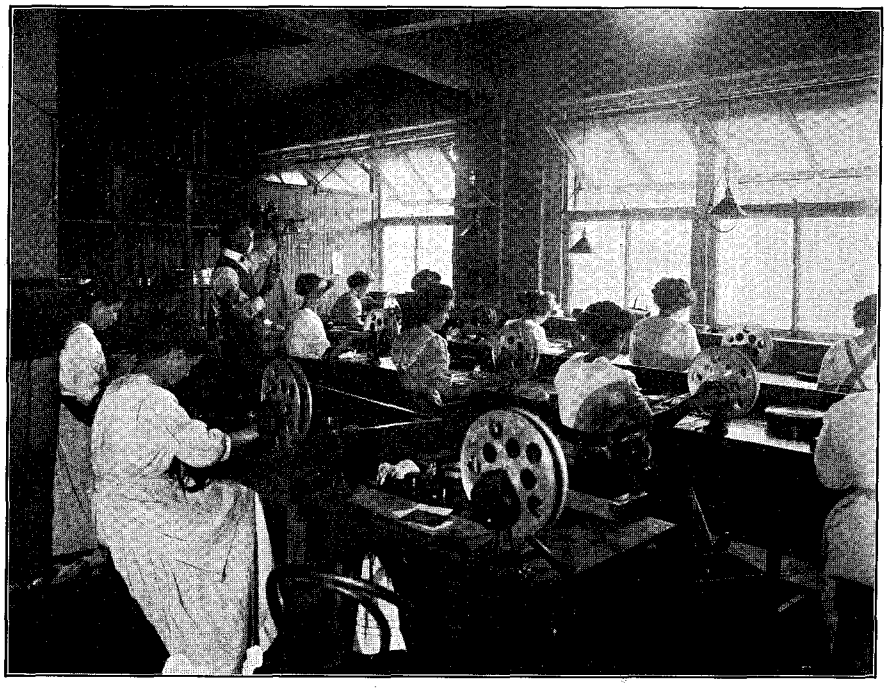

POSITIVE JOINING ROOM. VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

distant outdoor scenes, to which sometimes as many as five hundred people must be transported, there are auto busses in readiness; and for all-day work luncheons must be provided. Some of the Western and Southern companies, whose specialty is the story of primitive and frontier life, maintain not only hundreds of human performers, but specially trained horses and other live stock. The movie, by the way, is the last stand of the cowboy in art. And the word has come that he is losing his grip even in England. That country was his happy stamping-ground for many years, not only by reason of the popularity of Bret Harte and Buffalo Bill, but also because of the prevailing indisposition of the Englander to let new countries become civilised.

The property room of a first-class studio is a museum, a pawn-shop, and a junk-heap. It contains well-heads, stage-coaches, Indian tepees, prairie-schooners, fire-escapes, fountains, battle-axes and armour and spears, and pulpits. The costume-room stuffs on orderly shelves every fashion of every age, and maintains a corps of dressmakers and seamstresses. Its library is a collection of costume books, that the different periods may be dressed authentically. The Vitagraph Company stores five thousand articles of foot-gear and ten thousand articles of clothing—from buskins to Buster Browns. The wardrobe and property rooms are as extensive in resource as those of the Metropolitan Opera, for like that organisation, a motion-picture studio makes all periods and climates its own. The scenic department must be ready to paint, in blacks and whites, any background that is demanded; and this may be fifty feet high and a hundred feet long. The carpenter department must furnish all frames for scenery, and in addition all the accessories in the general equipment of the scene whenever construction is necessary, be it staircase or steeple.

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"THE COSTUME-ROOM STUFFS ON ORDERLY SHELVES EVERY FASHION OF EVERY AGE, AND MAINTAINS A CORPS OF DRESSMAKERS AND SEAMSTRESSES. ITS LIBRARY IS A COLLECTION OF COSTUME BOOKS, THAT THE DIFFERENT PERIODS MAY BE DRESSED AUTHENTICALLY. THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY STORES FIVE THOUSAND ARTICLES OF FOOT-GEAR AND TEN THOUSAND ARTICLES OF CLOTHING—FROM BUSKINS TO BUSTER BROWNS"

EXPENSIVE WASTE AND REALISM

Two factors bulk large in the budget of the movies—waste and realism, avoidable and unavoidable. The waste, once formidable, still more than characterises the usual new industry. It must be borne in mind that the business grew too rapidly to undergo systematisation as it grew. It began without precedent or guidance of any sort. The manufacturers had to blaze every step of the way. No one knew what the principles of appeal were, what a story or a scenario was, or what would "get over." The result was appalling waste in experimentation, which is only now being eliminated. Compared to the regular stage, however, the business is at present on a nearly complete foundation. In the eleven years the motion-picture people have been telling stories in pictures, they have systematised it far more than theatrical managers with three hundred and fifty years behind them. The chief waste comes about in this way. It is convenient for maker, exchange, and exhibitor to have one thousand feet as the standard length of reel. The early practice of the studios was to let a subject run as it would and then cut to make a fit; and this habit lingered even after the supply began to catch up with the demand. The average waste now in a careful company is no more than two hundred feet in a thousand. But by no means are all companies careful. An article in the *Moving-Picture World* for May, 1914, calls attention to the prodigality of time, labour, light, and film in taking over scenes. "I have watched scenes being taken over half a dozen times in succession to get them right, only to be photographed again at a later period and then to be trimmed down more than half in

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MOVING PICTURE ACTORS AT WORK. HEROES MUST BE MADE OF IRON AND COMEDIANS OF INDIA-RUBBER. THE FIGURE ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS THAT OF JOHN BUNNY. THE PERSONAL FOLLOWING OF A MAN LIKE JOHN BUNNY HAS PROBABLY NEVER BEEN EQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. HE IS PROBABLY KNOWN BY MORE KINDS OF PEOPLE THAN ANY ONE WHO EVER LIVED BEFORE. IN A LITTLE RUSSIAN VILLAGE THERE IS A NOTICE AT THE DOOR OF THE MOVING-PICTURE THEATRE, "NO PROGRAMME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT OUR DEAR POCKSON." POCKSON IS BUNNY, "THE MAN WHO MAKES THEM LAUGH." A MAN STOPPED HIM ON BROADWAY THE OTHER EVENING. "YOU ARE JOHN BUNNY," HE SAID. "I GOT ACQUAINTED WITH YOU IN MOMBASA. THERE ISN'T A NIGGER IN THE PLACE WHO DOESN'T SCREAM WHEN HE SEES YOU!"

the editing. I saw nine thousand feet trimmed down to four thousand feet—all because the scenes were not adequately timed in advance." This standard length not only occasions waste, thinks the *Motion-Picture Year-Book,* but is also the greatest drawback to the artistic advance of the picture play. The story that in fourteen hundred feet may be excellent, it says, becomes incoherent when chopped down, or the good eight-hundred-foot story pieced out with extraneous scenes becomes insipid. Consider a magazine requiring all its stories to be exactly six pages, no more and no less. Not until there is greater flexibility of reel length will stories be satisfactory. The Europeans have found this out, but their films are constantly manipulated by American companies to get the required length. Fortunately, this state of affairs is at last receiving attention and beginning to be remedied.

As for the waste occasioned by senseless realism, that, too, has been appalling. That a dramatisation of *Vanity Fair* should show the battle of Waterloo upon the actual field may possibly be desirable, but to transport a whole company to Ireland to stage Boucicault's plays is certainly unnecessary. Once an ambitious company photographed the Leather Stocking Tales on the spot, although most of the spot had disappeared. The American Biograph Company purchased a small village in California to sack and burn in *Ramona.* Selig got together his extensive menagerie for a single jungle story, and then found a perfectly satisfactory setting in Florida. The Vitagraph people on the other hand hire their animals when wanted, and have discov-

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ered a splendid African desert just east of Bath Beach, Long Island. The managerial demand for realism in the United States developed into a mania, and half the time as good results could be obtained at home. The cowboys of New Jersey are not to be distinguished from the real article.

Italy—where, by the way, plays can be staged for half the cost they entail in France and England, and less than half of their cost here—made the fashion of beautiful settings. It was Dante's *Inferno,* made by the Milano Company in 1911, which first demonstrated the superiority of the Italian landscape and light. But the locality itself might easily have been duplicated in the mining region of Pennsylvania. The *Inferno* also demonstrated that the public wanted the utmost of which the new art was capable. Thus encouraged, Italy has during the past year put forward many enormous productions. Cives, Pasquali, Gloria, Italo, Ambrosio have all been smitten with a mania for magnitude just as the American producers were smitten with a mania for realism. *Cabiria,* the world-heralded film by D'Annunzio, is said to have cost over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was produced on a scale commensurate with the richest spectacle at the Metropolitan Opera House, two years were spent in its production, and it occupies three hours in presentation. It deals with the career of Hannibal, the siege and capture of Syracuse in Sicily, and the final downfall of Carthage. The average feature film costs between three and ten thousand dollars; the average cost of a Famous Player film—on account of the peculiar conditions under which they work—is between fifteen and twenty thousand. Just now they have a company in Europe putting on, in their various settings, *The Eternal City, The Silver King,* and *Monsieur Beaucaire,* and it is expected that the price of the three will be about seventy thousand dollars.

This firm pictures only the famous plays and popular novels. For a year they had no competitors in their particular field, now there are three. The experience of the Famous Players Company is typical of the scepticism and hostility which has contested every step in advance. Not until Sarah Bernhardt took the lead, did they find a hearing with any Broadway star. After they secured contracts with some of them, they found it was a difficult matter to get material. Playwrights and authors felt it would belittle their products and diminish their profits, to be "picturised." Finally, Mr. Daniel Frohman, largely because he was the original producer of the play, prevailed upon Anthony Hope to give him *Zenda.* Its production was considered a test of the possibilities and limitations of the picture. It broke all records and brought in ninety-seven thousand dollars. It popularised the star all over the world and brought him and the play into towns they never would have visited, and convinced both actors and authors of the great importance of the scheme. Since then the way has been easy. Mr. Brady, indeed, intends next season to send a picture play out as advance-agent of the real show. If this is successful, it will just reverse the original theory of managers that the movie is the last stop on the way to the morgue. The Famous Players will next year put out thirty-six plays and a dozen stars, keeping as far as possible the originals of the entire cast.

They pay the author five per cent. on the gross receipts from the rentals of the films. But elsewhere the royalty basis for new material, unenhanced by unusual reputation and unusual previous advertising, will probably be long in coming. The Selig Company is said to have paid Harold MacGrath twelve thousand dollars to secure *The Adventures of Kathleen,* and thus put before the public at the same time a story-version in the newspapers and a picture-version on the screen. But most companies pay in the ordinary course very little for synopses—five or ten dollars on the low side and fifty on the high. "Some of my scripts," writes in the *Motion Picture News* for February, 1914, an author who says he has never had a scenario rejected, "are worth

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one hundred dollars a reel, and some companies are willing to pay the figure. Some other companies make a fixed price of, say, twenty-five dollars a reel, and will not pay more unless it is pried out of them." Scripts a year ago, says the 1912 *Year-Book,* brought thirty-five dollars almost as a top notch; now fifty dollars is not infrequent, and seventy-five to one hundred dollars for single reels is not uncommon. But as a general rule payments have been and still are out of proportion to the other expenditure in the production of a picture play. Larger sums are paid for the rights to published works, and the practice of arranging with publishers for successful novels is a growing one. In 1912 the demand for scripts increased fifty per cent., and it is still increasing. Mr. Epes Sargent, in the *Moving Picture World* of April, 1914, says that a manufacturer recently offered to pay a magazine writer as much for a scenario as he would get for the story, which was four hundred dollars. But this is still the great exception. "We do not know five men in the world," he concludes, "who are making seven thousand dollars a year writing plays." Everywhere are signs, however, that the stock of ideas is running low and that the managers are willing to pay more for them. The Universal Film Company announces that it will pay for any photo play worth the price the sum of five hundred dollars—though this can hardly be called an explicit statement.

THE TOTAL EXPENSE OF A PLAY

The film on which the pictures are taken is slightly heavier than that of the ordinary camera, and costs in its raw state, three and one-half cents a foot. The average one-reel picture is a thousand feet both for a negative and for a positive, and the waste for a one-reel picture is from two to five hundred feet. The first course of the negative film is through the perforating room, where are made the holes along the edges of the ribbon by which it is conducted through the camera and the projectoscope. It is now put into the camera and everything is ready for the picture.

The average camera-man earns forty dollars a week, and his assistant about eighteen dollars. He is not an ordinary photographer, and has to undergo special training. He possesses a peculiar knowledge of light and distance and focussing as well as a peculiar judgment in handling speed—that is, in turning the crank slowly or quickly. An expert camera-man can photograph at five o'clock as well as the ordinary man in full light. The salary of such an expert begins at sixty dollars and has run as high as three hundred dollars a week.

After the pictures are taken the film is developed at a cost of about one dollar and a half for the entire ribbon, one bath being used over and over again; then it is "washed" for another fifty cents. After being thrown upon the screen in the Trimming Room, it is condensed to the normal size of one thousand feet by eliminating those parts which prove now to be superfluous or feeble. The negative now goes to the Printing Room, where to make a positive from it costs ten dollars. Then into this ribbon are inserted the various sub-titles and explanations which have been deemed necessary, and the edges joined with cement. The final charge is for the reel to run the ribbon upon—this costs another fifty cents.

The Vitagraph Company releases six films a week and often it puts as many as four a week into storage. The Selig, Essanay, and Edison companies were releasing five in the latter part of 1912; the Kalem, Lubin, and Pathé companies were releasing four; several others of the so-called "Licensed" companies from one to three. In addition there are thirty-one Independents. Thus there are considerably over one hundred new films every week.

From an original negative about two hundred positives are taken. The manufacturers sell their films to the exchanges —the majority of which they themselves control—for from five to ten cents a foot. They also supply more or less elaborate

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lobby displays of lithographs and banners and photographs, for which still pictures of scenes are taken. Sometimes the lobby displays are given to the exhibitor and sometimes he must pay five to ten cents a sheet for all advertising which accompanies the films. These posters, once universally crude, are now approaching the level of good theatrical work. The Exchange rents the films out to the exhibitor on a sliding scale. The usual programme is made up of from three to four reels or more, depending upon competition, the class of house, and the admission. The cost of a programme depends upon the length and the age of the films. First-run pictures cost more than the same films later. A first-run service, if competition is firm, costs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and even higher if some competitive manager bids for the same service. The ordinary reel rents to the ordinary house for about twenty-five dollars the first night, and the price decreases with each succeeding night about twenty per cent. until finally it is as low as a dollar. A film does duty usually from three to six months.

Eighty per cent. of the theaters change their programmes daily. In addition to the regular price paid for service, nearly all houses running association films pay two dollars a week as a license fee. This is supposed to be royalty on camera patents, says J. A. Nelson in *The Photo Play*, and totals from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars a week. The admission to the houses runs from five cents to a dollar but, contrary to all predictions, the five-cent houses are still very much holding their own. In some cities, such as Washington, for instance, these houses are as commodious and comfortable as the ten and twenty-five cent ones in New York. Most of the cheaper exhibition places are cared for by the operator, paid from eight to twenty-five dollars a week; a piano-player, a door-keeper, a ticket-seller, and an usher, ranging from eight to fifteen dollars.

There is, of course, no such thing as the average cost of a reel. An industrial or "travelogue" picture may cost only the labour of the camera-man and of developing. Actual pageants like the Durbar or the Coronation of King George cost very little, the whole expense of staging the scene being borne by others. On the other hand, to stage and provide background for a fictitious picture may cost hundreds of dollars a second in actual presentation, and the rehearsals for it may extend into weeks.

The studio-staff of the ordinary company includes the scenario-writers, who prepare or elaborate the ideas, the editors, who pass upon the finished story, the directors, who have charge of the production, the regular actors, the extras and supers, the scenic artists, the stage-carpenters and mechanics, the property-men, and the wardrobe-women. The Vitagraph Company, for instance, has fifteen people engaged in reading, reconstructing, or writing plays; it has ten directors, each with his own camera-man and company out of the stock. This consists in all of ninety players (six years ago their stock company numbered six, and this included the three proprietors!). As a rule there are in each little company a male and a female star; the minor members pass from director to director as the plays require. The extra people cost from one dollar and a half a day for mob scenes to five dollars for a man or woman who can bring evening clothes and dance into the foreground of a ballroom scene. All the companies have a list of guaranteed extras who are employed with considerable regularity at the latter price.

In every department of stage work salaries are higher than in the legitimate. This is so for several reasons. The work is greater, the requirements are greater, and certain conditions limit the supply more. A movie actor works longer in rehearsal and he is rehearsing all the time. When the preliminary rehearsals are over, the unit of the regular actor's work is the performance, about six or eight times a week. Again, the movie actor has to be able to do a great many things the ordinary actor is not called

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upon to do or can fake. He must learn how to fall from a horse or over a precipice, he must dangle from a dirigible or vault from an automobile. Heroes must be made of iron and comedians of India-rubber. Heroines must incessantly escape by the breadth of a hair from real instead of simulated dangers. In *Samson* an actual lion was used when the hero tore his jaws asunder, and though the scene did not proceed to extremes it must have made the lion peevish. "During the third reel the pet leopard leaps upon her and claws her face," reads the poster; and in April of this year two full-grown lionesses were killed by this same leopard. The concrete pit for the "fire-stuff" in an open-air studio has occasionally proved a real Gehenna for an actor or director. Thus the business comes within the category of the dangerous trades, and salaries are estimated accordingly. Again, many good actors find they have not the camera-face, just as many good opera singers have not the phonograph voice. And lastly, when high-class stars were lured into the movies, their feelings had to be salved by larger sums than they made upon the legitimate stage. At least, this used to be so; and the habit is still kept up, although most of them have to be lured no longer. The infinitely wider audience acts as a sufficient lure in itself. As short a while ago as 1910 not a single prominent actor was willing to enter a film studio, now there are some stars who never leave it. That the extent of the audience has something to do with this is proved by the fact that certain stars in all the companies are now constantly featured. The personal following of a man like John Bunny has probably never been equalled in the history of the world. He is probably known by more kinds of people than any one who ever lived before. In a little Russian village there is a notice at the door of the moving-picture theatre, "No programme is complete without our dear Pockson." Pockson is Bunny, "the man who makes them laugh." A man stopped him on Broadway the other evening. "You are John Bunny," he said. "I got acquainted with you in Mombasa. There isn't a nigger in the place who doesn't scream when he sees you!"

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

VI—Arkansas, Louisiana and The Gulf Country

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

In a swift survey of the territory within which such of my story folk as live south of Mason and Dixon's line have worked and played—are working and playing still, or fooling when it is too hot or too cold or too comfortable to work or to play—it seems to present a study of contrasts, whether considered as to its climate, its people or conditions and standards of living. Take, for instance—to begin with climate—take the Mexican Gulf with its clemencies of sea and shore, its winter roses, radiant yet with a sense of mystery, like ladies under veil, roses lured from retirement by the ardent wooing of a December sun filtered through pine-scented gauze of impalpable mists—the Mexican Gulf, kindly in aspect, beneficent in spirit and of a perennial sweetness of temper—

I had almost said take this as high note of semi-tropical climate when my mind reverted to the Louisiana bayou country to which even this heavenly coast must yield the palm in tropical aspect. And yet, for first place as to delight, for charm, for beauty which changes temperamentally with the moon

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and the tides and the wind's will, but never pales or palls; for breadth of smiling countenance, white sails at sea and a truce to care ashore—the Mexican Gulf easily holds first place.

But if one would find the tropics beyond their geographical limits, let him make an inland voyage through Louisiana's woodsy waterways—and for full tropical effect he would better take for this the summer-time—let him paddle his canoe through the serpentine meanderings of bayou Têche, for instance, dipping his head on occasion to avoid gathering Spanish moss with his hat; let him recover from the nearness of the first few crocodiles when he finds they all swim away from him; and not drop his paddle in panic when the overhanging gnarled logs just ahead of his prow suddenly lose their humps which literally "turn turtle," and drop into the water in a succession of thuds and swim into hiding; he will soon learn that the brilliant green snakes which depend from frightfully near branches overhead, squirming from spirals into bow-knots and undoing into arabesques—playing variously with the letter S and suggesting Satan—are harmless serpents, all, which lavish nature throws into the picture for good measure of local colour.

Also he must soon learn that the occasional six-foot rattler and the spreading-adders which squirm from the close palmetto-clumps on his too near passing, are as little to be feared as the great iridescent spiders on their wonderful geometric webs here and there ashore or the water-moccasin heads, each followed by a rippling wake, often within reach of his paddle but always escaping, so that he may never be required to look one in his glittering eye.

If our traveller should grow dreamy in this soporific atmosphere—in July, say, when a vibrating haze comparable to the "heat-waves" of the cities suggests the palpitant droning of many bees and even the mosquito's grey song is an ally of sleep—if he lose himself in the general unreality of things and seem to be following the equator, the occasional glimpse of naked black children which a rare vista affords, will go far to strengthen that impression.

But this is not the negro's country. Blacks there are a-plenty, here as everywhere in the South, but—please notice the name. This is bayou Têche if it is not the Lafourche, either but a thought's throw away from bayous DeGlaise, Grand Caillou, Petit Anse, Terre Bonne, Boeuf, Courtableu—names taken at random from the map—for this is the land of the Acadian, the romance-land of Evangeline, whose grave any good-natured Acadian—and they are all good-natured—will show him. And he will give him no end of general information on local history and tradition, especially telling him precisely what persons of distinction have come, from time to time, to paint or to write or to hunt in his paradise. He will tell him all about it in the picturesque vernacular of his people, which is much the same as that of his Habitant brother in Canada to-day. He will do this, I say, if our stranger has been in a manner "introduced;" or, waiving this, the *camaraderie* established in a day's travel may serve in part, but not fully; for, although our "'Cajen" has probably made with his own small hands the shoes upon his feet—if he be shod, and he generally is, not always—made them of alligator-skin of his own tanning, and his whole homespun attire is the fruit of the home loom, not to mention its laundering, also a domestic achievement, and of his conserving mate—he is at heart a Latin of Latins and, like his Creole cousins of high degree, he does not take aliens easily into his confidence.

The French-American ("Creole") of old New Orleans built a wall of brick around his home, a potential fortress, thick, high and strong and topped along its entire length by an unbroken line of crushed glass, firmly embedded in cement. He would brook no intrusions, no eyes prying into his life's inner sanctuaries. His front gate, kept strictly locked and wide enough for only guarded welcome, was sometimes of wrought iron of an open pattern, however, giving the

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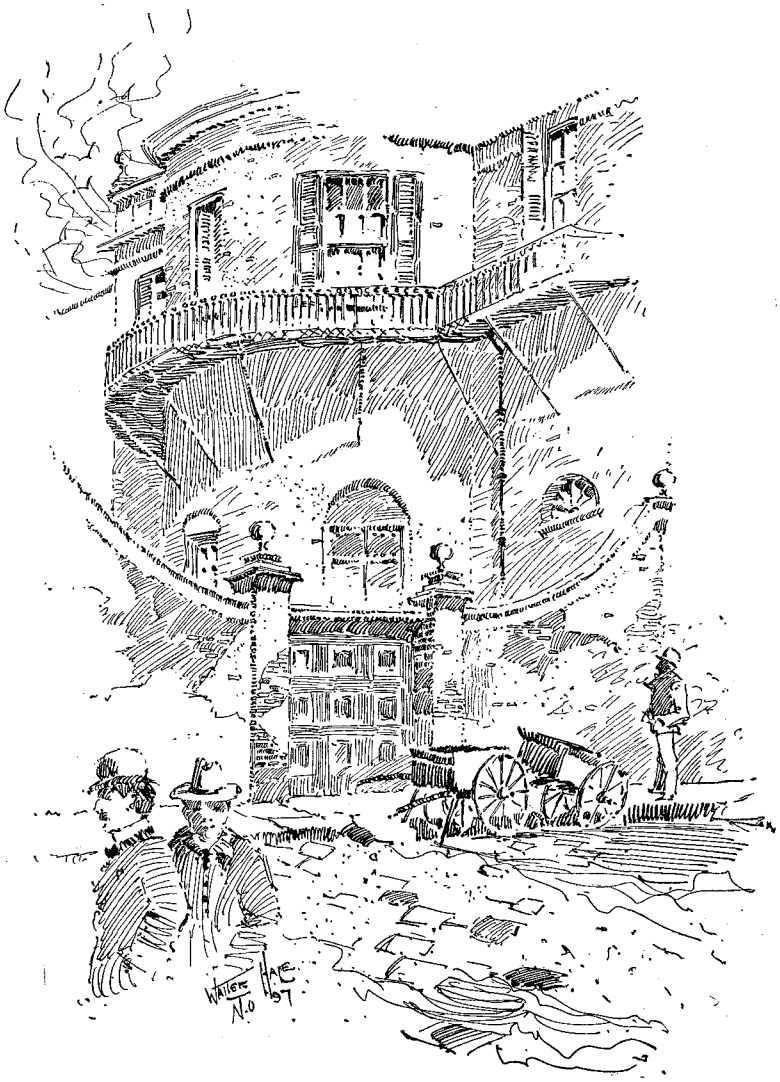
guest who would enter regularly a friendly peep into his rose garden, although more often the glimpse afforded a view of only the paved court, wholly bare but for its central pool, from which issued tall growths of perennial green unless it were given over to water-lilies and gold-fish; and the rose garden beyond the honeysuckle arbour, where the beautiful daughters of the house and their cousins and cousins and cousins, congregated in the forenoons with their needlework and small talk and song, was safely beyond the field of vision, even to such as having been admitted by the little gate, followed the black servant across the court to the hall door.

But once within the charmed circle,



"THE FRENCH-AMERICAN OF OLD NEW ORLEANS BUILT A WALL OF BRICK AROUND HIS HOME, A POTENTIAL FORTRESS, THICK, HIGH AND STRONG. HIS FRONT GATE, KEPT STRICTLY LOCKED AND WIDE ENOUGH FOR ONLY GUARDED WELCOME, WAS SOMETIMES OF WROUGHT IRON"

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the bars were down. Everybody talked at once, all laughed together, and free comments upon the social or domestic comedies of yesterday and their promises for to-morrow, filled the care-free mornings—for although youth is the same the world over, all the young are not of the temperament of joy and in a climate given over to expression without stint or exhaustion. If there was a parrot, "making all that trash under the fig tree yonder," he jabbered profanely in French, while the mocking-bird, pecking at his egg-ball in his cage on the gallery, was credited with brief passages from *La Favorite* or *Trovatore*—this, say, along in the fifties, during the last flare of the expiring candle of domestic security, before it went out, in '61.

The 'Cajen (Acadian, 'Cajen) as we find him to this day in the bayou country, is essentially pastoral, forsaking his rural life to his own hurt, this being the rule which proves the exception (to reverse an adage) for those who have entered the professions and made metropolitan successes are too small in number to refute the common assertion that the city holds only poison for the gentle Acadian who is at his best and happiest on his native heath. Although history has written the story of French domination in a nomenclature freely dotting the Louisiana map, one cannot help realising that the poor Indian not here even as the retiring Acadian to speak timidly for himself, is nevertheless preserved in memory by a list of names as characteristic as theirs, as witness in such as Tchefuncta and Tangipahoa rivers, Atchafalaya, river and bay, bayous Tensas, Manshac, Catahoula, Choctaw, Tickfaw and so on, through a pitiful list when one realises that the pathetic, apathetic remnant of a once proud tribe congregated now at the diminutive settlement commonly known as Charenton, but which the Indians themselves with unconscious pathos, insistently call "The Nation," numbers all told, less than a hundred souls.

Here dwindle in poverty and seclusion all who are left of the Tchetamachis, long noted for their skill in artistic basketry, an industry which would have died out some years ago but for the timely generous patronage of the Avery family of the salt mines who, by offers of prizes for best duplications of the old baskets and finding a market for their sale, have rescued a valuable industry and saved the humble toilers from threatened pauperism, for the time, at least. Of course, Romance rides bareback through this twentieth century Forest of Arden, dismounts for adventure by canoe, scales its rail fences and dances on its greens as of yore, and the fact of contrasts in complexion, fusion and confusion of tongues, has in nowise impaired the purity of blood of Louisiana's Acadian contingent, whose women are as pure and simple in heart and life even as the white-robed little "Children of Mary" who, veiled as brides, proceed in vestal procession during each month of May to the village church, in consummation of their first communions. Indeed, one ventures little in saying that not a pale, withered young grandmother among them but in her day marched with the "Children of Mary."

Some good French blood seems to have been thrown out of the colony, it is true, for here as elsewhere men have been a trifle careless of these things, with the result, in this instance, it appears, chiefly of bleaching such half-breeds as are found entangled in the fringes of life, so to speak. Even King David of old, if we are to believe Holy Writ, seems to have been somewhat casual in such matters, and but for his conserving mate . . . ?

But what are we saying? How have we strayed from our thumb-nail map of "Arkansas, Louisiana and the Gulf Country?" So is one lost when he yields to the lure of the abstract which ever leads to the elemental and the universal. Geography becomes of small moment; arithmetic is not and history but repeats itself. Of course, New Orleans is the seething centre of Romance of the Gulf country. Everybody knew that, dumbly, even before Judge Martin, the scholarly eccentric, too little known beyond his native indebted State, gathered his ma-

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terial from documents of life as well as literature, or Charles Guyarré assorted its elements for posterity in his picturesque history, written in the romance language; or Alcée Fortier enriched the literature of his native State with his gleanings, especially his collection of folk tales, thereby winning for himself the merited decoration of the Legion of Honour; or Grace King rescued her gems from the melting-pot ere they were lost in the fusing; or George Cable dipped in his pen and lifted out fire—the "right Promethean;" or the poets, Mrs. Townsend, M. E. M. Davis, Martha Austin, Julie K. Wetherill, Josephine Nichols and others, in and out of rhyme, dipped out and polished and gave to the world their findings.

Detaching one's self a moment for the broader perspective, it takes little imagination to see New Orleans as a great magnetic centre. Witness the mammoth horseshoe described by the river's course at this point. See it dip and rise around the city heart, shaping for all time the magnet-city which has ever attracted to itself from across seas, adventurers of romance and discovery, buccaneers, pirates, treasure-seekers at work and royalty at play. Such is the old town's pictorial history, rich in contrasts as racy in adventure. French and Spanish by turns, then forever essentially Latin-American, through numberless dilutions and admixtures, her kaleidoscopic past is written in picturesque decay which one, knowing her story, if he be not colour-blind and a dullard, may read as he runs.

Here are even palpable ruins, reminiscent of the old order, ruins stately, gaunt and important or dilapidated, moss-grown and picturesque in the low-browed architecture which crouches in the weed-grown rose-gardens of yesterday, all bearing witness to a refined home-loving past into which one may with little imagination fit such as Grace King's fascinating Balcony Stories as told by mothers and grandmothers—reflecting some of the traditions of society as it pirouetted through the figures of continental social life a century and more ago. Of course, the words "stately" and "important" as applied to the homes of the old South, are ventured guardedly and in full realisation that the terms are comparative, and that the comparison is legitimately only with typical American homes of the same period, conspicuously with the colonial homes of New England which lose nothing of real value in the comparison, perhaps, but mark a contrast—a theme which lures but which would take a chapter all to itself, so we must keep to our map, for now.

Realising the heterogeneous population of the Gulf region and especially of New Orleans at the time when I first took up my pen, when the city, long the Mecca of the newly freed, and still in a state of palpable transition, was a great caravansary, pictorial to a degree and pathetic in human appeal, perhaps it was but natural, in casting about for material, that my reach should first have seized upon such as, in the perspective which differences of race and class afford, made most vivid appeal.

My environment for character-study was, if anything, too crowded with material, and in an embarrassment of riches, my task became little more than one of selection, not from the actual, of course, but from the everywhere obviously probable; so that, to select the imagined old man, Mingo, of my first printed sketch, from the human drifts which crowded the poor quarters, to let him find home upon the bank of the river on which the setting sun made a silver road where he met again his memory people, thus sustaining his pride while neighbouring garbage-pails kept soul and body together—and true to his traditions, to discriminate, even in this "free marketing" in favour of "quality garbage;" or to discover, as in *A Golden Wedding,* that the chance elderly neighbours, black man and woman, who like Pyramus and Thisbe, conducted romance through a hole in the wall—in this instance a broken partition—to discover, I say, that these elderlies were in reality husband and wife, sold apart in early life and thrown together thus in the hurly burly

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"HERE ARE EVEN PALPABLE RUINS, REMINISCENT OF THE OLD ORDER, RUINS STATELY, GAUNT AND IMPORTANT OR DILAPIDATED, MOSS-GROWN AND PICTURESQUE IN THE LOW-BROWED ARCHITECTURE WHICH CROUCHES IN THE WEED-GROWN ROSE-GARDENS OF YESTERDAY"

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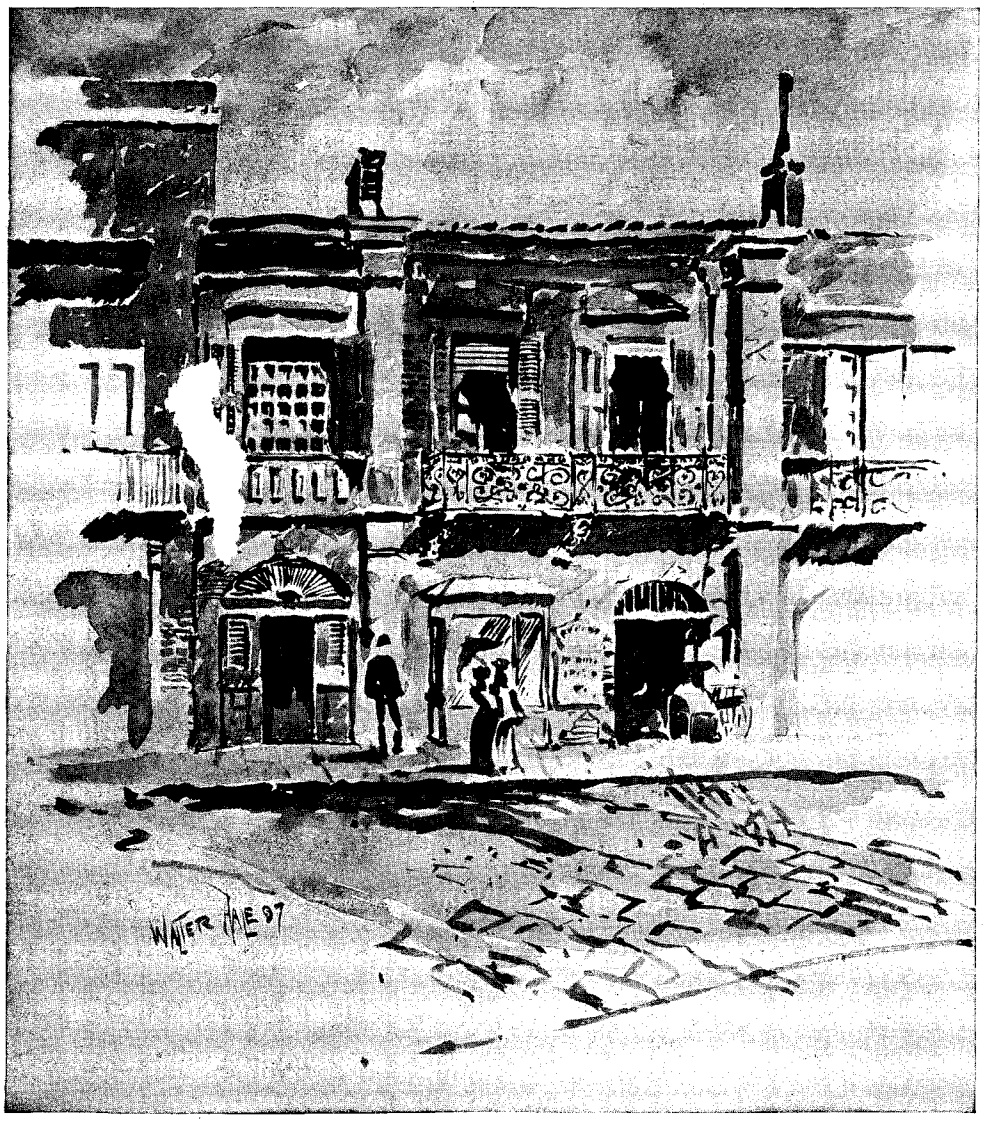
of disaster was, in either case, little more than letting the obvious have its way.

After a season's gleanings among the negroes, it became a matter of simple expansion to include the Italians, who constitute so large and so picturesque a proportion of our peasantry, and there followed naturally the story of Camelia Riccardo, the beautiful "Dago" girl, who sold bananas in the French market and would have none of the superior and condescending Gascon butcher, with all his grandiloquence and flourish; and then, *Carlotta's Intended,* bringing in Pat Rooney with his breeze and brogue, and involving a complication with the Italian Mafia, so that I found myself in a turbulent sea of dialects in which I should



"NEW ORLEANS' KALEIDOSCOPIC PAST IS WRITTEN IN PICTURESQUE DECAY, WHICH ONE, KNOWING HER STORY, IF HE BE NOT COLOUR-BLIND AND A DULLARD, MAY READ AS HE RUNS"

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have been swamped but for the fact that every one was as familiar to me as my own tongue, so that I had no more trouble in shifting from one to another than in writing such limited English as I dared essay. One would have to close his ears not to acquire somewhat of the speech of the people in a bizarre old town of mixed traditions, where one may hardly escape a half dozen patois in the length of a single street.

It is a dangerous habit, the dialect addiction, and one hard to throw off at will. Indeed, if one grow weary of the medium—which in the first place it were a crime to adopt excepting on compulsion of art, and, having thus accepted it, a still greater crime to discard for a whim—his only safety seems to be in flight. He must change his field; for, until such a time as the artist of the brush may feel constrained to paint the negro white, just for politeness, he who essays his portraiture with the pen dare not rob him of his own in the colour and richness of his spoken language, so far as he may adequately convey it without the aid of his own velvet throat.

Perhaps my mind was in a state of inquiry as to writing about our own people, casting aside the peasant folk and their mixed talk for a while, when arrived the *River's Children,* gentle folk of society who played between the Magnet town and Brake Island, the last made to the author's need and supposed to lie vaguely beyond the Acadian land or even such of Louisiana's fastnesses of cane and forest as the geographies allow while failing to describe.

This little book, written out of the author's own heart, although fiction from cover to cover, brought into relation typical Southern youth and Northern bride in the conflict of pride and endurance and the ability to retrieve in cruel conditions, but, though its central figures were educated people of the class we are wont to call "representative," it could not develop freely on its native soil until the merry-hearted darkies began singing through its pages, first while they worked with pickaxes on the levee to avert the crevasse and again as the black boatmen, wearing the Harvard crimson for the occasion, rowed their torch-lit boats through the winding bayous bringing the Governor of the State and other friends to the Brake Island house-party on a characteristic antebellum invitation, with no time limit.

In this story I sought to convey an impression of the hospitality of the old South with its unreckoning lavishness and mirth, no whit warmer or truer than that with which New England encircles her welcome guests, as I have discovered to my own enrichment in cherished friendships, but in its essential features of detachment in homes more or less remote—homes of breadth and a certain tropical aspect of luxury in their wide verandas and open doors, with their retinues of eager slaves—making a picture of boundless hospitality which has become proverbial and gone into history as characterising a people—a hospitality which far be it from me to disparage in the long retrospect, knowing only too well, out of life and love experience, its sweetness and warmth as well as its sincerity and charm. My point is that the difference is not in degree or yet in kind, but rather in colour, perhaps, an extraneous circumstance of latitude and the angle at which the sun invites the sea and the land—altogether unrelated to the heart of the people.

Passing from New Orleans with its conglomerate, across to rural Arkansas, a finger's length on the map and a journey of a day and a half by indirection, is like dropping from Babel into silence; and when once within the borders of the more rustic State, even forsaking its broad spaces of large estates where a few dominating families still preserve more or less of old standards in pride of lineage and tradition, we arrive at the small town I knew best of all, numbering some fifteen hundred souls, all told, only by grace of an ambitious local census-taker, but, although rural to a degree, distinctly superior in its social aspect.

Even in the painful stress of recon-

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struction days, it managed to scrape together enough from the general wreckage to send its beautiful daughters away for a year or two of social equipment, to the "finishing schools" of Virginia; its book-cases held files of *Harper's Magazine* and the old *Scribners,* before the *Century* supplanted it here and on the centre-table of its Reading Circle; its grandmothers had dressed according to *Godey's* and *Peterson's* and were still quoting Fanny Fern and Tupper's proverbial philosophy, and grieving that their young men, come up "since the surrender," should be obliged to hold college educations in tradition behind them and become wage earners.

From this point of vantage it was that I made my studies of such rustic types as floated in and out for extra shopping or on their ways to the annual circus and camp-meetings—types finally ingathered for the founding of Simpkinsville which, like Brake Island, was created over night to serve a literary purpose—Simpkinsville, named for the family of the Simpkins spinsters of the Woman's Exchange, the humble tale of village life which brought a first white plume to its author's small helmet in cordial praise from Herbert Spencer; Simpkinsville where Bud Zunts waited at the door of the Post Office kept by his lady love and her parrot—waited ostensibly for his mail, but really for courage to speak his mind; Simpkinsville of the various schools in which Sonny wrestled with his education; where Lamentation of Jeremiah Johnson wore out the numerous girl frocks of his deceased sisters and yet lived to give God glory in manly fashion; of the widow Moriah, named for a Bible mountain, who, in excess of grief for her lost mate, dipped all her clothing into the dye-pot, and "mourned from the skin out;" of Salina-Sue, the maternal who, only after his ardent second wooing, reluctantly consented to walk up the church aisle with the yellow, bowlegged father of her numerous progeny, taking their eldest daughter as bridesmaid to accompany her as in veil and orange-flowers she made up for the physical shortcoming of her man. Here, too, occurred the tragedy of little Mary Ellen and her Unlived Life, in which a semi-distraught woman nursed a doll, believing it to be her babe, a story quite independent of its setting, and which I let grow out of Simpkinsville just because it was here that the vision appeared.

Although entirely convinced of its possibility and that it might have happened anywhere, where women loved and men forgot, I was filled in its writing with keen dread, from start to finish, lest I should fail to make it convincing—lest in skirting the brink of pathos, I should fall ingloriously into bathos, and perish; and it was because of this timidity that I protected myself somewhat by having the attending physician say, *á propos* of his having written a description of the case for publication, "Yes, and I've called it a Psychological Impossibility. A heap of impossible things have turned out facts and had to be argued backward from." And with that, I told my story, but it took courage, courage which, I rejoice to say, has been amply vindicated, not only in the kindly handling of the tale by such as are called critics, but in as many as four authenticated cases of precisely this delusion in dementia no more pronounced. And this brings me to wonder, whence comes such a story as this? for surely no one could be less able to account for it than she who wrote it out of a clear sky, conscious of no germinal seed in fact or fancy.

Indeed, the story offered itself to me full grown, and for several years I seemed to see that little buggy driven along the streets of Simpkinsville by the lonely, distraught woman with a doll in her lap, before I decided to write it, if for no other reason than to rid myself of the haunt of it. I suppose all writers of fiction are often asked if their stories are true, in whole or in part, and I have wondered how many of them are hampered as I am by "fact" in stories of make-believe. Indeed, the real has ever been a handicap to me unless, of course, it be a germ out of which a story may naturally grow of itself. Otherwise, the

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"real touches" become patches which, for the life of me, I scarcely dare put in, for fear of showing my stitches; and that if the fabric of my romance be transparent, the patch should prove opaque, and vice versa. So, knowing, or believing that I knew my people and their environment, otherwise my "background," I prefer to fly free, unhampered by a peg of fact here and a rope of reality there, holding me to earth or tripping me up.

No doubt all fictionists have had my experience in copious offers of literary material, and for the reason, frankly, that it is "so exceptional, so outlandish that it ought to be written," a fact to my thinking more condemnatory than any other, the exceptional in life being of all things, hardest to make convincing in literature. My story of Napoleon Jackson of the Plush Rocker, while developing a familiar type, is, I realise, quite out of the ordinary in what may appear its germinal idea, but which was really an afterthought—the pre-natal marking of her child "for rest" by an overworked and vengeful slave mother—this story has, of all my tales, oftenest invited the question of foundation in fact.

"And did you really ever know such a man?" I am asked and my invariable answer is, "No, not the individual, but I've seen a thousand such, living in cushioned ease, figuratively, at least, at the expense of some devoted madonna of the tubs or of the cook-pot." Indeed, the figure is one so familiar in the South that there was no hazard in presenting the type. As to the pre-natal marking, that came out of the ether straight to my hand and I seized it on sight for its obvious value in merrily accounting for one type while introducing another in the incidental, previsional slave mother and her elemental, unaidable plan for getting even with life.

This much secured, came promptly hobbling old granny Shoshone with her loquacious toothless testimony, while out of the shadows of the old Ku Klux, what simpler than the evolution of the Midnight Ministers of Mercy? And, as to the plush rocker, everybody knows that soap coupons, sold on our Southern plantations, are good for various articles of vertu as well as of utility, from the magnificent enlargements of the family tin-types which adorn the whitewashed walls of some of our otherwise bare plantation cabins, to endless examples of ornate "mahoganised" upholstery, so it was no trick at all for our hero's devoted laundress-spouse to supply the needed symbol of elegant ease to him whose life of prearranged repose it was hers to bless and to adorn.

And now, looking back over our territory, after its first broad presentment of smiling faces and flowers and song one gets here an impression perhaps more than elsewhere in America, of a conceded aristocracy, independent of wealth or "smartness" or the social pace, and hence of greater stability perhaps—an aristocracy of tradition, more or less submerged and semi-decayed as a whole, yet sounding the final note in important social issues and measuring innovations on the Procrustean bed of precedent, with only such allowance for changed conditions as comes safely within the bounds of accorded standards of taste. Such is the spirit of the Old South, and to sense it fully, perhaps one needs to live along with it quietly and to observe and to listen; and yet, even as I say the words, I can fancy many quick denials, even from representatives of the old régime, with such as "Ah, no! That is all changed. Witness how this or that vulgarian has honked herself into society, in our very faces! Where are your blue-bloods of yesterday—the shrunken in fortune—the 'outs'—the forgotten? Count me twenty-five descendants of our ruling families holding their social place to-day, and I will show you a hundred newly-come and slashing away at the traditions of the elders, drowning out any possible low, cultured voice of protest in the noise of their own lives . . ."

And just here, having slowly recovered my breath, I should put in my rejoinder, somewhat like this: "True, enough—only too true, all you say, and yet, if you watch closely enough, I think

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you will realise that the great body of the so-called 'decayed,' the down-and-out, the inarticulate, if you will, are keeping their steadfast eyes on the 'Twenty-five' left to represent them in the social world, and there are many secret wires of communication between them, for they are of one blood and indissolubly knit in the bonds of understanding.

My lady Nouveaux of High Fling would probably gasp if she suspected that the pale and reticent Woman-of-the-little-stitches who climbs her stairs, bringing her "fine sewing" home, is third cousin to the newly acquired "dear friend" whom it took my lady three seasons of manœuvring to corral—her proudest social achievement—and that the cousins lunch together "every so long," generally in the low-browed cottage where they may hobnob without fear of interruption in heart-to-heart confidences as to things old and new. This is one way the Submerged gets her vote—one chance even to start rolling the little black ball which has been known to issue mysteriously from nowhere and strike Madame Nouveaux squarely between the eyes.

"So it is not the paltry Twenty-five who legislate against innovations, but the great mass of the Submerged of whom they are the spokesmen, the representatives—and herein lies their strength. Indeed, one need not even look very keenly to observe that when one of the 'Hundred' honks past a member of the 'Twenty-five' on the highway, he doffs his new hat with a special gilt-edged deference which tells the story."

Or, to change the figure, let us visualise the Old South as a gentle old lady in side-curls—the lady Pamela, say, flounced in old lace and redolent of lavender—behold her, looking up from the pages of her cherished Littell's *Living Age,* and turning her lorgnon quietly and inquiringly upon a social offender! It takes only half an eye to realise in the silent tableau that he who would eventually read his title clear to worthy social place in the New South will do well to make terms with my lady Pamela.

THE UNDERWORLD

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

'Twas midnight: his lone steps had led him far
Along the city's desert streets. The way
Was hushed; for all the trammel of the day
Had ceased its noisy turmoil: a white star
Set in the mist, shed from its silver bar
A mellow gleam to mark, with its veiled ray,
The darkened pave whereon his pathway lay.
The night was like a dream with naught to mar!
Behind the endless barricades they slept—
The nameless myriad, evading care;
But his quick pulses, fevered by the night
And thoughts unbidden,—memory haunted,—leapt,
As one, forsaken, shadowed the dim light;
A homeless wanderer moaning hopeless prayer!

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THE NEW YORK GHETTO BY NIGHT. DRAWING BY B. GUSSOW

THE NEW WRITERS OF THE GHETTO

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN

AN interesting group of story-tellers has grown up on the East Side of New York City during the last few years. They write in Yiddish and their narratives are laid in the American Ghettos, where Yiddish is liberally interspersed with English. They are all realists, their pictures mirroring the peculiar conditions that surround the Jewish immigrant in his new home.

The tenement population of the five big Ghettos of Greater New York contains a vast number of men and women who take fiction far more seriously than it is taken by the average reader of the American magazines. These want their stories to portray the actualities of life. False notes jar on them and a "happy ending," unless it be natural and convincing, is discarded as "made to order" and absurd. The bulk of these people is made up of factory-operatives, peddlers or small tradesmen who have never received even the rudiments of modern education. The number includes, however, a very considerable minority of Talmudists, men with a great deal of intellectual training, though it may not imply an acquaintance with such subjects as Grammar, Geography, or Arithmetic. In addition, it contains a number of educated people, in the general acceptance of the term, who are interested in Yiddish stories and sketches because of the high average of literary merit they represent. Not that there is not a large class of readers on the East Side that find interest in stories of the "blood-and-thunder" type, in hair-breadth escapes and thrilling surprises. But there is, also, a reading public of perhaps one hundred thousand that has no patience with this kind of fiction and exacts a high sense of artistic truth from its writers.

A good deal has been said about the intellectual proclivities of the East Side, about the large demand there is for good literature in the circulating libraries of the Ghetto; the thousands of poor tailors who will beggar themselves to send their sons and daughters to college; the high order of many of the plays produced in the Jewish theatres. All this is true, and one of the characteristic manifestations of this tendency is the great success of the better class of Yiddish stories among the dwellers of the slums. A Yiddish story is read and a Yiddish play is seen not merely as a momentary pastime, but as a theme for earnest discussion in the sweat-shop, at home or at the debating club. There are hundreds of all sorts of societies on the East Side, and in a great many cases their programme includes lectures

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and debates on the social question, literature and the drama. A controversy on Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maupassant or the Yiddish writers is an effective drawing card.

The American-born children of the Ghetto, young men and women who have studied in the American schools, high schools or colleges, and who speak Yiddish as one does a foreign tongue, have their own intellectual passions, their tastes and views often conflicting with those of their parents. This chasm between "fathers and sons" is a source of many of the striking features that go to make up the colourful panorama of Ghetto-life. The editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward* some time ago received a letter which may be found interesting as illustrative of the divergence of opinion between the two generations in question on the subject of literature. It was written in Yiddish by a cloakmaker.

". . . My daughter and I," it runs, "are always discussing a certain question, and sometimes our talks become rather disagreeable. So I thought I would submit it to you. She is educated and I am not, for she has been through college and is now teaching school, while I am a plain workman. But if she had a thousand times more education than she has I should still say that her ideas on literature are foolish. She is always reading novels and short stories in the magazines and she tells me the authors are great. Maybe they are. But when I try to read some of the short stories my daughter praises so much, I cannot help laughing. Maybe it is all due to my ignorance; but it seems to me those stories are childish stuff. Anybody can see it is all played up to make it read nice; but it is all impossible and the talk is not at all the way people talk.

"Everything is too sweet and not the way things happen. Nor are the people in the stories like real people. Everything is fixed up to fool the reader. But whom can they fool except those who are fools already?

"When I read a Yiddish translation of the *Kreutzer Sonata,* by Count Leo Tolstoy, everything was just like life and there was a lot of sense in it, too; and it was very interesting. Of course, our own Yiddish stories are not so great. But there is no nonsense in them, at least. They are not played up on purpose to make everything nice and sweet.

"My daughter makes fun of me. She says I am not an educated man, so I do not understand literature. A story must be a story, she says, and it must not be like real life. It must be better than real life. She says we have trouble enough as it is and when we read a story we want to forget our troubles. But I say: how can you forget them since you see at once that the story is only a story and a fake?

"She is crazy for a story. That's the main thing with her. She does not care how it is made up, provided it is a nice story, and lots of things happen. Now I think it is all very well for a little child, not for grown people. I am interested in the character of the people, in their real feelings and in the tricks they try to hide from others. When I read something of that kind it is like hearing a good piece of music. But my daughter thinks I am a fool because I have never been to school, much less to college. But then, I suppose all fathers are supposed to be fools."

The answer to this letter contained a list of American and English authors, including the names of Howells, James, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Wells, Arnold Bennett and others. After a lapse of several months a letter came from the cloakmaker's daughter thanking the Yiddish editor for the list and expressing satisfaction with the books recommended.

"I am beginning to see things in a new light," the young woman wrote. "My father's victory is complete and he is happy."

The new Yiddish writers are all workingmen and devoid of any school education. But they are gifted with a keen sense of human motive and character and are born story-tellers, in the better sense of the term. They are born artists. Many of their stories have some bearing

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upon the Chinese wall dividing the old immigrant people from their American bred children. A story by Aaron Weitzman, for example, is based on the conspicuous part which Jews play in the pugilistic world of New York, where most of the champions are of their race, a fact utterly foreign to the spirit of the Yiddish-speaking old generation.

A well-built young man of American birth brings home large sums of money for which he is unable to account in a satisfactory manner. He tells his old-fashioned mother vaguely that he has a good job, but when she insists upon knowing what sort of trade it is his answer is to the effect that it is something she would find rather difficult to grasp. One day his father, a rabbinical scholar of the old type, makes the discovery that his son is a professional pugilist and a local champion, terms, by the way, that had to be translated for him into the language of a world in which athletic sports are utterly unknown. The old man is shocked. Who ever heard of decent people fighting like peasants? he asks in bewilderment and despair. The notion of anybody "earning money by knocking out somebody's teeth" strikes him as extremely repulsive and ludicrous at once. The young man retorts by characterising Russia as a country of "lobsters" and boasting of the progressive up-to-date spirit of America. Gradually his parents are made to bow to the inevitable. They become reconciled to his vocation and even let themselves be persuaded to attend a fight in which he is matched against a young Irish-American. The idea of a fistic encounter between a Jew and a Gentile is distasteful to them, for it brings them memories of anti-Jewish atrocities, "pogroms," massacres. But people keep dinning in their ears that an American fight is something refined and worthy of the attention of good people. So they are curious to see for themselves the queer kind of fame their son has achieved.

When the fighter's mother sees him facing the robust half-naked Gentile, her heart sinks within her. "Keep away from him!" she implores her son, in consternation. "He'll kill you." But her boy proves more than a match for the Gentile, and she leaves the place with her heart divided between horror of the brutal performance and motherly pride over her son's victory.

Some good stories have been written by the younger Yiddish writers about the failure of the old people to appreciate the enthusiasm of their American-born boys for baseball. One of these is an excellent sketch by Harry Smith, a tailor. It dramatises a heated discussion between two "fans," from Philadelphia and New York respectively, each boy taking up the cudgels for the team of his city, and their parents following their excited talk with mixed perplexity, amusement and disgust.

MORRIS ADERSHLAGER. ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE NEW YIDDISH WRITERS. HE WORKED AT HIS TRADE AS A BARBER SINCE THE AGE OF NINE. ALL THE MENTAL TRAINING HE EVER RECEIVED WAS TWO OR THREE YEARS AT A HEBREW SCHOOL, WHERE HE WAS TAUGHT TO READ THE PRAYER-BOOK AND BIBLE

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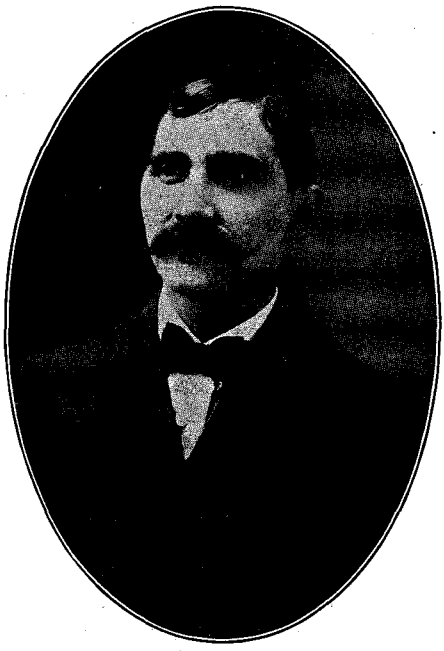
One of the most popular new Yiddish writers is a barber who has worked at his trade since he was a boy of nine. His name is Morris Adershlager. All the mental training he ever received was the two or three years he spent at a Hebrew school, where he was taught to read the prayer book and the Bible. Grammar is still an undiscovered country with him. Yet he has a wonderful sense of artistic values and possesses, in a remarkable degree, the art of making things real. His



DAVID BROWN, A WEAVER, WHO HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION BY THE PECULIAR HUMAN SYMPATHY THAT PERMEATES HIS TALES

dialogue is always natural and convincingly true, and his tales are taken from the very heart of reality. They are never humdrum. Life in general, and life in the Ghetto in particular, is full of tragedy and comedy, and Adershlager knows how to find literature in the simplest situation. One of his successful sketches portrays the visit of a girl to the house of her newly married bosom friend, their first meeting after the other girl's wedding. Another depicts the relations of a pretty girl and a repulsive-looking man who gradually transforms her aversion to love by the sheer force of his persistence and his iron character in general. There is a tender note in his writings, but his stories are never oversentimentalised. He is always sincere and many of his sketches have a charming touch of psychological poetry.

David Brown, a weaver, has attracted attention by the peculiar human sympathy that permeates his tales. The story that brought him to the front, some six years ago, tells of a servant girl who is engaged to be married to an honest, husky fellow. It is a case of mutual love, but she deprecates some of the ways in which her intended husband manifests his fondness for her. In her crude, primitive way she dreams of a romance full of poetry and free from grossness of any kind. She attributes the uncouth part of his love-making to his lack of education. She is sure that educated people make love in a far more respectable way than he does. She takes special pleasure in visioning her lover as a man of education and his courtship as something becoming a gentleman.

The daughter of her mistress is an educated girl and her lover is a college man. So Gnendel (the name of the heroine) is sure their love-making is free from all those features which she finds objectionable in the relations of her own lover to herself. One afternoon she eavesdrops upon the tête-à-tête of her young mistress and her fiancé, and her mind is rudely disabused. She finds that the college man shows as little refinement in his intimate relations with his bride-to-be as her own illiterate suitor. Gnendel is grievously disappointed in the educated classes and in humanity in general. Her dreams of a refined spirit and a courtship worthy of a real gentleman are shattered.

One of Brown's stories tells of a man who leaves his old home and immigrates to America primarily for the purpose of freeing himself from a marital union that has always been obnoxious to him. He never cared for his wife, having been persuaded to marry her against his will by

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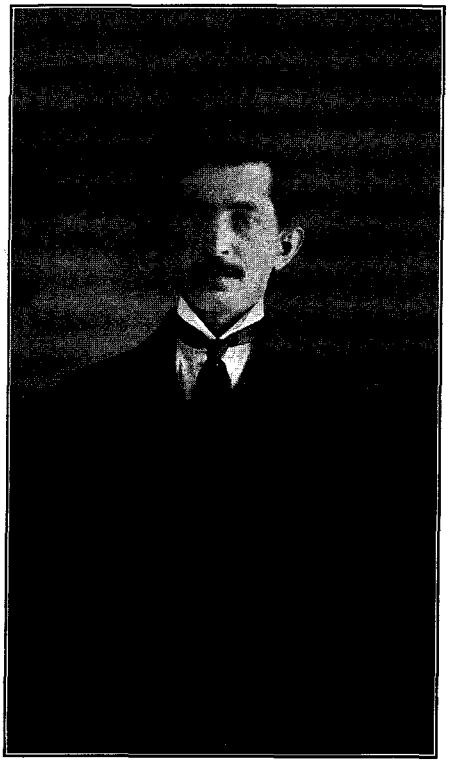
an old-fashioned father, who regarded it as a good match and who did not think that the question of love ought to be taken into consideration in judging of matters of this kind. Years pass. His estrangement from his wife is complete, and he is planning to obtain a divorce from her. But one day his daughter arrives from Russia, a girl of modern education and manners. She comes on a mission of reconciliation between father and mother. His heart warms to her, and he is too weak to withstand her plea. Her efforts are crowned with success.



I. ROCK (ISIDOR LIPMAN). HE WAS FORCED TO ASSUME THE PSEUDONYM IN ORDER TO CONCEAL HIS LITERARY ACTIVITIES FROM HIS WIFE, WHO WAS SLOW TO APPRECIATE THEIR VALUE. SHE OBJECTED TO WHAT SHE REGARDED AS WASTING TIME ON "FOOLISHNESS." LIKE SOME OF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GROUP, ROCK IS MOSTLY INTERESTED IN THE SUBMERGED OF SOCIETY. HE IS A PASSIONATE OBSERVER OF THE LIFE THAT SURROUNDS HIM, AND IT YIELDS HIM A RICH CROP OF TOUCHING TYPES AND SITUATIONS

BARNETT BOTWINICK. BOTWINICK WAS ORIGINALLY A *HOUSE PAINTER*

He sends for her mother for her sake and the family is reunited.

Barnett Botwinick, who until a few months ago eked out his modest living by following the trade of house-painter, is another of the Yiddish writers who have "arrived" during the last few years. One of his most recent sketches is concerned with a family that is forced by poverty to emigrate to America, but is prevented from doing so by an old grandmother. They are familiar with our American immigration laws and they know that granny is too old and feeble to be admitted by the officers at Ellis Island. Leaving the old woman alone is out of the question, however. So the journey is postponed indefinitely. The matter is never hinted at in the hearing of the old woman, but she knows how to put two and two together, and the situation is not lost upon her. She reads the minds of her children and grandchildren. She can see their devotion to her; but she can also see that she is in the way. She holds her own counsel. Her children and grandchildren, on the other hand, read her thoughts. The mute tragedy reaches

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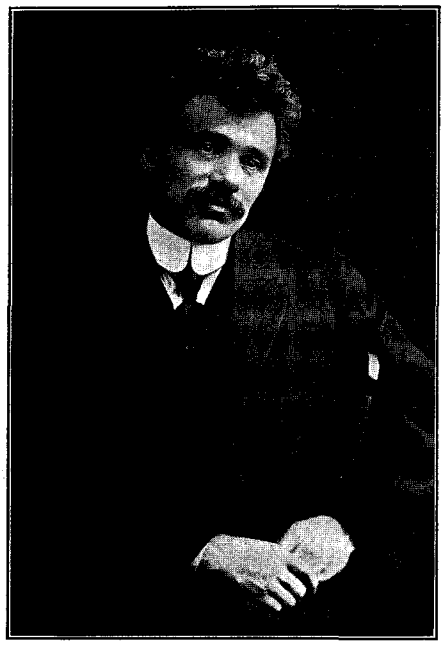

Z. LIBIN. LIBIN IS IN MANY WAYS THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN AMONG YIDDISH STORY TELLERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS SINCE THE DEATH OF JACOB GORDIN

its height when the old woman is taken down with a serious illness. Her dying words are: "Now you will be able to go to America, my children. May the Lord of the world give you good luck over yonder."

Another pathetic situation is depicted by the same author in a story entitled "Saturday Morning." Two girls and a young man work in American factories to support themselves and their old parents. Their father, who has seen better days, is an extremely pious man and the idea of having his children work on the Sabbath is a source of misery to him. But he is powerless to cope with American conditions. His children are confronted with the alternative between violating the Sabbath and losing their jobs. He struggles, but yields to necessity. As a result, his great Sabbath dinner is a sorry function. Instead of presiding over his family at the festive repast, as he has been wont to at home, he and his heart-broken wife eat alone, the image of their children working on the Sabbath "like Gentiles" constantly before his mind. Ah, ir he could enjoy at least one Sabbath dinner in a proper manner!

One Saturday morning the girls oversleep. Their mother is in despair. To wake them would mean sharing in the sin they would commit by working on the holy day. So she tries to deceive her conscience by dropping something as, though inadvertently, the noise disturbing the girls' sleep (the old man has been at the synagogue since dawn, so there is no trouble on his score). The girls get up, dress and start for the factory in a hurry. They are late. They find the gates closed. They come back, and at last their father's dream is realised. For once he presides over a Sabbath dinner as in the good old days in Russia. But

JACOB ADLER. HE IS A PURVEYOR OF ROLLICKING MIRTH. HE HAS WRITTEN SOME GOOD POETRY, BUT BURLESQUE IS HIS STRONG POINT, AND IN THIS BRANCH OF LITERATURE HE NOW HAS NO EQUAL IN ALL YIDDISH-SPEAKING AMERICA

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the meal gives him no joy. Instead, it brings home to him the bitter disappointments of his American life. The dinner is eaten in awkward, heart-breaking silence.

One of the most prolific creators of the better class of Yiddish fiction is a former cigar-maker who is known to the reading public under the nom de plume of I. Rock. His real name is Isidore Lipman and he was forced to assume the pseudonym in order to conceal his literary activities from his wife, who was slow to appreciate their value. She objected to what she regarded as wasting time on "foolishness." Like some of the other members of the group Rock is mostly interested in the submerged of society. He is a passionate observer of the life that surrounds him, and it yields him a rich crop of touching types and situations. One of the stories that are typical of his literary predilection deals with the metamorphosis of a young step-mother. She begins by treating her step-children with enthusiastic care and devotion. All goes well, and she is developing a real attachment for them, when a sister of their deceased mother makes her appearance, and then things gradually change for the worse. "Auntie" calls often. She persists in addressing her little nieces as "poor motherless birdies," and is incessantly sighing over the fate of her "poor dear sister—peace upon her soul—who was not destined to bring them up herself." She is forever advising the young housewife, and "amicably" criticising her treatment of the "birdies." The upshot is that she succeeds in arousing the young woman's jealousy and hatred for the memory of her predecessor, and her fond interest in her charge gradually gives way to a feeling of brutal hostility. Two or three of Rock's stories are dedicated to the little tragedies and comedies of men who are doomed to keep house and take care of the babies, because they are a failure as bread-winners, and the task of supporting the family is more successfully performed by their wives.

The list of new favourites in the literary world of the East Side would be far from complete without the names of Yetta Serdatsky, Benjamin Salmanovitch, Moses Osherovitch, Isaac Bloom, J. Epstein and Jacob Adler. Mrs. Serdatsky made her debut in Russia, where her prose poems aroused much enthusiasm. Since she made America her home, some eight years ago, she has been writing tales of real life, and her success in that field has been as marked as it was in the realm of pure fancy. She has a very large following, commanding the warm interest of critics as well as of the general public. Jacob Adler is not a story-teller, in the sense in which the term has been used in this article with regard to the other writers. He is a purveyor of rollicking mirth. He has written some good poetry, but burlesque is his strongest point, and in this branch of literature he now has no equal in all Yiddish-speaking America.

The three older Yiddish writers of fiction, Z. Libin, Solomon Levin and Leon Kobrin, are still active. Of these Libin is the best known. He is in many ways the most important man among Yiddish story-tellers and (since the death of Jacob Gordin) playwrights. He is a writer of unusual talent, a veritable fountain of interesting themes, and with a fine sense of the pathetic as well as of the grotesque. Of Levin it may be said that many of his stories are perhaps the most real of all the Yiddish narratives written in America. He has deep insight into human character. If he were gifted with as much poetic temperament as he is with humour he would be a truly remarkable artist. Morris Rosenfeld, the celebrated Ghetto poet, whose works have been translated into almost every language spoken in Europe, is still doing excellent work.

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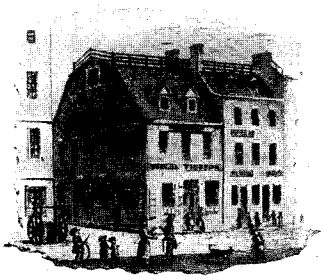

THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART V—WHEN THE OLD CORNER WAS BOSTON

"A PUBLISHER'S experience," says Mrs. Fields, "is not altogether easy or agreeable. Having to deal with the most sensitive portion of the human race, authors and persons of artistic temperament, unwonted to business and often untrained in character, misunderstandings arise, and, worst of all, unfaith."

This is perhaps the most serious indictment of the ills that writing is heir to which has ever been made. For what must be said of the rank and file when a statement like this can be penned with significant intention by the gentle Mrs. Fields of the dealings of such a publisher as her husband with such an elect group of authors as he published—honourable men, all bred to the height of a high social and moral tradition! Perhaps no firm ever had a more illustrious contemporary list than Ticknor and Fields. Miss Ticknor states plain fact when she writes that the firm and their authors made Boston the headquarters of the best in literary America, and that the writers of the golden days of American literature owed their fame not to their own talents alone but also to the good offices of their publishers. The house which Ticknor built up first alone and then with the assistance of Fields became a vital factor in the literary life of the nation. More than any one else, said Bryant, has Fields impressed upon the people of this country the value and importance of the study of English literature.

The tributes to him from his authors would in themselves make a book—of which the various dedications and poems to his memory might form a lengthy chapter. "Of all the men I have ever known," wrote Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "he was one of the most heartily and humanly helpful." "Very rarely if ever has a publisher enjoyed the confidence and friendship of so wide and various a circle of authors," wrote Holmes. Lowell affixed upon the door of *The Cathedral* the following proclamation, "My dear Fields: Dr. Johnson's sturdy self-respect led him to invent the Bookseller as a substitute for the Patron. My relations with you have enabled me to discover how pleasantly the Friend may replace the Bookseller. Let me record my sense of many thoughtful services by associating your name with a poem which owes its appearance in this shape to your partiality." Curtis wrote of him, "Fields with his genial spirit, his generous and

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ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine taste, his delightful humour, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive as well as the gay men of the world and the self-possessed favourites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors and to call them all personal friends. It was a very remarkable group of men which familiarly frequented the Corner as the guests of Fields; and to the end they maintained the warmest relations with one who was not only their publisher but their appreciative and sympathetic friend."

Holmes dedicated to him *The Guardian Angel,* "from one of many writers who have found him a wise, faithful and generous friend." "I think our acquaintance with Holmes began," wrote Mrs. Fields, "about the time when the Doctor threatened to hang out a sign 'The smallest fevers gratefully received'; and when the young publisher's literary enthusiasm led him to make some excuse for asking medical advice. In every succeeding year from 1851, they became more and more intimate. Common interests brought the men together almost daily, and correspondence to any great extent was made unnecessary." Holmes's experience with the siren song of housebuilders had been about the same as Hawthorne's. "I was very anxious to have a country retreat, and when my wife had a small legacy of about two thousand dollars a good many years ago, we thought we would put up a perfectly plain shelter with that money on a beautiful piece of ground we owned in Pittsfield. Well, the architect promised to put the house up for that, but it cost just twice as much." From this house in Pittsfield he wrote most of the letters which Fields had of his. "I had a literary rencontre just before I came away, in the shape of a dinner at the Revere House with Griswold and Epes Sargent. What a curious creature Griswold is! He seems to me a kind of naturalist whose subjects are authors, whose memory is a perfect fauna of all flying, running and creeping things that feed in ink. It would be hard to tell how much you are missed among us. I really do not know who would make a greater blank if he were abstracted. As for myself, I have been all lost since you have been away in all that relates to literary matters, to say nothing of the almost daily aid, comfort, and refreshment I imbibed from your luminous presence."

This letter of Holmes suggests an item in the popularity of Fields with his authors, which Curtis Guild in *Chats About Celebrities* emphasises. "Not only was he an agreeable man to authors on account of his deference to their titles and his unfailing geniality, but especially on account of the grand stock of literary gossip that he always had on hand. In those days there were no personal columns in the newspapers, and even the movements of the greatest of literary lights were not freely circulated in the public journals. He numbered among his English friends Wordsworth, De Quincey, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Barry Cornwall, Dickens, and Thackeray." Not even Longfellow or Lowell had so extensive an English literary acquaintance, and he preserved for American distribution every item of interesting news that came to him. In America his correspondence included almost without exception, wrote his wife, all the men and women of any literary note, and his friendships with most of them were uninterrupted to the end. Bryant, Agassiz, Willis, Mrs. Mowatt, Halleck, Margaret Fuller, Catherine Sedgwick, Epes Sargent, Bayard Taylor, Sumner, Mrs. Stowe, Goodrich, Channing, Griswold, T. B. Reed, Fanny Forester she mentions as his warm friends. He wrote Miss Mitford from London, "When I tell you I have eaten twenty-nine dinners out of the house where I lodge during the past month, you will know how to pity me. A return to hard biscuit and beef on board ship will be a relief. But ah, these warm English hearts!" His friendship with Miss Mitford and with Dickens was very strong;

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and the best Thackeray story is of him. It was during the London days when they were constantly together and making a pilgrimage arm in arm, over the novelist's footprints. "Down on your knees, you rogue!" cried the master in words as immortal as ever he wrote. "For here *Vanity Fair* was penned. And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." Fields's dream of a hard biscuit and beef was almost never realised, for rarely was he permitted to eat alone. There was no visitor to Boston whom he did not dine; and though his dinners were more famous as intellectual feasts, his hospitality was not lacking. "Sumner, Longfellow, Greene, and Dr. Holmes came to dine to-day," Mrs. Fields recorded in her diary, "and the talk went on for four hours."

When Dickens visited Boston a gentleman who had asked him unsuccessfully for every hour in every day yet remaining of his time, exclaimed humourously, "Then how about coming to spend the night with me?" "I would rather have it than any other invitation," returned Dickens quickly. "No one in America has asked me to sleep yet." Fields was most industrious in keeping him awake. Of this visit Guild tells an anecdote. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was one of the characters made notable in a celebrated walking-match which was got up by Dickens. The match was a stretch of about six miles over the Boston milldam toward Newton Centre. In the articles of agreement the signatures were:

The Boston Bantam.....J. R. Osgood
Massachusetts Jemimy.....James T. Fields
The Gad's Hill Gaspar...Charles Dickens

At the dinner given by the contestants at the Parker House after the fatigues of the match were over, there were present besides the walkers

Hyperion.....H. W. Longfellow
Hosea Bigelow.....J. R. Lowell
The Autocrat.....O. W. Holmes
The Bad Boy.....T. B. Aldrich

Colonel Higginson remembers that once he said he liked Dickens better than Thackeray, because Thackeray enjoyed telling questionable stories, a thing which Dickens never did. Fields was certainly a little squeamish, and not a little self-righteous about it. Once he rebuked a slangy word uttered at his own table and by the guest of honour with a moment of pointed and perfect silence, which astounded and embarrassed his wife and she says, made it very awkward for the rest. This was perhaps an overlarge penalty for mere slang, but the point of view was that of literary Boston of the era. One remembers when Margaret Fuller rebuked Emerson for indulging in "darn" (under greatest provocation, too, for the biggest fish of the morning had slipped the hook just as it was being boated!). "Say damn if you must," said that unruffled priestess (it was not her fish). "Be profane but not vulgar." Alas! here is another fine distinction which is disappearing in these coarser days.

LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER

As early as 1849, writes Mrs. Fields in *Authors and Friends,* letters and visits were familiarly exchanged between Fields and Longfellow, and their friendship must have begun much earlier. There was no break nor any change in the friendship during the passage of the years. "The breakfast was charming. You and your wife understand the divine art of entertaining as few people do."—"My dear Fields, I can neither write nor think; and I have nothing fit to send you but my love, which you cannot put into the magazine."—From Italy he wrote them, "I do not know whether I am writing to you or to your wife or your husband, so intermingled was your last letter and so like one of those Italian words that have a masculine singular and a feminine plural."—"Affable Archangel" begins one of his letters to Fields; and he always kept a picture of Mrs. Fields in his room at Craigie House.

"See if you can find anything to retouch," Longfellow wrote when he sent him a poem for the second time. "I

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think it is improved by your suggestions." The willingness of his authors to embody his criticisms arose from the fact that they had an equal appreciation of his literary taste and his business sense. With just the right Boston heritage of both, he mixed fitly the two wines in one cup —an ability which they doubted in themselves. Lowell, who sent his daughter abroad with the Fieldses, wished to name *Among My Books* and *My Study Windows* more soberly, says one of his biographers, but at the urgency of his publishers he gave them titles which they thought would be attractive to the public, though he felt that they took from the dignity of his work. "Fields," writes Trowbridge, "gave me the name of the dog in *The Vagabonds*. For Mrs. Fields showed me in an album of autograph poems—many of them by writers the most famous of the day—the original manuscript copy of *The Vagabonds* with the word 'Roger' in Fields's well-known hand, written over the less euphonious name (whatever it may have been) that I had bestowed on the wandering fiddler's companion."

Whittier complained that the doors of magazines and publishing houses had been shut to him for twenty years; and it was not until the surprising success of *Snow Bound* that he was for any length of time out of straitened circumstances. His friendship with Fields had begun as far back as 1839. In that year Fields contributed a poem to the material Whittier was getting together for the *North Star* in Philadelphia. Looking up Fields on his return to Massachusetts, he found the young man connected with the publishing house of Ticknor. This house, publishing his first profitable book in 1843, now handled most of his new volumes. He constantly accepted Fields's criticisms and suggestions in *Songs of Labor*, and this began a life-long habit for which Whittier was grateful. "I should be hung for my bad rhymes anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line," he said. "My speech bewrayeth me." Fields was forever pointing out his Yankeeisms. As the sales of his books gradually increased—his share in the profits of the first issue of *Snow Bound* amounted to ten thousand dollars!—his publishers volunteered a larger percentage. "I gladly accept," he wrote, "and only hope the public will make the arrangement one of mutual profit. At any rate I should be sorry if I thought my gain would be at your expense as publishers. You have always dealt with me better than I deserved."

In the year 1843 Whittier wrote anxiously to Fields, "I send with this *The Exiles*, a kind of John Gilpin legend. I am in doubt about it. Read it and decide for thyself whether it is worth publishing." The years only brought a riper intimacy with his publisher, and he constantly wrote him opinions and appreciations of contemporary productions. In 1853 he introduced Lucy Larcom to Fields. "Were I not perfectly certain that her collection is worth type," he wrote, "I would be the last to encourage her to take even this small step to publicity." In introducing another young woman not so successful as Miss Larcom, he wrote, "I am more and more impressed with the Christian tolerance and patience of publishers, beset as you are with legions of clamorous authors male and female. I should think you would hate the sight of one of these unfortunates. I take it that it is the Providential business of authors and publishers to torment each other." In 1866 he sent a manuscript, *The Tent on the Beach*, and with it a letter: "I have represented thee and Bayard Taylor and myself living a wild tent-life for a few summer days on the beach, where for lack of something better to do, I read my stories to the others. The result is before thee. Put it in type or the fire, I am content—like Eugene Aram, prepared for either fortune." This was perhaps going some, unless he had privately kept a copy; but everything about Whittier showed that he never stood with bated breath in contemplation of that phenomenon himself, like others of the New Englanders. Later he wrote, "Think of bagging in this tent of ours an unsuspecting public at the rate of a thousand a day! The swindle is awful—

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Barnum is a saint to us." Once—long before the money had begun to come in so plentifully—Fields had written to him about a charity in which the poet was interested, "Let me whisper to you, if at any time you find your pockets light, it will give me great pleasure personally to shovel in a few rocks, to be returned at any time when most convenient, or if they should never come back it would be better still." In answer Whittier sent him a poem, of which this is the last stanza:

So shall the public crowd and mingle
Where'er thou hangest out thy shingle
And all the joy the happy ingle
Of human love yields
Be thine, and blessings never single
Add Fields and Fields!

"Our first knowledge that he was in town," says Mrs. Fields, "was his early ring. He would come in looking pale and thin, but full of fire and, as we would soon find, of a certain vigour." These verses are among the many sunny ones Whittier wrote to his friend in his exquisite tribute, *In Memory*.

Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed
Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,
Of thy sun bright spirit's wane
Thou hast spared us all the pain.

What is there to gloss or shun!
Save with kindly voices, none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Fields was thoroughly impressed with the necessity of keeping his authors' names before the public; and the tactful and astute manner in which he did it never—even in Athens, that last redoubt of "literary dignity"—alarmed the greatest stickler for propriety. Emerson wrote him: "You have made me so popular by your brilliant advertising and arrangements (I will say, not knowing how to qualify your social skill) that I am daily receiving invitations to read lectures far and near." It was Fields himself who had suggested that Emerson enter the lecture-arena, and they discussed the topics together. "One shall be on the Doctrine of Mosts," said Emerson, "and one on the Doctrine of Leasts; and one shall be about Brook Farm, for ever since Hawthorne's ghastly and untrue account of that community in his *Blithedale Romance,* I have desired to give what I think a true account of it." Fields, like his earlier publisher, was always trying to coax copy out of Emerson; and Emerson, like most of Fields's authors, was ready to accept corrections from him, and more eager than most to seek suggestions. "We have been waiting for Mr. Emerson," runs an entry in Mrs. Fields's diary, "to publish his new volume containing his address on Henry Thoreau; but he is careful of his words and finds many to be considered again and again, until it is almost impossible to extort a manuscript from his hands." It was very seldom that he showed a sincere willingness, on his own account, to commit himself to print. One day in 1863, however, he came in bringing a poem; he did not know if he could finish it, but he would like to print *that*. Another time he came to town and, seeming to be aware of the importance of the occasion, hired a room at the Parker House because he had actually in hand a poem which he wanted his publisher to hear. It proved to be only a sketch and unfinished at that. The reading of the verses seemed even less of a performance than it might have been, because (how Emersonian!) they were jotted down on separate slips of paper; and an irreverent breeze scattered them over the room, and one (it is said) went under the bed and had to be stooped for by the author. The room had not been hired in vain, however, and the verses finally came to print under the title *Voluntaries,* which, suggested by Fields, was after serious discussion adopted. Once when Emerson returned from New York, he looked in upon his publisher on his way to Concord, saying, "How is the guardian and maintainer of us all?" A guardian to Emerson was no idle custodian. On the lecture tour which Fields

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planned for him, he wrote, "An unlucky accident drives me here to make a draft on you for fifty dollars. The truth is that I lost my wallet—I fear to some pickpocket—in Fairhaven, Vermont, night before last (some seventy dollars or eighty dollars in it) and had to borrow money of a Samaritan lady to come here."

It was the personal element which made the success of Fields's relations with his authors—the coöperation of his personality with theirs. "From a very early period in my own life of authorship," wrote Holmes, "I have looked to Mr. Fields as one who would be sure to take an interest in whatever I wrote, to let me know all that he could learn about my writings which would please and encourage me, and keep me in heart for new efforts. His mind was as hospitable as his roof." Fields knew how to take an interest—this was his secret. "It used often to be said of him," wrote Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "that he could refuse a manuscript and send a rejected author away happier than any other man could by accepting it (an ideal of every publisher since!). As a publisher his courtesy amounted to beneficence." Also, he industriously cultivated the interest of authors in themselves and their trade. As for his own personality, it was as interesting as it was winning and vital. So, in every way, Fields aroused and held attention. "I have perhaps little to add that is new," goes on Mrs. Ward, "to the appreciation in which he is yet held. He was a man not always understood, sometimes a little envied, but widely beloved. Perhaps no man in our country and in our time has commanded more personal friendships with valuable natures. His seems to me fully as remarkable a personality now as when a frightened young author I first accepted Mrs. Fields's hospitality and the friendship of both. I received nothing but good measure from a publisher and friend, whose memory will always stand apart to me as that of one of the valuable influences of my life. I am but one of many who would say as much and more. Whittier, who had known him forty years, wrote me, 'He loved much, pitied much, and never hated. He was Christ-like in sympathy and kindness and in doing good.'"

His sympathy with struggling women was always very great, notes Higginson. "I think he was the only one in the early Atlantic circle except Whittier and myself—with Emerson, also, latterly—who favoured woman's suffrage." It was he who inaugurated in Boston a sort of university extension course for women. Julia Ward Howe (whose first volume of poems was published by Ticknor and Fields without her name, and for the choice and arrangement of which Fields was chiefly responsible, she says) tells in her *Reminiscences* how difficult it was for a girl student in New York in those days to find that help and guidance toward a literary career which may easily be commanded to-day. She had published a brief essay on the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller in the New York *Review* about 1848, and even the *North American*—from a larger land where feminine culture was not a thing to marvel at—thought it worth while to say in praising it, "It is said to have been written by a lady." Fields advertised his scheme in the Boston papers by a document, already curiously antiquated, which begins thus:

> Good News for Women. It is the design of this course of free lectures to introduce a scheme of instruction for women which shall give to them the advantages so long afforded to students in universities. Boston will have the credit of starting a plan which is sure to end in university education for women in various parts of the country.

So warmly did women embrace their new opportunity that a book on Boston in the early twentieth century wittily suggests for her shield a Lecture Rampant, since all the world recognises an inordinate passion in her softer sex for attending lectures. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps remembers that Fields said to her earnestly, when a certain publishing house proposed a book on the eminent men of the day (perhaps none the less warmly because Mrs. Stowe was getting

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mixed up in the project and delaying his copy), "The time has gone by for that. Men and women! Men and *women!*" In every way Fields took occasion to call to the notice of the public, and to further the work of women as citizens. "When the war is over," he said to Mrs. Livermore, who came to him in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, "you must give us a book of your experiences and show us the heavenly side of the war."

MRS. STOWE

Mrs. Fields met Mrs. Stowe in Italy and they spent some time together, all returning when the Hawthornes were homeward bound. While she and Mrs. Stowe were close friends, she says that the acquaintance with her husband was somewhat limited to the usual author-correspondence variety. But if this correspondence was of the usual kind, it is to be hoped it differed at least in degree. For Mrs. Stowe must have been a peculiarly exasperating author to handle. She twice stopped the serial publication of stories because she felt herself bound to other publications or publishers by the rash acceptance of their tempting offers—a curious discrimination quite worthy of the New England conscience, but one which an author less confident of her heavenly leading would hesitate to make. She always behaved, says Mrs. Fields, as if she recognised herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit. In reading her life one often has cause to remember that her father felt that if he could have presented his views of religious truth to Byron, the poet would have done good in the world instead of harm—"if he could only have talked to Taylor and me," he would say, "it might have got him out of his troubles."

"I must cry you mercy," Mrs. Stowe once wrote to her publisher, "and explain my condition to you as well as possible." The condition, says Mrs. Fields indulgently, was frequently to be explained. Proofs were not ready when promised, the press was stopped, and both author and publisher required all the tender regard they really had for each other and all the patience they possessed to keep in tune. It was with no sense of surprise that we received from her during the summer what proved to be a chapter of excuses instead of a chapter of her book. "I have a long story to tell you," she wrote, "of what has prevented my going on with my story, which you must see would so occupy all the nerve and brain-force I have that I have not been able to write a word except to my own children. To them in their needs I *must* write *chapters* which would otherwise go into my novel." A while later she wrote, "I have material to prepare a very curious article on Planchette. Shall you want it?" We can imagine, interpolates Mrs. Fields, the feelings of a publisher waiting for copy on reading this note. But this little dalliance with the supernatural obsessed Mrs. Stowe for some time, and she felt the results were marvellous. (It is amusing to read in one of Gail Hamilton's letters, "Planchette was little better than a dumb devil either for Mrs. Stowe or me. I have never seen anything yet that convinced me of, or that even had a tendency to necessitate, the existence of any spirits, except those embodied in the persons present.") A few days afterward Mrs. Stowe wrote, "I am beginning a series of articles called 'Learning to Write;' " and her next letter was sent with some fans upon which she had painted flowers, to be sold at a fair in Boston on behalf of the Cretans! The last interruption came in the shape of the preposterous Lady Byron paper, which fully merited the rumpus it provoked and which was accepted during Fields's absence in Europe by the sub-editor lest he lose Mrs. Stowe as a contributor altogether. At length she delivered to her publisher the last chapter of *Old Town Folks,* for which—says Mrs. Fields—she had received many large sums in prepayments in order that her mind might be at leisure! But in spite of this (as crowning triumph of a discriminating conscience) she had undertaken in the meanwhile the editorship of a project called *Men of Our Times.*

Toward the close of her life she wrote,

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"I have just heard of the sudden death of my friend Mr. Fields. And now we all ask, What has he left of all his life's accumulations? Houses, lands, pictures, literary reputation, all that is gone. I think from my remembrance of him that he had just what Jesus meant by treasure laid up in Heaven. He had a habit of quiet benevolence; he did habitually and quietly more good to everybody he had to do with than common."

"Perhaps he petted us all too much," says Higginson in *Cheerful Yesterdays*. "He had some of the defects of his qualities, could not help being a little of a flatterer, and sometimes, though not always, evaded the telling of wholesome truths. He was constantly urging me to attempt fiction—an attempt which the public did not support; on the other hand, he advised strongly against my writing the *Young Folks History*, which turned out incomparably the most successful venture I ever made and is still selling well after twenty years. His practical judgment was thus not infallible, but came nearer to it than that of any other literary man I have ever known. He was always looking for new talent, and his geese were apt to be swans."

Here is the testimony of Ik Marvel:

> But as I said, Mr. Fields declined the new venture (*Reveries of a Bachelor*). The decision, however, did not at all disturb my pleasant relations, then and always after, with the author-publisher. I am glad of this opportunity to declare my high appreciation of the virtues which belonged to him as publisher and editor. He was honest, he was sympathetic, he was most liberal; his advice was judicious and pertinent; and his little notelets—of which I have a great bundle—are full of those bits of cheery encouragement, of piquant praise for what he considered good, of adroit suggestion of what might work betterment, which made them model letters for a publisher who wishes to bring an author to his best endeavour. He flattered, to be sure; but his was a headlong hearty flattery, full of an unction which deceived no man of sense, yet encouraged and cheered everybody on whom the unction fell. Then, as I said, he had an abundant sympathy with an author's work—not a bumptious, outside calculation of its bearings, but a delicate fashioning of your own intentions and expectancies that was very helpful and stimulative. Whether he criticised or praised or made suggestions, he had the charming art of making one believe thoroughly in his friendliness. For these things I should always have welcomed, and always did welcome, his crisp, pointed, marrowy little letters, even if they had not brought—as they so often did bring—a most agreeable and prompt tidbit in the form of a bank cheque.

George S. Hilliard wrote in a presentation copy of *Six Months in Italy*:

> Dear Fields, it is a pleasant thing to find
> My name upon a page with yours conjoined.
> For us that launch upon a sea of ink
> Our foolscap argosies to swim or sink,
> No better flag than yours to sail beneath
> E'er felt the sunbeam's kiss, the breeze's breath.
> The ogre publisher whom poets paint
> That sucks the blood of authors till they faint
> Is a mere myth to us, who see in you
> A heart still faithful to the morning dew.

SINGLE-HANDED AGAINST THE WORLD

But into this well-nigh unanimous chorus of praise jars a discordant note. It was certainly one of a woman whose character, fully trained and energetic, was much admired; and certainly, too, of one who had the entire courage of her convictions. For it was a prolonged note, sounded at her own expense and at the risk of her future literary career. And during the course of this interlude on a six hundred dollar whistle which possibly was piping to future ruin, Gail Hamilton stated that there were several authors who had a similar experience with her publishers, but they had not cared for one reason or another to make the matter public. As Mrs. Fields hints that her husband had misunderstandings with several persons "unwonted to business or untrained in character," Gail Hamilton was probably correct when she stated that other grievances might have been, and

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should have been, aired. And, at least, she never felt that she had paid too dear for her whistle.

"I went to Mr. Fields's office when I first got to town and left my basket," runs the first mention of the publisher in Gail Hamilton's Letters, "and told him I would come back about five to go home with him, which I did, and we had supper at six and rode to the concert at seven. When we got home, we found Hawthorne there, who remained as long as I stayed. On Sunday evening several people were in and he disappeared altogether. Moncure D. Conway stayed there Sunday night. Monday morning we went down to breakfast at half-past eight and did not get upstairs till near ten. Mr. Fields himself is very entertaining and amusing, a fine mimic, genial and funny, and I had nothing to do but listen and laugh and look at Hawthorne, when I was sure he would not be looking at me. I also had a long talk with Holmes, who is as clear, crisp, and incisive in his talk as in his books. Also I saw Rev. Mr. Waterston, whose only child, a daughter of eighteen, died in Rome. Whittier wrote a poem upon it. Also I saw Mr. Quincy, grandson of old Josiah and son of young Josiah Quincy. Mr. Fields's house is full of pictures and autographs and curious things and books. I came home the next morning."

Shortly afterward she writes, "Mr. Fields is not only a handsome man but one of the nicest men in the world, straightforward, genial, simple-hearted, though in the thick of the city. I like him very much, and he has the sweetest wife, and beautiful, too, and they are as happy as can be." In 1864 she notes that her books had brought her in something like two thousand dollars. Mr. Fields was continually encouraging, even urging, her forward, which she took as a sign that he was in some degree satisfied with her. He said fine things of her papers and constantly called for more. "He gets my books up himself—proposes to have them as books I mean—and is strenuous that I write only for them, to which I am myself also as strongly inclined." Later: "Mr. and Mrs. Fields were going to spend the day with me yesterday, but they had word that her brother was a prisoner in Gordonsville, and he must try what could be done toward effecting an exchange." He told her in 1865 that they had very large advance orders for her book, *Skirmishes and Sketches*. In 1867 she notes that Mr. Fields wanted her to print some chapters of her new book in the *Atlantic* before publishing. He said that the book was capital and that when he was reading it he had to roll himself up into a ball and roll around the street in order to relieve himself. But she did not think favourably of his plan and told him that to cut up the book beforehand into a series of articles would rather hurt its dignity when it appeared later.

Their intimate relations, professional and social, had continued for some years when suddenly out of a clear sky comes this letter:

> Your characterisation of Dickens tallies admirably with that by another friend of mine, but did you not enjoy his reading? I did, and mean to hear him again. I wish you were here to go with me, and then you could amuse yourself between whiles with raving against Boston infidelity. I have had a little experience of it in one shape recently. I discovered quite accidentally that ten per cent. on the retail price of books is the minimum price paid to authors. As my books have brought me only from six and two-thirds to seven and one-half per cent., I laid the case before a lawyer friend, who has made investigation among the bookmen, which results in a conviction that I have been underpaid, and I have broken off connection with my publishers. Of course it was not a thing to be lightly done, and I have not done it lightly. It began in December, and is only just completed [March, 1868]—and hardly that. But where I have been on terms of such intimate friendship I cannot come down to mere business relations. Mr. —— had the matter entirely in his own hands. I never questioned, or proposed, or bargained, and that he should have gone on, year after year, paying me less than a new author has,

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paying me from one-third to one-half less than the lowest market price, is not a thing to be overlooked. I desire you not to speak of this to any one. There is no occasion as yet for its being known. I should not have told you only I thought it probably must one day come out, and you might feel aggrieved at knowing it only as the general public knows it. I have acted in this according to the advice of learned and apparently disinterested friends.

There is no further mention made of the matter until October, and then in a postscript only. "—— declined arbitration but afterward proposed a reference to some one person. I have not yet replied to this proposal." A few days later she writes that she has made out a statement of the case from beginning to end and included all the letters. "What I am inclined to do is to say to them that I have no objections to Mr. ——, but I would wish another person associated with him, and if they two cannot agree they be empowered to call in a third. I will lay before them this statement and let them decide it. Still I know very well that if they decide contrary to my own judgment I shall be dissatisfied and shall express my dissatisfaction in the most pronounced manner." In November the firm accepted her second man, but proposed a third. She said she would accept a third, but he must be chosen by the two already selected and not by them. They insisted, however, on settling either by an appeal to a confidential friend of their own choosing or by three arbitrators of whom they should select two. Neither of these propositions seemed fair to her, and she notes in December that the affair still hangs fire and her patience is being drawn out to a very fine thread indeed. "I rather suspect their little game is to hush me up as much as possible, and show me how hard it is to climb Fame's rugged steeps without their helping hand." In January Fields by his own request and with her permission came down to see her, and they finally agreed to arbitration. "Mr. —— talked like an honest man, and it seems as if they must be honest or they would never consent to have their dealings examined. Yet the past year, and all the past years, are inexplicable to me on that hypothesis." Later in the month she went to Boston for four days, but the referees were not yet decided upon. "I think Mr. F. has been rather mean to me, but I have long since done shedding tears over it. If I had been wiser he would have been juster, so the fault is partly mine." In March she wrote Whittier: "Dearly Beloved:—I saw Mr. Fields, but he was looking at the shop-windows due East and I was looking at the hand-organs due West; so we were blinded to each other's excellencies. But I went to the State's prison, and I believe the insiders are worse than the outsiders—I was sceptical on that point before." In May she wrote:

It is not simply because a personal relation is at end that I discontinue a business relation. Mr. —— has not merely vanished from my regard so that the place which once knew him knows him no more. He has dug his way out with a rough and relentless spade . . . and in his wild journey-work he upturned so many earthworms and venomous creeping things . . . that I turn away shuddering. I have no indignation toward Mr. ———. There is no Mr. ———. He is evaporated. He squirmed out of my sight one day, and in his stead I saw some one before me with a mean face. . . . *That* is not the man I cared for at all. The man I cared for has departed this life. He never came into it. He never was born . . .

This last entry closes the transaction with her. The only allusion she ever makes to it again occurs several years afterward. "All my publishers [she now had H. O. Houghton & Co. and the Harpers] are everything that is civil and obliging. I have plenty of money and no end of a good time. Of course, a great deal has come to me that would have come just the same even had I stayed on with ——. Still it is much better to be away, and they seem somehow to have become a dissolving view." And in 1874 she notes, "Since the new regime, the pub-

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lishers of the *Atlantic* have found grace to send the *Atlantic* to me." The experience, however, must have been in her mind when she wrote, in 1876, of her troubles with a publisher in difficulties. "There is not much to tell about the books. Another firm bought them whom I hear everywhere well spoken of. They seem to be frank and honest and they make no pretensions to magnanimity or culture or literature, so I think they may wash."

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

"Gail Hamilton had a violent rupture with her publishers over a question of copyright," says J. T. Trowbridge in his autobiography, "and it led to her attack upon them—especially upon the member of the firm who had been her personal friend—in her wonderfully witty but woefully unwise *Battle of the Books.*" This remark gives an unfair, and possibly ungenerous, impression of a very extraordinary document. Although vigorous and spicy and—since intended for the public—obviously made as interesting as possible—the book nowhere exhibits any pettiness of tone; and granting that the thing was to be done at all, could, for the most part, scarcely be done in better spirit. Under the gauziest of disguises—which enables her, also, to indulge in sprightly comment of a social nature in her mock editorial capacity—she sets forth the complete story of the altercation outlined in the correspondence above quoted, and the authentic letters which were written during its course. As to whether such an account should be given to the public, opinions will differ; but here—although it was not put forward as such—is her own justification.

> In controversies the author is at a singular disadvantage by reason of the connection of publishers with the press. When the Athenian (Boston) newspapers glow with reflections upon the inability of authors to understand the details of publishing, and the unimpeached and unimpeachable honour of the house of Hunt, Parry & Co. (Fields, Osgood & Co.), not half a dozen readers suspect that these reflections are anything but the spontaneous tribute of a grateful people to the eminent firm in question. Nobody suspects that behind all this glitter and glory some pestiferous little author is poking his inquisitive finger in among those details, and that this beating of gongs is but Chinese strategy on the part of the attacked to scare away the impertinent foe. Then, at a later period, paragraphs began to converge around M. N. (Gail Hamilton) and her proposed book speaking of her as a disgruntled author whose reputation was dwindling, and their tenor was as follows: "As the house has been in thriving existence for more than a quarter of a century and has never before had an author quarrel with it, there will be a general disposition—and so forth." They thus directly increase the resistance which any succeeding author must overcome. When the course of our true love ceased to run smooth, I supposed my pebble was the only obstacle which my publisher's rivulet had ever known, and was dismayed accordingly. But if all the rocks I have since discovered could be cast into one heap, we should have a bigger monument than Joshua made to mark the passage of Jordan.

These controversies do not come out, she maintains; for even if the publisher be unquestionably right, he knows that the sympathy of the public is likely to be with the author, and as for the author, he is held to silence by many and various considerations of policy and prudence. Thus when authors mention their publishers at all, it is generally in praise. She instances that Miss Mitbridge (Mitford) wrote in her published Letters of the Mr. Hunt of her narrative, "He is a partner in the greatest publishing house of Greece and the especial patron of ——, whom he found starving and has made affluent by his encouragement and liberality, for the great romancer is so nervous that he wants as much kindness of management, as much mental nursing as a sick child." The author to whom Miss Mitbridge refers is the author of whose real or supposed wrongs I have spoken. If these publishers were indeed so liberal toward him,

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the unanimity with which that author's family and friends agree in attributing to them the contrary policy is a singular proof of ingratitude to benefactors." In the course of her narrative, she says that she had been amazed when her friend, Mrs. ———, hearing of her altercation, had come to tell her that *her* husband underwent the same experience. No accounts had been rendered for years, the author trusting entirely to the friendship of his publishers, so that, of course, there were in this case no papers to be produced; but all the other circumstances were similar. There had been the same change from a still higher percentage to a lower fixed sum; the same assertion on one side of a full explanation made and accepted, and the same denial of it on the other; and the same declaration of regard for the author. In the course of the hearing Mr. Hunt admitted the great bitterness of Mrs. ——— toward his firm on account of the dishonest treatment she fancied her husband had received; and nobody—neither the public nor his literary circle—had heard of this before! Thus, she says and apparently in all sincerity, authors for the good of the craft ought to make known their grievances.

The full title page of her lengthy document is: "A Battle of the Books. Recorded by an Unknown Writer. For the use of Authors and Publishers. To the First for Doctrine. To the Second for Reproof. To both for Correction and for Instruction in Righteousness. Edited and published by Gail Hamilton."

By way of preface she says:

> These papers were found in my stateroom after a violent storm. They show with great force the inability of women to understand affairs. They chronicle an age of barbarism when author and publisher were natural enemies—surely a state no nearer than a hundred years ago—which exists for us only in tradition. For who has not seen in all the newspapers the affecting tale of the great house of Fields, Osgood & Co., the story of their having offered payment to an author which he declined to receive because he had once had money for the writing. "But," replied the firm, "we intend to use the article for a book. We make a profit on both, why should not you?"—Hear also what the *Atlantic Monthly* says: "We have heard instances in which a publisher had serious cause of complaint against an author, but never have we known an author to be intentionally wronged by a publisher. And how common it is for a publisher to go beyond the letter of his bond." Doubtless similar illustrations might be found, were ordinary publishers in the habit of keeping a historian to record their royal deeds.

In this ancient narrative M. N. (who the editor suspects was a woman) had trouble with her publishers Brummell and Hunt. Mr. Hunt finally replied to her accusation, "You and I went over that matter once and it was with your entire concurrence with our views, based upon the present state of trade and manufacture, that the amount was decided on." She answered:

> I was aware that I had signed a contract but not that I had ever gone over the matter. Of *course* I concurred in your views. If you had said to me, "Owing to the state of trade and manufacture, all the trees are now going to be bread and cheese," I should have said, "Yes, that is a very wise measure. But why did you wish me to be having seven or eight per cent. when other people were having ten? I cannot conceive of anybody being a better publisher than you, because you don't seem like a business man, but a friend. If it was because I was not worth more, you need not hesitate to say so. But why am I not worth more, when there is not a paper of any standing in the country, to put it rather strongly, that has not applied to me to become a contributor on my own terms? Your making me wait three weeks for an answer threw me into such a perturbation. While I am in a spasm of comparative serenity, I will declare and affirm that you are and have always been the kindest, brightest, and most agreeable of men; that you never said to me a word of compliment, or silliness, or impatience, or anything that wounded me—and Heaven knows you have said bad things enough—and this you may cut out and show to men and angels when

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we come to blows. The worst thing I ever knew you to do was not answering my last letter, and then *aggravating* me by coming down as breezy and cheery as if nothing had happened."

The only reply to this letter was through another person, whost ministrations took an unfortunate direction. "The suggestion that one is morbidly suffering molehills to become mountains," commented M. N. snappily, "is not flattering to one's intellectual calibre." She then consulted Mr. Dane, a friend of hers. To him she wrote: "All that Mr. Hunt ever said to me on the subject did not occupy five minutes, and that was years ago. He said that owing to conditions they were going to give their authors a fixed sum—fifteen cents a volume—instead of a percentage. It was at the time when prices were changing from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars. Even now I have not the least fault to find if I am on the same footing as the others. But why does he not say so? It is like death, almost, to think it possible that Mr. Hunt may be in the wrong. Why should he be? Brummell and Hunt are famous for their generosity and liberality, and what motive could they have in changing their course for me? It seems to me like an ugly dream." Mr. Hunt, still not replying directly to her accusation or questions, now asked her for a juvenile book which she had just finished. She answered that she was forced to say that she did not see how it would be to her interest to give him any more of her books. Of this letter Mr. Hunt took no notice, but later, in response to another, said that he had not written because he could not understand the purport of it. She thereupon restated the whole controversy, her conclusions—which he had made no attempt to explain away—and ended with a request for him to send her account to Mr. Dane. When he did so, she found that he had given her ten per cent. on her last book. In an interview which was finally arranged between them, Mr. Hunt's chief explanation was that her books were published more expensively than most. To this she replied that books in every way similar to her own sold for the same money; that all her books were published in uniform style and the first book of the unknown author—for which she received ten per cent.—must have been as expensive as the last of the well-known author—for which she had received so much less; that all the other publishers, acquainted with the style of the book and the expenses of printing, said she should have received ten per cent.; and she wished it explained if it cost him more to advertise her than his other writers or if advertising cost him more than it did other publishers. But, principally, if it were simply a matter of additional expense, why had he not told her so, long ago in the beginning of the controversy?

In the meantime Mr. Dane's long talks with various publishers all came to the same thing. "They measured and counted pages, and so forth, and could not figure out the additional expense spoken of. None of them would ask you to take any less than ten per cent. on the retail price and most publishers would give you more." He had spoken to A, an author, who said that if one is up to such things he makes his bargains; if he leaves it to them, he gets theirs, such as they are;—that A had left it to them and they pay him less than ten per cent. She, too, had been looking about. *Longinus* had written her a nice note: he said he wanted to talk about this—that he thinks authors ought to have an understanding—that generally with B and H he has such and such arrangements—but that whatever arrangements you make, the publisher generally gets the lion's share. This letter gave her an idea, and she made direct inquiry of all their authors accessible. She found that with no one of fifteen persons had they made the arrangements they made with her. Nine reported receiving ten per cent.; some received half profits; one received twelve cents on a book retailing at one dollar and twenty-five cents; one received twelve cents on a dollar and a half book and ten cents on a dollar and twenty-five

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cent book; another received ten per cent. sometimes but not always. After careful inquiry she found that no "regular line" authors received less than ten per cent. except the ones mentioned in this list.

Innumerable letters passed between her and the firm on the subject of referees, and the affair dragged along in this way for fourteen months. The firm now became Hunt, Parry and Company, and the second member took Mr. Hunt's place as active party in the controversy. When the referees, after several postponements, met at last, Mr. Parry objected to the testimony of any other publishers being brought in, and the objection was sustained; he objected to the testimony of other authors being brought in, and the objection was sustained; he refused to answer questions as to the profits of the firm, saying that they made a good deal of money in outside speculation, in butter for instance; he refused to submit vouchers on books and provided estimates only. These estimates she showed to other publishers, who assured her that any person whose correct accounts should stand thus, was unfit for business, and that the profit on her books was four or five times as much as represented. The referees after two days' deliberation awarded to M. N. the sum of twelve hundred and fifty dollars in full payment of her claims—the amount she had claimed was three thousand dollars—and directed that hereafter she should receive ten per cent. copyright on the retail price of all her books printed by Hunt, Parry and Company, except the three books the firm claimed had been embraced in the original contract. M. N. did not feel that her initial question had ever been answered—namely, why she had been offered ten per cent. in the beginning when she was a new author and ten per cent. at the close, and skip about meanwhile from six and two-thirds to seven and one-half.

The whole account—everything being taken into consideration—is amazing, and one does not know what to conclude from it. Without committing one's self unduly, it must be conceded that the firm appears to have acted throughout as if they had something to conceal and something they were afraid of. Their policy was first one of delay and second one of evasion. Their subsequent silence on the subject may be ascribed to taste, but the silence of most contemporary authors, especially similar sufferers—many of whom have written at length the story of their literary connections—can scarcely have proceeded in all instances from the same reason, and it abundantly supports Gail Hamilton's comments on the difficulty of getting at authors' views on controversies with publishers. But even without reaching the conclusions of the referees or of this particular author, one may subscribe to her sensible reflections gathered in the final chapter, Sober Second and Third Thoughts.

> Authors are very much to blame in their business dealings, and by their inexactness, indifference, unreasonable and indolent trust, or monetary stupidity, offer a direct temptation to the cupidity of publishers. Not a single author to whom I appealed showed the slightest objection to answering my questions, or could answer them adequately. Many of them told me of terms different from the affirmation of the firm before the referees, but I got little that was definite. "I remember," said one, "that years ago when ——— was taking such sesquipedalian strides to public favor, Mr. Brummell told me that after the number of copies sold had reached a certain point the author received a reduced percentage, I remember wondering how an article of which fifty thousand copies could be sold was worth less proportionately than one of which only five thousand could be bartered, for of course the ratio of cost decreased with every successful thousand manufactured." But though I admit and lament [Gail Hamilton continues] that authors are unpractical and unbusinesslike to the last degree, I must affirm that they have less inducement to be practical than any other class. The author has not and cannot have the least notion of the market value of his products, and there is no business in which so few checks

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exist as in that of publishing. The author has literally nothing but the publisher's word, and the latter can safely disregard not to say violate a contract. I have no doubt that in nine cases out of ten, and perhaps the tenth, the return of sales is accurate; but the author has no means of knowing. The plan of authors forming a publishing house is chimerical to the last degree. Doubtless a hundred publishers are as honest as a hundred authors, and surely they have a great deal more business sagacity. I most heartily advise writers to be exact, prompt, methodical, and intelligent so far as possible. But at best they play an unequal game.

SOME GOVERNMENT BOOKPLATES

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN

It seems to be an inherent trait of the members of the human race to individualise themselves by some conspicuous token. Persons inherit names from their ancestors, and as if that was not enough they still further individualise themselves by a front name and frequently also by a middle one, until, as in the case of many of the foreign nobility, a dozen names seem scarcely sufficient properly to identify the individual. Also insignia peculiar to organisations and then to persons are almost essential. A college student wears the insignia of his fraternity on which, moreover, is engraved his individual designation. In many societies numbers are used, and this is the case with many of the patriotic organisations, in which a low number indicates length of membership.

To identify one's possessions, therefore, some special characteristic badge has been adopted, and so in time the marking of books came into existence and bookplates were adopted. The practice is rather an old one; for in Germany they have been found dating back as long ago as the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and since that time the practice has grown until at present the use of these interesting indications of the ownership of books is almost universal. As with individuals so with organisations, and therefore most libraries have special bookplates. In Washington the libraries connected with the various departments and bureaus have sought to mark the possession of their own books, and they likewise have bookplates, some of which are quite attractive.

The largest collection of books in the United States and parenthetically the largest on the Western Hemisphere and the third largest in the world is the Library of Congress. Naturally therefore in considering anything pertaining to books that library is justly entitled to precedence.

The necessity for some special means to designate the volumes contained in the Library of Congress was beyond doubt early considered, and in the illustration devoted to bookplates contained in the first volume of Johnston's *History of the Library of Congress* one is shown to which the date 1815 is assigned. It consists of the legends "Library of Congress" and "United States of America" displayed in old-fashioned type and contained in a fancy border. This, however, was soon abandoned, for it was succeeded in 1822 by an engraved plate carrying legends similar to those on the earlier form, surrounded by a border of oak leaves. Printed labels with fancy type borders seem to have been used thereafter continuously until the advent of the present librarian.

The present bookplate, credit for which is given to Dr. Herbert Putnam, consists of a ring carrying the legend "The Library of Congress," while in the

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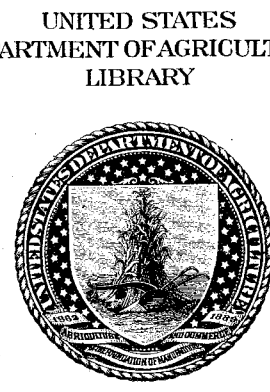
centre is the date "1800," the year in which the library was established. Above the ring is an American eagle with the wings spread, perched on a shield, bearing the stars and stripes, with olive branches in the right claw and a bunch of arrows in the left. Beneath in script are the words "Class" and "Book" followed by a blank space. Two chief varieties of this bookplate exist: one engraved on steel, which is used for the better books; and one, apparently a woodcut, which is placed in the less valuable volumes. The famous collections contained in the Library of Congress are further designated by special legends, such as, "Copyright Deposit," "Official Donation," and "Smithsonian Deposit." Then there are similar bookplates indicating gifts, such as "By bequest of Samuel Hay Kauffmann," or "By bequest of William Lukens Shoemaker." Besides these there is one for the "Huitfeldt-Kass Collection," a Scandinavian collection of some five thousand volumes and a similar "Gift of the Chinese Government, 1908." Different from the foregoing, however, is the bookplate used for the Yudin Collection of eighty thousand volumes of Russian works that came to the Library in 1907. This is rather more elaborate than other bookplates of the Library of Congress and includes in the centre a view of the Cathedral of St. Michel in Moscow, drawn in an outline of the famous great bell "Kolokol" (said to be the largest in the world), while on the left side in a ring is a portrait of the collector himself and on the right similarly shown is a view of his library. On a pennant or scroll attached to the top of the bell is the legend "A.D." on the left and "1907" on the right, while beneath in Russian letters are words indicating the origin of the collection.

Passing to the libraries of the different departments, that of the Department of Agriculture comes first in alphabetical order. A printed label seems in most cases to satisfy the demand indicating ownership in the library, and the one most frequently used has in plain type the words "Library of the United States, Department of Agriculture, Class— Book—". There are others, however, in type that closely resemble engraving, bearing the legend "Property of the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry," which is obviously used for bureau or sectional libraries. There is, however, a bookplate that in addition to the legend "United States Department of Agriculture Library" and "Book number" has an engraved representation of the seal of the department, which consists of a shock of wheat behind a plough displayed on a shield, with the legends "1862



Agriculture and Commerce is the foundation of Manufacture 1889." The dates represent the year in which the bureau was established and the one when the department was erected. As some specimens of this bookplate have the words "Presented by" it may be readily assumed that this really beautiful plate is reserved for gifts and the more valuable books.

The Department of the Interior while it has no bookplate for its departmental library, which is chiefly a law library, however has several that are peculiar to certain of its bureaus.

These may be described as follows: The Library of the Patent Office is one of the oldest connected with the Gov-

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ernment, and yet it contents itself with a simple printed label bearing the legend "Scientific Library, United States Patent Office.—Case.—Shelf.—L.(eft) M.(iddle) R.(ight)" enclosed in a fancy type border.

On the other hand the "Library of the Bureau of Education" has a small printed bookplate that closely resembles that used by the Library of Congress. It bears the legend indicated above, beneath which is the seal of the Department of the Interior. This, it may be said, is an eagle with spread wings resting on a bundle of fagots, holding in one claw four arrows and in the other an olive branch. Below are three lines made with printers' rules which indicate

the classification and position of the book on the shelf.

The library of the United States Geological Survey has a bookplate that is as attractive as it is appropriate. The design consists of a shield somewhat in the form of a keystone, on which are represented a theodolite, a series of strata, and the crossed hammers, thus representing respectively engineering or surveying, geology, and mining. Above the keystone is a book on which rests a lighted lamp of wisdom. Surrounding the upper portion is a scroll bearing the legend "U. S. Geological Survey Library," while beneath is a panel with space for the written designation of the volume. There is no bookplate for the important collection of books belonging to the Department of Justice.

According to Charles Dexter Allen's *American Bookplates,* the Navy Department, when his book was published, had at least two bookplates. On of these he describes as a "large plate" and says: "Upon the shield is a representation of the mariner's compass; the American eagle flies over the waves above; the motto, Vigilemus ut vigilatis, is given upon a ribbon below. Branches of oak are used as decoration."

Allen also mentions under the Navy Department the following plate: "The American eagle rests upon an anchor. A circular frame about this holds the words, Hydrographic Office, U. S. Navy. A ribbon below has on it, Bureau of Navigation."

The former is not now used, as the Bureau of Navigation has no library; and the latter, it is said, was discontinued by order of the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. William E. Chandler, for the reason that the Hydrographic Office is not a part of the navy, as appears in the bookplate, but is a part of the Navy Department in Washington.

The present bookplate of the "Library of the Department of the Navy" is quite elaborate and ought properly to be described in the technical language heraldry. It consists of a large Tridacna shell supported on the right side by a figure of Neptune and on the left by a mermaid holding a torch, while in the centre of the shell is a four-masted man-of-war at full sail on an angry sea. A large anchor rests on the top of the shell and supports a spread eagle. Beneath is a scroll with the legend mentioned previously. The library of the United States Naval Observatory possesses an individual bookplate. It is symbolical of astronomy and shows a draped female figure floating in the ether holding in her outstretched hands a globe, suggesting the world; above are seven stars, representing the seven planets; while below is the legend: Adde Gubernandi studium: pervenit in astra, et pontum cælo conivnxit" on a scroll. A plain border with fancy corners surrounds the bookplate. Like that of the Navy Department it is engraved on steel.

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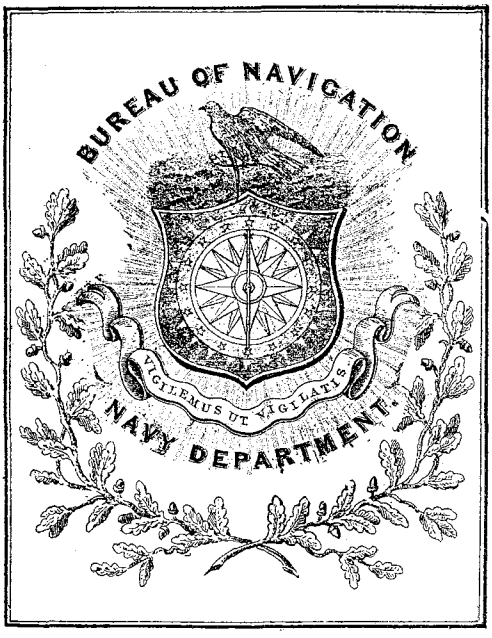
To Allen again credit must be given for the following plate: "United States Army. Head Quarters of the Army. The American eagle displays the shield of our country upon his breast; the motto, 'E Pluribus unum,' and the thirteen stars are given above."

The present bookplate of the library of the War Department is a wood engraving of the seal of the Department with the words "Library of the" printed above and "War Department" below the seal. The design of the seal itself is quite martial and somewhat complex. It includes a coat of mail supported by a cannon on the left and a mortar on the right. A group consisting of flags, a spear, a musket, and a sword on the point of which is a liberty cap, rise from the centre. Near the top of the seal is a serpent, from the mouth of which issues the legend "This we'll defend," while at the bottom is the date "MDCCLXXVII." Two rings apparently composed of bullets encircle the design, and within them are the words "United States of America" above and "War Office" below.

Printed labels suffice for the great library of the Surgeon-General's office. These are simple to the extreme, for they contain nothing beyond the words "Surgeon-General's Office Library" and the designations "Section" "Shelf" and "No." followed by a blank space. One variety adds the words "Presented by." Both varieties are enclosed by a border.



The relations of the Smithsonian Institution to the various branches of the Government are so close that it has almost come to be accepted as the National Departmnt of Science, and therefore it is eminently proper to discuss its several bookplates in this article.

Strictly speaking, however, neither the Smithsonian Institution nor any of its dependencies has a book-plate, but various collections have been added to its library from time to time, chiefly by gift, and like the Library of Congress, these have been designated by a special bookplate, indicating its source.

Four of these are exceedingly simple and may be grouped together. They are printed from type and each bears as its top line "U. S. National Museum." The oldest is of "The Rau Library of Archæology" and after the line for the "No." has the following text.

Dr. Charles Rau was born in Belgium in 1826. He came to the United States in 1848,

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and was engaged as teacher at Belleville, Illinois, and in New York. In 1875 he accepted an invitation from the Smithsonian Institution to prepare an ethnological exhibit to be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition, and subsequently was appointed Curator of the department of Archæology in the National Museum, which position he held at the time of his death, July 25, 1887. He bequeathed his Archæological collections and library to the U. S. National Museum.

The second has the words "Gift of Otis T. Mason, Curator of the Division of Ethnology" in neat script type and then on the bottom line "Accession No.—." A plain rule encloses the label. Two others bear respectively the legends: "Library of Henry Guernsey Hubbard and Eugene Armandus Schwarz." "Donated in 1902" and "Library of Edward Lee Greene." "Deposited in 1904" with "U. S. National Museum" above and "Accession No." below. Like the former the text is surrounded by a plain rule.

Much more elaborate is the bookplate that was engraved for the library of the late G. Brown Goode, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. It shows in the centre a student in colonial costume seated under a branching tree, perusing a volume, while beyond the setting sun sinks over the ocean on which a ship is sailing. Appropriate text showing the origin of the family from "Aix, 1634" through "Barbadoes," "New England," "New Jersey" and "Ohio" fills panels on the side, while above is "Ex libris" and "G. Brown Goode" in fac-simile of his autograph. The original design came from Doctor Goode, but credit is due to Mr. A. H. Baldwin for putting it in shape.

The bookplate for the Watkins collection was also designed by Mr. Baldwin. It shows in the centre a keystone on which are the words "Ex libris." Above is a locomotive, which in connection with the keystone, appropriately recalls Doctor Watkins's long association with railroad work, and especially the Pennsylvania Railroad. Beneath is his signature in fac-simile, above a row of books. An elaborate border into which is woven the initials "S. I.," standing for Smithsonian Institution, encloses the design.

In 1902, when Doctor Dall presented his valuable collection of books to the

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United States National Museum, it was decided to recognise his gift by the preparation of a special bookplate. It may be described as follows: Within a border composed of the shells of the pecten or scallop is, near the upper part of the plate, a large pecten supported on both sides by a group of three lingulas with their chords interlaced, while in the upper left-hand corner is the date "1902" and in the upper right-hand corner are the letters "U. S. N. M.," signifying "United States National Museum." In the centre are the words "Ex libris" and "William Healey Dall," beneath which is again a row of pectens, in the centre of which is an astralium. Still lower are six lines contained in a panel on which to inscribe the source or other necessary facts concerning the volume.

Two bookplates very similar in design bring the Smithsonian series to an end. Both have at the top an engraving of the Smithsonian Institution and beneath appropriate legends. The first of these reads "Collection of William Schaus. Presented to the National Museum MCMV." The second presents the following: "Ex libris quos Instutioni Smithsonianæ Anno MCMV Donavit John Donnell Smith Accesio N." The name John Donnell Smith is engraved in facsimile of the donor's autograph.

THE SECRET ROOM

BY GEORGE STERLING

No sun therein, no beam of star,
  Hath use a little in its air;
No hand hath found the hidden bar,
  Nor footfall hurt the silence there.

The room is lost, the door is sealed,
  The sword upon the wall is rust;
The rayless lamp hangs unrevealed
  To midnight and the accepted dust.

No hand remains that holds the key,
  Nor is there any sign to tell
Who dreamt therein what could not be,
  Nor what the exiled dream befell,

Save that a dead rose evermore
  Is parted from the twilight's tears—
Whose petals on the estranging floor
  Grow dimmer with the tacit years.

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THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

III—The Femaleness of Women in the Early Novels

BY EDNA KENTON

Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy! Content and innocence reside beneath your humble roof, and charity unboastful of the good it renders. Hail, ye venerable trees, my happiest hours were passed beneath your shelter —then, careless as the birds that sang upon your boughs, I laughed the hours away nor knew of evil. Here at last I shall be guarded from duplicity; and, if not happy, at least in some degree tranquil. Here, unmolested, may I wait, till the rude storm of sorrow is overblown, and my father's arms are again expanded to receive me!

Such were the words of the agitated Amanda which open *The Children of the Abbey,* that venerable thriller of 1796, as she descended from the chaise at the door of her nurse's cottage, trembling so universally as to be able scarcely to step, so much affected by her extreme "sensibility" as to be able scarcely to speak, so dissolved in tears as to be able not at all to eat. In her apostrophe lies practically complete, the eighteenth century heroine's attitude to nature, society, parental authority and herself. Here lies, too, the inevitable suggestion that the apple of knowledge of evil has thus early —Amanda was but nineteen!—been thrust into her unwilling, always "trembling" hands; here lie the imperative flavour of salt tears and the savour of perennial melancholy.

All the heroines are tarred with the sentimental brush. Pamela, who exhibits "the beauty and superiority of virtue in an innocent and unpolished mind;" Clarissa, who "hopes too far from the fairest assurances of a man void of principle," but who, "as a truly *Christian heroine,* proves superior to her trials, and her heart, always excellent, refined, and exalted by every one of them, rejoices in the approach of a happier eternity;" and Harriet Byron, who lives through eight hundred pages in an increasing fever of amazement, confoundedness, dazzlement, adoration, and starting tears because "there is such a young man as Sir Charles Grandison in the world," make up the trinity of young females fathered by Richardson over whose fates the eighteenth century ladies spilled delicious tears, and whose virtues *and Virtue* the eighteenth century gallants applauded. Miss Sidney Biddulph may be accounted worthy to join them, having been "educated in the strictest principles of virtue from which she never deviated through the course of an innocent though unhappy life." Evelina, whose unhappy attempt at a social fib brought her to confusion, is otherwise possessed of a sufficiently dependent female integrity to rank with the best of them, and is endowed besides with a sprightly humour that the unpolished but Virtuous Pamela and the possessed and helpless Clarissa lack. Mrs. Radcliffe's Julia, Adeline, Emily, and Ellena, when not bound and gagged by unscrupulous lovers, pirates, brigands, or pure and simple libertines, allow a love of nature to sway them, and "while away the melancholy hours by playing on lutes in the depths of the forest."

There is of course Defoe's *Moll Flanders,* whose virility Defoe's avowed morality could not lessen nor conceal. But Moll Flanders was excused by eighteenth century readers as avowedly real and not romantic—just as the moral Richardson's Clementina in *Sir Charles Grandison* was sanctioned in all her uncontrolled passions, on the perfectly decent Anglo-Saxon ground that she was not an English, but an Italian sinner.

For nothing could be permitted to in-

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terfere with the constant polishing that the early novelists were engaged in giving to the passive virtues and the technical Virtue of their heroines. Everything that was not whitening to the polisher's cloth or jetted foil to Virtue's shining blade went into the discard. Already "masculine" women were recognised as existing—for the eighteenth century held among its living women Lady Mary Montagu and Mary Wollstonecraft—but in fiction they existed for a strongly defined purpose. Evelina writes, for instance, of Mrs. Selwyn as follows:

> Mrs. Selwyn is extremely clever; her understanding may indeed be called *masculine,* but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet for, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. . . . I have never personally been hurt at her want of gentleness, a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man.

Harriet Byron writes likewise of a certain Miss Barnevelt:

> . . . a lady of masculine features, and whose mind belied not those features, for she has the character of being loud, bold, free, even fierce when opposed; and affects at all times such airs of contempt of her own sex that one almost wonders at her condescending to wear petticoats. . . . Nobody, it seems, thinks of a *husband* for Miss Barnevelt. She is spoken of rather as a *young fellow* than as a woman, and who will one day look out for a *wife* for herself. One reason indeed she gives for being satisfied with being a woman; which is, *that she cannot be married to a WOMAN.* An odd creature, my dear.

These "masculine" creatures who have clearly lost their female charms by attempting to invade the realm of ideas and knowledge, point, all of them, to the deadly end of such unsexing processes—scorn of women and contempt of men; and only accentuate the necessitous desirability of continuing to be "womanly," a word that means many strange things. It meant then, however, men's unthinking ideal for their dependents—falling short of which the lady lacked a husband!—an ideal that was, briefly, a being born female, without strength of mind or body, who needed nothing to commend her to the central selling post of the marriage mart but beauty and piety always, and pliability, and a humble, grateful, doggish heart.

This rather extraordinary ideal of the Perfect Virgin practically determined the trend of early English fiction, for then, as now, the "love interest" dominated, and young females who did not measure up to the ideal by a fairly good percentage failed to excite admiration, sympathy, or pity. Practically none of the early novels dealt with marriage; most of the plots resolve themselves in the fairly simple outline of one of these young, blushing, modest female things falling in love somewhere in the first twenty pages with the man whom she weds in the closing chapter, or upon whose grave she dies—"the unhappy ending" went at par in those days with the sentimentalists who read them. It was an age of tomes, and "keeping up the houp-la" involved the use of a series of incidents that would serve to keep these lovers apart and alive for three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand words—machinations of stony-hearted fathers, treacherous stepmothers, avowed cradle robbers, sneering libertines, and lying traitors of their own sex who at the end perish miserably in tortured agonies of mind and body. The young heroine might be allowed the complexities of one—only one—mistaken love affair. That a well-brought-up young female could be capable of transferring her affections more than once would argue unthinkable indelicacy, and lack of sensibility, and therefore could not be. To be sure, there stood Amelia.

Amelia is interesting here because she was drawn by a man and a realist. Not that the sex of the novelist had ever much to do with pre-determining the non-mawkish or the mawkish qualities of the characters, for a man wrote *Tom Jones*

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and a man wrote *Sir Charles Grandison*. But Amelia, seriously delineated by the first great realist, is interesting in a way that the romantic heroines are not;—until we begin to suspect that Amelia, too, is romantic, an ideal! Not that Amelias have not lived, and do not, and will not. But there is a smugness of drawing that goes toward making her more The Example than the living woman. The novel begins with brutal disregard, however, for all the rules then laid down for heroines. We find Amelia de-virginised for instance long before the story opens; a respectable married woman, whose children are her solace and whose husband is one of her children. We fear for Amelia's looks, too, as we read of "the injury done her beauty in the overturning of a chaise, by which her lovely nose was beat all to pieces." This occurred some time before she married her Billy. Later our fears are removed by casual reference to "the slight scar" on one side of her lovely nose. All in all, it is a sober, unromantic tale of married life lived under the pressure of poverty and husbandly dissipations, and through it Amelia moves executively but meekly; thoroughly and unostentatiously. She is shot through with all the passive virtues: meekness, humility, obedience, chastity, and The Sense of Duty. She forgives seventy times one hundred, and she sheds her tears in secret and never nags. The Perfect English Wife, stamped with Fielding's seal of veritude!

But, putting *Amelia* and *Moll Flanders* aside, two imperative demands were levied on all candidates for heroines. One of these was Sensibility, and there is no reason why Amanda Fitzalan, the unfortunate daughter of her father, and the creation of Regina Maria Roche in *The Children of the Abbey* should not be cited as an eternal example of Sensibility carried to the n-th power. Listen to the first description of Amanda as she appeared when delivering her all-hail to the venerable trees that shaded her childhood days:

> Amanda was now about nineteen; a description of her face and person would not do her justice, as it could never convey a full idea of the ineffable sweetness and sensibility of the former, or the striking elegance and beautiful proportion of the latter.
>
> Sorrow had faded her vivid bloom; for the distress of her father weighed heavy on her heart, and the blossom dropped with the tree which supported it. . . . Though the rose on her cheek was pale, and the lustre of her eyes was fled, she was from those circumstances (if less dazzling to the eye) more affecting to the heart. Cold and unfeeling must that one have been who could see her unmoved; for hers was that interesting face and figure which had power to fix the wandering eye and change the gaze of admiration into the throb of sensibility.

Amanda was the only daughter of Colonel Fitzalan, who continued to undergo troubles of the most agonising description until kind death took him. It flung Amanda, however, upon the cold, unfeeling world, with which she was illy qualified to cope, for Amanda could scream, swoon, weep, sob, tremble, and sink lifeless according to the finest shades of Sensibility, and was in addition possessed of all that refined animation, delicacy, innocence, credulity, sensibility, sweetness, and general softness that made her supremely qualified to fall a victim to as many wiles as were needed to carry the tale through three volumes.

Lord Mortimer was "a tall and elegant young man with a soul of sensibility," who fell in love with Amanda in an unchaperoned locality and, mistaking her character and disposition, sought, as Amanda told him later, "in the helpless child of sorrow, a victim to illicit love." She tells him that he had no excuse whatever to mistake her, and, after listening to her own explanation, one is inclined to think that Amanda may have read *Pamela:*

> Had I, my lord, by art or coquetry, sought to attract your notice, your crime would have been palliated; but when you pursued, I retired; and the knowledge of your being Lord Cherbury's son first induced me to receive

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your visits. I suffered their continuance because I believed you amiable; sad mistake! Oh cruel, ungenerous Mortimer, how you have abused my unsuspecting confidence!

It should be noted here that Amanda had already been the object of the base and libidinous audacity of Colonel Belgrave, and was at this time living in hiding from that perfidious monster who pursues her through five hundred pages before the hand of an enraged God arrests him. It might be thought that Amanda, used to such assaults upon her chastity—in common with all her sister heroines as "innocent" as she—would in time learn to perceive signs of the hour, but no, that would mean knowledge, not innocence, and she must be innocent always, and always so sacredly indignant, and always so surprised.

On every other page "the tear of sensibility moistens Amanda's cheek," whereon also frequently "the purity of the lily was tinted with the softest bloom of the rose." On every other page "she trembled universally, and lost her voice in her emotions." At every really critical emergency she "sinks lifeless" upon whatever happens to be about, from Belgrave's malignant breast to the throbbing heart of Lord Mortimer, who also often "trembled universally, and was obliged to have recourse to his handkerchief to hide his emotions."

The love affair of Lord Mortimer and Amanda, though begun under a mistaken estimate of the lady's chastity that does not seem later to be held to his discredit, is pure and passionate, but beset! Both the families, the envious Lady Euphrasia Dundas and her venomous family, and Belgrave, himself a host, conspire against the tender Amanda's peace, while Amanda, quite aware of their combined hatred, but trusting in her innocence and her God, goes sweetly and softly about the country in a nonchalantly solitary coach and four, inviting trouble as a honey pot flies. In one chapter, immediately following a reconciliation—the tenth—of the lovers, Belgrave stops Amanda's solitary travelling carriage to her breathless cry of "Gracious heaven, am I indeed forsaken!" and steps inside. As usual Amanda faints, and "she was reclining on his breast in a state of insensibility when Lord Mortimer passed." As usual, Lord Mortimer struck his forehead, cried, "Oh horrible infatuation! Can nothing snatch her from the arms of infamy!" and returned to London. Thus again the lovers are swept apart, and, by the simple expedient of a letter awaiting the perfidious Belgrave demanding his instant attendance upon a dying uncle to whose estate he is heir, the innocent and trusting Amanda's ruin is laid over for another day. It is yet many pages before Amanda, raising her head from her pillow, is enabled to exclaim: "The vindication of my innocence! Oh gracious Heaven, is it then vindicated? Tell me so, I conjure you, how, and by what means?" The restoration of her fame reanimated the soul of Amanda, yet tears burst from her, and she trembled with emotion. The next morning fate restored her long-lost brother to her arms. As she heard his voice upon the stair, she started, arose, attempted to move, but sunk upon her chair. As he approached, she tottered forward, and falling upon his bosom gave way in tears to the mingled joy and anguish of the moment.

In the final cloud-clearing scene with Lord Mortimer, Amanda's sensibility is really a notable exhibit. She believes him married to the Lady Euphrasia, and therefore, when he comes to her freed by an act of Heaven of which she is ignorant, she calls it the last insult to her still cherished innocence. Therefore Amanda wept. She raised her streaming eyes to heaven and again cast them to earth. "You weep," cried Lord Mortimer, in a tone expressive of surprise, after surveying her some moments in silence. This she resents, but she unfortunately trembles universally and sinks once more upon his bosom. "Who can speak her feelings as felt the beating heart of Lord Mortimer which from its violent palpitations, seemed as if it would burst his bosom to find a passage to her

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feet!" Deeply sensible of the impropriety of her situation, she endeavoured to free herself. Then Lord Mortimer spoke:

"I never had the misfortune to offer vows which my heart could not ratify. Lady Euphrasia made another choice. She was your enemy, but I know your gentle spirit will mourn her sad and sudden fate." He ceased, for Amanda no longer had power to listen. She sunk, beneath surprise and joy, into the expanded arms of her beloved Mortimer. It is ye alone who, like her, have stood upon the brink of despair—who, like her, have been restored to hope, that can form any judgment of her feelings at the present moment. At the moment when, recovering from her insensibility, the soft accent of Lord Mortimer saluted her ear, and made her heart, without one censure from propriety, respond to rapture, as he held her to his bosom.

Sensibility, then, is a requisite of these early heroines. But the "femaleness" of the early novels reaches its height in the dominating man-worship of that pale abstraction, virginity, before which every libertine, gay or sinister, and every hero bows. It is held the finest quality in victim or bride. Upon its attempted rape or preservation hang most of the elopements, all of the assaults, all of the struggle—which in these early novels is not mental, but merely physiological.

Pamela, for instance; the "good" woman, thoroughly conscious of her virtue, thoroughly determined not to be done lightly out of her most valuable and marketable commodity! She is so thoroughly permeated with her resolve as to be, long before the end of her history, only technically virgin. Her "honour" is the theme of the book, and she, of all the actors in it, best knows its value. She trades on it, borrows on it, speculates with it, and finally—sells out. That she "loves" the man she marries, and that she achieves a legal status doesn't lessen the essential immorality of her as she engages busily in the clever commercialisation of a fetich. And yet *Tom Jones* was hounded out of boudoirs where *Pamela* lay bethumbed and wept upon. "Virtue Rewarded!" There could be no more ironic sub-title.

Sensibility and Virginity—these were the passwords to the early novelists' embalming rooms from which later emerged the lovely corpses, to stand, through succeeding generations, painted, in their painted niches.

JOSEPH CONRAD—A STUDY

BY RICHARD CURLE

In Three Parts

Part I—Conrad, His Critics and His Contemporaries

Joseph Conrad is an exceptionally difficult writer to discuss. He is one of these men whose extraordinarily vivid personality pervades everything he writes to such an extent that a good many people do find him impossible to read. One must differentiate all this from mere mannerism, the mannerism that spoils such writers as Meredith and Hugo. It is not mannerism in the case of men like Conrad, that is to say, it is not the mannerism of eccentricity, it is the positive strength of their personality. Flaubert, for instance, an indubitably great artist, arouses this antipathy to a marked degree. He could efface himself in one sense, but in another he was visible in every line of his work, and not only visible, because, of course, every one who is any one is that, but visible in a singular and almost menacing fashion. He sets up in certain minds a temperamental an-

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tagonism. Nor is he unique in that. Other commanding writers do the same, such writers as Dostoievsky and Walt Whitman, for instance. And now, as far as I can judge, we have to add Conrad to this list. Some people of intelligence are quite hostile to Conrad. I think it must be that he seems to envelop things with his own sombre and poetic imagination rather than show them to us in their actual light. Take, for example, his story "Youth" and contrast it with Hudson's *The Purple Land*. Essentially they are both concerned with the same idea—the glamour and romance of youth; but I can quite understand people asserting that Hudson's story does give the feeling of youth, whereas Conrad's story gives only a philosophic dream of what youth ought to be. Even if that were true, which I doubt, I do not think it matters (it is the difference between a self-conscious and an unself-conscious artist); but I see why the supposition might arise, and, in seeing that, I grasp what it is about Conrad that is antipathetic to some. It is his passionately romantic, melancholy, and ironic mind.

But, of course, there is also a much simpler reason. To read Conrad calls for exertion, and nowadays that is enough to damn any one. The exertion arises from the fact that he is imaginative, and requires, in his readers, a corresponding and increasing effort of the imagination. Reading him, as a friend of mine says, is "like a leap of the mind." And, furthermore, he is a visualiser. To follow him we have to form very definite images. He actually excites the optic nerve. Unless the reader is prepared for this effort he will lose half the effect. And, again, although he is romantic and a visualiser yet he is emphatically a man of hard edges. In a few words he can create a sharp outline. This is an almost unique gift, and combined as it is with his romantic manner, is quite sufficient to arouse our lurking and natural antagonism for the unexpected.

And Conrad's reputation suffers from another and a much more insidious cause. It appears to me that he is positively misunderstood by many of the people who admire him most. I do not know how I can put it better than by saying that he is regarded as the author of *Lord Jim* rather than as the author of *Nostromo*. Any one who really understands Conrad will follow me. For *Lord Jim*, powerful as it is, is representative, on the whole, of the more ordinary and didactic side of Conrad, whereas the neglected *Nostromo* is representative of a much subtler, more moving, and more truly creative side. Indeed, *Nostromo* has an imaginative maturity quite beyond the scope of *Lord Jim*. That one instance gives us the key to a widespread misconception about Conrad—a misconception none the less complete and all the more difficult to refute from the fact that it is half-hidden under the guise of judicial wisdom. I don't want to be misapprehended. I only take the question of *Lord Jim* and *Nostromo* as a sort of symbol to explain something I find it hard to explain. It seems to me that the really poetical and thrilling things in Conrad are largely ignored and that they are ignored because most of the critics are upon the wrong tack. Most, not all. Moreover, there is a kind of Conrad "tradition" in the air—a thing as deadly to a man as a spider's web to a fly. For a tradition enwraps an artist's endeavour in a midst of delicate falsehood. How many careers have been ruined by an epigram? And though Conrad is obviously too striking a writer to be summarised in a phrase, still the critics have begun to expect from him work of a certain kind. Not only is he pre-judged, which at the best is a stultifying process, but he is pre-judged along bad lines. These "traditions" about authors are always dangerous, and when they are positively wrong then the whole critical ground slips from under the feet. Year by year Conrad is emerging into recognition, a Conrad famous, respected, but a Conrad more or less "placed." And "placing" is a compliment which is meant to round you off for good and all.

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These charges are vague, indeed, and hard to substantiate. There has been little set criticism of Conrad and the ordinary book review is notoriously untrustworthy. Of course, I do not mean to say there has not been *some* good criticism. The most penetrating I have read was that by Ford Madox Hueffer in *The English Review* for December, 1911. Unfortunately it is very slight. But, indeed, it is to Edward Garnett that readers of Conrad owe the greatest debt. For he was the first to "discover" him—if I must use such an offensive expression. That his earliest work should have fallen into the hands of this eclectic and un-insular critic is something to be thankful for. For Conrad has told me, himself, that if *Almayer's Folly* had been rejected he would never have written another book. But, except for such rare and shining exceptions, we can put all the criticisms aside. If I had to prove my point from them alone it would be easy enough. Denser ineptitudes never gave heartier praise to an original genius. I include my own past writings. But in saying that discerning critics miss the best in Conrad I am not talking so much of the written word. The wisest remarks about modern authors are nearly always those spoken, and it is in conversation, mainly, that one feels the pulse of current opinion. And though I have heard some very wise and piercing things said about Conrad the general pulse is beating in a groove and beating in vain. And in all this, let me emphasise, I am not referring to his enemies but to his admirers. For it is they who have leavened public taste in regard to Conrad.

In making the general statement that Conrad is not properly understood I do not want to run my head against a wall. I know I put my case roughly. Such impressions are often only highly sensitive reactions and as such quite beyond positive proof. A parrot cry is easy to lay hold of, but a mental attitude is like a will-o'-the-wisp. Besides, criticism has become something of an intellectual vested interest. When critics get hold of an author they are not only annoyed if outsiders disagree with them, but they are annoyed if the author, himself, disagrees. In other words, they are pained when an author's work does not fit into their preconceived theories about it. That is one reason why critics are so fond of labels. The more remarkable the author the more intolerant are they of his reputation. This is curious but easily explicable. Any one whose personality lies strongly upon his work is bound to affect his readers in a very definite way. At once an image is formed, which is cherished like a fetish and guarded with an excluding jealousy. Such images are precious, dogmatic, and easily outraged. (I need only instance the reception of *The Secret Agent* in Conrad's case.) Whatever happens, the author is prejudged. And in my opinion Conrad is in grave peril of this. The final word on him trembles upon the critics' lips.

The truth of the matter is that Conrad, as a phenomenon, is as yet but little realised. He is still confounded with men of talent. For it is hard to believe that a real genius can have arisen with so small a perceptible stir. Conrad never woke to find himself suddenly famous. And the very scope and essence of his originality is bewildering. For he is not simply original in the ordinary sense, he is volcanic without being anarchic. There is nothing bizarre about Conrad. His work belongs to a tradition (not an English tradition, it is true), but it no more resembles the work from which it derives than a fish spued up from the bottom of the Atlantic might resemble a fish of the surface except in so far as they were both fishes. The volcanic in Conrad staggers some people, whereas his lack of anarchy and fanaticism annoys others. For in England an original writer is the man of ideas rather than the man of subtlety. We want brilliance, and if we cannot have brillance we want a problem. It is not the least surprising that men like Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy are so influential. They are influential because they are representative of the best side of English insularity. Of course their popularity is as nothing com-

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pared to that of Florence Barclay or Hall Caine, and perhaps not even so big as that of the society novelists, Hichens, Benson, Locke, and so on, but they are probably as popular as any intellectuals are ever likely to be with us. Conrad's genius, on the other hand, is foreign to even the most advanced English tradition. He is not concerned with righting the world and he is not sparkling. He is neither the novelist of himself like Chesterton nor the novelist of types like Meredith. He is the novelist of real people. Such impersonality has never been appreciated in England. And Conrad's romantic spirit, too, is alien to the English mind. It is not the mere spirit of improbable adventure, but a sort of philosophy impressing itself with ardour and pessimism upon the splendour and darkness of the world. Romance as the last word of realism is an uncomfortable idea. People hasten to explain it by the word "Slavonic," just as they hasten to explain the exuberance of his style by the words "The Tropics"—if, indeed, anyone who so transgresses the ideals of Pater and Wilde can be said to have a style at all.

To speak frankly, there is a far-reaching popular delusion as to style. What is regarded by many people as style is technique of a particularly conceited and self-conscious type. Not only has taste for the negative qualities been obliterated, but taste for the robust personal qualities as well. I discuss Conrad's prose elsewhere, so will merely say here that his defects and his qualities alike would horrify a "stylist." Who can wonder at the reaction against style or blame those who consider it a devilish invention, banishing jollity and humanity? Better far revert to fire-works, morality, and complicated plots than swoon with "stylists" in a garden of roses.

That Conrad should have an increasing reputation on the Continent is not astonishing, for, after all, his affinities lie there, but that he is now considerably read in England and America calls for some remark. Of course, there is a fashion in these things, founded chiefly on curiosity and vanity, but we must suppose, also, that Conrad's enormous power has really begun to make headway against prejudice. If ever a man has forced the enemy's gate that man is Conrad. It is an odd thing that both in England and America deep originality is generally appreciated in the long run though it may not be much understood. And in both countries people are now becoming "aware" of Conrad, although he is too massive to be seen clearly all at once. It is always thus.

But when we talk of Conrad's popularity (for fame is not popularity) we must bear in mind that there are other reasons that militate against him. He is aloof not only in his style but in his whole manner and range of subject. He does not give us the warm, comfortable feeling of an Arnold Bennett. About him there is not that placid, unhurried faculty which makes Bennett's novels so engrossing and so easy to read. Conrad is as restless as the sea. And his sardonic humour hovers over his work with a suggestion, not so much of mockery as in Anatole France, as of disillusionment. His irony can be severe (as in "Heart of Darkness"), or it can be a form of pity (as in "Freya of the Seven Islands"), but in any case it is "un-English." And furthermore, his psychology is partly developed in disquieting hints—in that resembling the wonderful psychology of Dostoievsky. In no sense is Conrad a "homely" writer. He knows too much about "the secret of hearts" to be that, even had he placed the scenes of his books in the valley of the Thames instead of in the wild places of dark continents, as he usually does. And, indeed, when he choses London for his scene, as in *The Secret Agent,* there is something mysterious and exotic in his touch which throws a film of sinister romance over the friendly city.

And then, again, Conrad is not preoccupied solely with the emotion of love. That, generally speaking, is the great touchstone of popularity, although, strangely enough, two of the most popu-

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lar of modern writers, Stevenson and Synge, did try to avoid it as much as possible. It is a sickness that has affected nearly every writer of our time with a fatal loss of the sense of proportion. Of course, literature had always concerned itself with passion, but it is only recently, as time goes, that it has turned it into a universally morbid disease. Introspection has much to answer for in art even if it has unbared for us the last shelters of egoism.

Although Conrad is an artist there is nothing in him of that pale phantom "art for art's sake." After all, he is absorbed with life, and his choice of words and his descriptive ability are part of, and not distinct from, that illusion of reality which he is intent on creating. You will not find in him the corrupt simplicity of a George Moore or the dashing pose of a Cunninghame Graham. And being entirely natural he is neither purposely hectic like Masefield, nor purposely vulgar like Kipling. His work, like the work of Henry James, is essentially dignified and quite untinged by the pettiness of conscious self-approval. That is not to deny that it is mannered. In its own way it is as mannered as the work of Stevenson. But Stevenson allowed his love of words to get between him and his object, whereas Conrad, with a similar love of words, realises that they are subordinate to the object itself. Both Conrad and Henry James have a passion for their theme. And thus their mannerisms have a genuine ring and, not being an aim in themselves, merge at last, together with all their other idiosyncrasies, into one revelation of the "grand manner"—a term for expressing real distinction in art.

Although a writer of Conrad's calibre must eventually have been recognised, still it is interesting to notice that he did appear at a rather favourable moment. Within the last few years a new and vitalising energy has been breathed into English literature, which had been languishing deplorably since the early '90's, since the end of the æsthetes and the dawn of the empire builders. Men of concrete vigour and tireless production are now the leaders. And it is on the crest of their popularity that Conrad, himself outside and beyond their ideals, has achieved fame. Let me make myself clear. He could not have gained his reputation unless he had been what he is, but under the anæmic conditions of twenty years ago he could hardly have gained it at all. A wave of sound common sense has blown the cobwebs out of English literature (that it has blown in other obnoxious things in their stead is not our business here). Conrad could only be understood in a society where reality had some sort of a hold.

But I will venture the remark that it is Stevenson, rather than the contributors to *The Yellow Book* or *The National Observer,* who has poisoned our English critical intelligence for a decade. For Stevenson's appeal is more cunning. He is neither unhealthy nor exaggerated and he does not lay himself open to ridicule or hatred. Our error has been in taking him too seriously. Why should this charming lightweight be considered a demi-god? His mind was intelligent, humane, but not particularly distinguished, and his style was a transparent and empty mannerism. But his personality was attractive and his appeal has the glitter of romance. And the result of it all is really disastrous. In innumerable minds he is now the model of what an artist should be. And by this standard the great masters are judged and found wanting. Stevenson sailed delightfully over the surface, little guessing of the tragic depths waiting to be plumbed by men like Conrad.

Well, this is something of a digression, but it may serve to show one of the reasons why such a writer as Conrad finds himself, so to speak, on virgin soil in England. People take a long time to admit that there are two sides to a question and a still longer to admit that the second side may be the correct one. And even if they allow Conrad to be an artist, his art may seem to them almost purposeless. Realism uncoloured by erotic emotion appears to belie its title.

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In England one allows for the attenuated mysticism of a W. B. Yeats or a Rabindranath Tagore, and one allows for the frank sensuality of an H. G. Wells or a D. H. Lawrence, but one looks askance at an austere morality that is founded neither on the life of dreams nor on the restraint of the senses. That remark of Giorgio Viola's at the end of *Nostromo,* when everything is shattering about his head, "Si—duty," falls upon inattentive ears. Few of us can even appreciate the incorruptibility of the old Garibaldino. But to Conrad duty is the basis not only of existence but of art itself. I state this with no moralising significance—Conrad's work is built upon no idea other than that of reality. But to him sincerity, duty, self-command are essential to reality. Without them there is only the chaos of anarchy. That is why so much modern literature is worthless—because, in its very essence, it is insincere and consequently anarchic. For there is as much anarchy in the banal as in Post-Impressionism.

I have no wish here to be led into a discussion of Conrad's work or point of view. I just put forward these instances to try to account, in part, for his lack of wider and deeper appreciation. There are yet other causes no doubt. A certain indirectness in his manner of narration must explain a good deal, and a monotonous richness of language in his earlier work has certainly repelled many. The popular idea of Conrad as a "picturesque" writer is unfortunate, because people at once jump to the conclusion that he is that and nothing more. In the ordinary way there is not much critical discrimination in England and one false cry may help or retard a man's reputation for years. Still, why should I labour a subject that will soon be merely historical? For I am sure that Conrad's day is at hand and that once his sun has risen it will not set.

I do not mean, of course, that he will ever be popular. His work is not cast in that mould. But I mean that he will be genuinely revered. The popular appeal is not necessarily debased and Conrad's work loses something by not possessing it. It loses a certain universal significance which is the birthright of those artists, such artists as Shakespeare, or Turgenev, or even Maupassant, who have also been popular. And it must be understood that by artists I mean realists. In my opinion realists are the only true artists in fiction. And I do not mean the realism of a Zola which is coarseness or the realism of a Dickens which is caricature—I mean, essentially, the realism of a writer like Turgenev or Conrad, the realism, in fact, of typical and distinguished reality. Anthony Trollope, it is true, is a realist, but he has obviously a second-rate intelligence and therefore his creations are wanting in the highest actuality. They are not imagined with the passionate nuances of real life. So when I say that Conrad lacks the popular appeal I am not really meaning the appeal of a man like Dickens (great genius though he is), but rather the appeal of a man of his own *genre* such as Turgenev.

There is something exalted in Conrad's creations which will for ever keep them slightly apart from widespread sympathy. We must grasp that when comparing him with his contemporaries, some of whom have more than a touch of this intimate, universal appeal. In a sense it is easier to get *en rapport* with the people of Gissing or Bennett than with the people of Conrad. This is partly for two reasons. Firstly, they have a wider general interest, and secondly they lack just that touch of distinction which is inherent in the projections of a mind as subtly reserved as Conrad's. About all Conrad's work there is a kind of aristocratic flavour which has nothing directly to do with the work itself. Just consider the difference between his view of the East and Kipling's view. There is something sublime about one and something cockney about the other. Conrad is a philosopher and Kipling is an observer. Both have sanity (that uncommon possession), both know their subject, both show literary genius—and yet no two men could be further apart. For

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Conrad has his eye upon destiny, whereas Kipling has his eye upon Simla society.

Of course, there is a good deal of unfairness in this comparison—as there is in all such comparisons. One sets out to prove a point and one proves it—but other people may not agree that the point is worth proving or that it has, indeed, been fairly proved. On certain formulas one can demonstrate that almost anyone is either great or negligible. Fortunately unbacked *ex parte* statements do not carry conviction. I say all this because I am unwilling that people should think that I am simply putting Conrad on a pinnacle. I quite realise Conrad's defects and I quite realise other people's merits. But perfection is not necessarily a criterion of genius and the finest writers may be the easiest to criticise. What differentiates Conrad from nearly all his contemporaries is the quality of greatness. He is on a different plane, as it were, and therefore comparisons are almost certain to miss the real point.

HEREDITY

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

By day, when all seems din and fight,
I move at peace, one prosy self;
But with the sombre tranquil night
A jostling army leaps to light
Using my body, gagged and bound,
For bivouac and battleground;
And far from both, from earth, from me,
Dances a live nonentity,
An all-elusive mocking elf
Flinging taunts to my inner self:

"Ho, master! Never had Bonaparte
So varied great a host as you:
Warriors and kings and lords of art
To do the bidding of your heart;
Poets your visions to enroll;
Philosophers to shrive your soul!
With wisdom, pageantry and all
Time's myrmidons within your call,
There cannot be a Waterloo
For one so free to call as you!"

By night, when all seems hush and peace,
I writhe at war with all the past;
But day brings gradual release
Till discord's conscious struggles cease
Letting me hold a sober pace
In what the world would term my place.
Yet star and spirit, elf-inwrought,
Know man for mask, his every thought,
Impulse and act, from first to last,
For sparks from smithies of the Past.

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THE TATLER

A Collection of Films

"But it is a melancholy of mine own . . . and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

My instinct for collecting might never have been aroused but for a friendly rivalry, not quite devoid of malice between Britannia and me as to whose nation excelled in travelling oddities. This ended peacefully in a draw, since we needs must concede perfect equality. Honours were easy.

We began to keep score, so to speak, in an oasis; ten thousand Arabs, five Europeans—the forester, Monsieur the Bureau Poste, the innkeeper and Madame, the forester's lady. Exiles, they sang Provençal songs, cooked us crisp gauffrettes in the courtyard, while we hung over our balcony watching long caravans trail in from the desert, with dates from the Touareg country, ostrich feathers from Ghadames in the Tripolitan. Camels gaunt from fasting went mad scenting the waters of a swift river and, forgetful of mortal weariness, dashed at an uncouth gait down the steep incline, under the shade of half a million palms to quench a three weeks' thirst.

Then we talked of caravan life with the other tourist, a young American who told of her projected trip into Saharan wilds with a company of villanous looking Arabs. A pious pilgrimage to the shrine of a particularly queer saint. She aimed at that desert city where the followers of the great black Marabout, Sidi Ben Lachemi, all but murdered Isabelle Eberhardt because, while freely granting their holy man three hundred and sixty-five Moslem wives, one Roumi light o' love was an offence against pure manners. We discussed the strange vagrant Russian, her gallant life, her early violent death and those two poignant volumes, all she has left behind, all but a waxing and fantastic legend.*

Throwing me a look which amounted to a direct slur on the Home of the Free, Britannia asked Young Columbia, "And you are leaving your husband, going on such journeying alone, with a string of irresponsible Arabs?"

Columbia readily granted as much, adding, "You think me enthusiastic. You should see a friend of mine. She's off for Mecca."

"But how?" we asked, "since only Moslem wives——"

"Yes, naturally she must profess, and take a husband. She's marrying her Arab guide."

Britannia pounced—"But afterwards, for settled married life?"

Columbia flicked that aside—"When she comes back—divorce!"

The Stars and Stripes drooped limply, Britannia gloried. But my Guardian Angel whispered a question, "And this lady is from your own State?"

"Oh! Mercy no. She's English!" America never knew that Bunker Hill was that day freshly fought and won.

Shortly after this my small triumph paled. We had found an hotel with one guest. Think of rough Algerian mountains, flowers like a delusion of beauty. Wild marigolds, poppies, giant borage, gouttes de sang, iris, anemones, fragrant ginestra, hawthorn, forget-me-not, orchids, daisies, pansies, asphodel, branching terebinth trees, eucalyptus, olives. Arabs riding down to steaming mineral springs to bake and wash their brilliant draperies, to cook unsavoury messes.

Then the hotel, a square of long, low pavilions about a garden, itself an orange grove with gurgling water courses and Roman fragments. An altar to Hygeia,

*Notes de Route. Dans l'Ombre Chaude d'Islam.

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a fountain, a lovely torse, and broken columns rich with approaching decadence, a bit of architrave, a bench. And there were days of riding mules, astride in the Arab barda which looks so dislocating and gives such comfort once you have learned the trick of an easy seat. Days with books and breakfast in your saddle-bags, a river to ford, steep hills to climb, and then a ruined camp of Trajan, with forum, theatre and triumphal arch—all to yourself, and no mortal more dissonant than some small Meshoud or Mabrouk guarding his flocks, who came to share your meal and thanked you with a tune, all rhythm and sadness, on his fresh willow pipe.

The one guest, an ancient Frenchman, by courtesy "Mon Colonel." That floridness in voice and bearing which brought to your mind the word "resta," but whose gout and sedentary ways rendered his heavy gallantries innoxious. It seemed too good to last—it ended.

Indoors I was changing, after a mountain scramble on Seline, Arab stallion without a flaw, climbing like a cat, full of courage to swim swollen streams, dancing for joy of life, nuzzling your hand for sugar.

A stranger flushed Britannia, busying herself with some fine needlework without on our gallery. I caught the accents of my native land, those special accents which contrive to be at once nasal and guttural, slurred yet falsely emphatic. "I see your friend rides horseback. I've come to borrow her habit."

"She never lends," Britannia nobly defended.

Columbia, however, was a stranger to discouragement. There were two of her, real travellers. They knew Hong Kong, Brazil—"Two days in Borneo, one in Batavia. All Tokio decorated in our honour, with brass bands at the boat to meet us. Seven hundred we were, in our party——"

Here they had ventured alone and visibly lacked company. How could we two quiet souls supply the place of six hundred and odd eager comrades? Not that we showed impatience at their life histories. But how meanly Britannia smiled when they said, "See this brooch! it's an old heirloom, one of my mother's wedding gifts." An heirloom of a generation! Finally it came to this for us, flight or a remedy. Heaven excuse me! I told them mon colonel was noble, distinguished, *décoré* and single. To him I hinted they were widows, independent millionaires with a leaning toward remarriage, liking France though not acquainted with its gracious tongue.

Thereafter they left our gallery uninvaded, but from the olives and orange grove came high squeals of coquettish laughter, and explosive philandering from the colonel, in which at any distance you could gather at least one word—*"L'amourre."*

L'amour! what quaint worship of Aphrodite one chances on in Africa.

Into a desert city of the far south Bedouins came from their douars and danced. Fantasias, mimic war, wild shrieks of fear, capture and triumph. Discharging their blunderbusses into the sand, on high, they crouched and leaped. Leaving their souks, the Mogabites joined, clad in tunic, turban and powder horn. Old crones in Bedouin blue shrilling like squaws, bedizened babies, negresses in orange, red and cut silver, jewelled hermaphrodites blazing like incarnate sin. The Bash Aga, the Caïds at full gallop, crimson and gold brocade streaming from their saddles, black standbearers in advance brandishing pennant and drawn sword. Cries of swart Spahis drawn by ties of blood into the mad enchantment of the dance. Neighs of white fighting stallions. And above all the Arab pipe screaming higher and higher till it seemed to play on you, your spinal marrow, playing till the whole world vanished in one great aching wave of rhythm and colour, under the burning sun.

Then sudden silence. For the Ouled Naïls were to leave their quarters and march along the Avenue Jules Ferry to the bureau. Arabs, paying their respects to the new commandant, him in whose honour the fête was held. I tried to

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fancy the ladies of our Tenderloin approaching some City Hall to congratulate a new mayor—Never. They lack that pride in their profession, the sense of civic worth. How these looked down on us, mere private creatures, hardly women, in ugly tailor things, without jewels or unguents. From their small haughty heads to their red gazelle skin boots, these glistened with gold—symbolic golden fish in strings on their low foreheads, long veils of golden gauze, clinking gold anklets, faces like painted idols, and something about them impersonal, savouring of ancient ritual, of worship. Pillars of church and State.

Later, in a garden, Hedda talked. By special permission of authorities, with special escort, she left her quarter to pose. My friend painted in the dense shade of palms and orange trees. Hedda, sombre and tragic in her gold and purple, following a line of thought only now and again she spoke—"I've sent my little sister home. At dawn to-day I saddled the palanquin on my fleet Méhara and sent her forth to Bon Saada. This is a rough place, unfit for a child. Ayesha must learn her trade elsewhere. One should be careful of young things." Drinking her thick coffee, Hedda again became a brooding idol.

Métier de femme. How much we learned! Next it came from a colon's wife boarding our train, at one of those dreary African stations where the dull steppe is broken for a moment by sad eucalyptus groves sheltering a dismal shanty, a foul buvette, a pump of dubious water. Her breathless Arab servant deposited the lady's many possessions on the floor of our carriage: feeble but willing, we fell to, lifting it into place. Madame was framed like a grenadier, a stout one. Muscles that threatened hooks and fastenings, forearm like a leg of mutton, a beaming ruddy face. Did she deign to move those countless bags? Nothing so unseemly—"Attendez, Mesdames," she commanded. "Without doubt some gentleman will turn up shortly to aid us. *Toujours il faut savoir profiter de notre faiblesse de femme.*"

Why should she bring to mind an old, old lady quite pink and frail. Such weather for her to be out, the worst of an English June, and in a third-class carriage. Icy summer rain blurring the windows, shut off the Weald of Sussex, the downs with huddling sheep, New Forest. She wore an archaic garden party hat with wild roses, a shivery dust cloak. I, *in furs*! Poor lady, doubtless hard fate compels her, but what odd luggage, so long and unwieldy. Jupiter Pluvius preserve us! It's a meet of Sussex archers, she's carrying her bows and arrows. Hats off, please, she enjoys it.

Yet we are brave, too, sometimes. I remember in Jamaican mountains, a stony twisting road, a sound of galloping, and through a bamboo avenue came "Mother" in the saddle. Fat, flabby, dressed for afternoon tea, miraculously insecure, a seat compounded of pillion and corkscrew, the reins in her right hand. America undaunted, Mother had turned sixty.

"My very first horseback ride," she hailed us. "It's a secret, I'm learning to surprise daughter." The horse looked surprised also. *Il y avait de quoi.*

Daughters! They must outgrow surprise early or perish. There was Adeline yet in pigtails, complacently wise beyond the prophets, and her lean mother, anxious, weary, torn between courage and misgiving. The pair sat at a meal called tea, in a German café. Tea! Ices, thick chocolate and whipped cream, a plate of frightening sweets.

"I can't, Mother." Surfeited Adeline balked at the last big wedge of cake oozing brown mousse, and pounded nuts.

"Do eat a little more," Mother tempted. "You may be hungry crossing to-night." "We're going to London," she enlightened us, "to see Maude Allan dance."

I wondered how they would get there, with that encircling bulwark of Kodaks, travel-worn handbags, parcels manageable as a string of beads—unstrung.

"We settled first in Paris," she quavered, "for my daughter to study for grand opera, high soprano. But a lady

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in our pension thought Adeline showed unusual aptitude for plastic art, and advised her seeing the best at once."

Was it a sly lady, I wondered, hating the sound of vocal scales, next door? To the unskilled eye, Adeline's tight little frame had the plasticity of a cheap wooden doll, but her hard round eyes glistened with calm egotistic purpose. Mother doubted a trifle on one point, though her mind was quite made up, since recently learning that True Art forbids all prudery.

"I don't think, do you, that a pure woman loses any chastity in dancing nude?"

We paid and rushed away. *Maxima reverentia debeter*—Oh, Mother! And Adeline is thirteen.

If any man's belief in Providence flags, let him only travel slowly and watch Unas of all estates passing unscathed, projecting their own simple atmosphere so lavishly that the wise old world never touches them. They learn the ways of humble restaurants, they can even say "hot water" in three languages, and how exact is their knowledge, so generously at your service, of "the very best pension in the city for six francs."

The simplest and kindest I ever met was in Assisi. A fiercely austere young monk showed us the lower church, reciting his screed disdainfully, hating us, hating Giotto.

Una-from-the-Middle-South eyed him with great gentleness. Without in the least understanding, she felt the struggle of his suppressed manhood, his yet unmastered blood. "Aren't you very happy," she suddenly asked, "here always amidst beautiful things?"

"Happy!" He forgot himself, in a passion of suffering. "I'm sick of it all! Sick of beauty," and in a flash he was again impenetrable, remote, impersonally bent on his hateful showman's task.

In the sunshine without, Una joined me, rejoicing in an idea. "That young man seemed upset," she said. "When I get home I'm going to mail him a book of moral reflections written by the pastor of our church. I'm sure he'll find them helpful. Just wait while I go back and ask his name."

My little show is over, the last film has been thrown upon the screen. No, there's one more, quite different.

Sicilian mountains, lemon groves drenched with perfume, carpeted with oxalis, canary-coloured, thick as New England snow. Behind all, floating serenely skyward with ominous feather of steam in her cap, the white, ever thrilling shape of Ætna. A file of lovely girls carrying baskets of pale fruit on their Tanagra heads wind down narrow goat paths, barefooted, to the sea, some knitting under their loads, some chanting in parts, the ancient pagan song of the lemon gatherers.

From a distant peak a shepherd's pipe summons his goats. Breezes, classic as zephyr, rustle among the blossoms.

"I'm called Annunciata; I, Immaculata; I, Providenza, they answer us.

But one drawing near my companion gazed long and worshipfully on her northern fairness. "Lady, I have never seen a woman so beautiful as you. Take off your hat, I pray, that my friends and I may better see your golden hair."

This in all gravity, no smirking, no flattery, but the directness with which real people approach the vital things of life.

"And you, cara mia," asks my friend. *"Come si chiama lei, dice?"*

"My name," she answered, "is Venere!"

Mary Moss.

Cubing the Circle

On behalf of those bizarre and esoteric tendencies in modern art of which Cubism is the most notable example, two arguments are continually urged: first, that these artists have invented a new medium of expression, an artistry of the future not yet understanded of the people; and secondly, that the present popular objections were all raised aforetime against masters now recognised as great and even as classic—against Turner and Rodin, Wagner, and Victor Hugo. The

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trouble with this line of defense is that it proves nothing because it might as well prove anything, however untrue. A man claims to be speaking a new language; but he might say the same if he were talking gibberish: there is no proof, so long as he remains unintelligible. Original geniuses have been called charlatans; but being called a charlatan does not therefore prove original genius; for some people really are charlatans. And to reach any sound basis of demonstration, to compare upon any absolute ground of criticism the modern innovations with the innovations of Wagner and Turner would require a subtle and profound analysis of the philosophy of Art.

But though the proof of the problem be difficult, its solution is fortunately easy; for there exists one sure and simple test of artistic normality. The man is hard to understand: is he trying to be understood? The work of art appears exotic or grotesque: is it meant to be beautiful?

Savagery and decadence, the innocent and the effete, take pleasure in things surprisingly alike. But the two pleasures are as opposite as the poles. The Fijian worships his idol because it looks like his god; the dilettante worships it because it does not look like a man. Ancient Americans painted themselves because they admired paint; modern Americans because they do not admire their faces. The hermit lives like the cave-man; but the cave-man seeks that luxury which the hermit renounces. Whatever is primitive or barbaric is for the one an object, for the other a limitation. The savage is brutal in his delights because his unawakened feelings know not the joy from the brutality. The æsthete has exhausted every refinement of pleasure until his jaded nerves long horribly for a sensation savage enough to lash them into life. Ugliness always means insensibility; but the contrast between the callousness of innocence and the numbness of satiety shows itself in numberless examples, from some of the darkest pages of human history to the merest trifles of amusement or of taste. The cruelty of children, and the cruelty of Rome: the colours of Indian blankets and the colours of Cubism. Barbarism gropes after beauty; degeneracy sickens of the merely beautiful. Civilisation swings in a vicious circle, and seeks again the crudities of its own beginning; but it approaches them from the opposite side.

And this contrast as it appears in art is always and finally unmistakable, because the one obvious and certain thing about any work of art is the spirit in which it was made. Its merit and meaning, the skill of its craftsmanship and the wisdom of its composition, may demand critical understanding. The connoisseur may go wrong in estimating its success; but the dullest layman can discern the nature of its attempt. He need know nothing of music to sense the emotional colour of a song, or to feel the pathos of *Butterfly,* the melodrama of *Tosca,* the morbidness of *Salomé.* He may be bored alike by *Pickwick* and *Pendennis,* but he will not confuse the temper of their comedy. He may consider *Pelléas et Mélisande* amusing and the Venus of Melos ugly; but he will not suppose that they are meant to be so. Nothing but wilful blindness can mistake what the artist is trying to do: how and how well he does it is another matter. And thus the truly primitive or exotic work distinguishes, almost at a glance, from that which affects the crude or the curious. There are sagas and old ballads as rough and bloody as *The Everlasting Mercy;* and they mean heroism and pathos as plainly as Mr. Masefield enjoys the roughness and the blood. Oriental music sounds to us more discordant than the most wildly modern of our own; but its dissonance is not even to our ears intentional. Thus the insurgent painter may draw like a savage or an Egyptian and colour like a child; you will no more impute to him their endeavour after clearness and beauty than you will hear in the prattling of a woman to a poodle the lisp of a baby learning speech. Even in downright Cubism, the first impression is not the mere abstract obscurity of line and kaleidoscopic conflict of colour: the

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first impression is of a methodical and admired crudity, a careful violence. And that settles all doubt of the pretensions of the school, beyond need of further argument or analysis. They are not trying to be expressive; they are trying to be impressive. Consciously or not, they thank their god that they are not as other men; and their god is not Apollo but Phæthon. The one thing certain about Futurism is that it has nothing to do with the future, unless our future is to be an Armageddon. The disease may spread into a pestilence, or be blown seaward upon a gale of healthy laughter. But its tendency is not to be disguised by any protestations about freedom and the future. The new school is wholly and patently reactionary, decadence aping the pleasures of the barbarian, the spirit returning downward to the dust.

Brian Hooker.

Cataloguing Authors

Mary Stewart Cutting once said to a friend of hers that she didn't know she was writing suburban stories until an editor told her so. In his mind, she had become identified with that phase of life, and he wanted nothing else from her. "But my *Little Stories of Married Life* are not necessarily suburban stories!" exclaimed Mrs. Cutting. "The scenes of them just happen, in most cases, to be laid in the suburbs."

"That's just it," the editor replied, "it just happens so; but it just happens, too, that your large circle of readers have associated your name with that type of story now, and it would be better, from my point of view, if you didn't disappoint them." "But I've written other stories," argued Mrs. Cutting, "and of course I intend to go on to other fields. I hate the idea of being labelled. It's narrowing." And she went home and wrote *The Unforeseen,* a novel of city life.

What would happen if Jack London wrote a society story? Would any magazine want it? Or suppose Rex Beach deserted Alaskan trails and the great out-of-doors for a political novel? For years Booth Tarkington's name was identified with romantic fiction because of *Monsieur Beaucaire.* Now he is known, and will be for some time, as the creator of the most adorable boy in all American literature, Penrod. Magazine editors, for months, will expect, or want, nothing from him but "Penrod" stories; and he cannot keep up with the demand, even working night and day. Can you think of Zona Gale and not of Friendship Village? And a few years ago it was Pelleas and Ettarre that came to one's mind at mention of her name. What of Myra Kelly? Will she be remembered by anything but her studies of East Side school children? Even had she desired to break away from a phase of life that she had made all her own, Mr. McClure, who introduced her work, would have been foolhardy to let her do so.

But authors, being blest (or cursed), with the artistic temperament, are not satisfied to rest in chains. They do not like restrictions. They do not like to sound one note, any more than an actor likes to play one rôle indefinitely. Their growth, as artists, depends upon their ability to interpret life from varying angles. It is all very well to make some section, or cross section, of our country, one's exclusive territory—for a time. But if a writer remains too long in one place he finds it hard to go abroad. The growers desert their old pastures, their old localities. Mary Wilkins did it long ago; so did Mrs. Humphry Ward, Joseph C. Lincoln, Arthur Stringer, and May Sinclair. And think of Arnold Bennett's versatility! *The Five Towns* and—*How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day!*

Carolyn Wells is one of our greatest humourists. After she had made a reputation for herself as one she wrote, to every one's amazement, a splendid detective story. She has gone on writing them; and she has gone on writing *vers de société* and the Patty books as well, to the detriment of neither. She has done away with the silly theory that no one will take a humourist seriously.

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Gelett Burgess is taken very seriously. Did you ever read "The White Cat"? And can you believe that the same man wrote "Are You a Bromide?" Oliver Herford is not only a humourist, he is a philosopher. You cannot catalogue writers like these. They refuse to be put away in filing cabinets.

For a long time Josephine Daskam Bacon found it difficult to get anything but her child stories published. *The Madness of Philip* had placed her, in the editorial mind, in the front rank of the child-story writers. And "David Grayson" had to assume that name in order to have his *Adventures in Contentment* taken in the way he wished them to be taken. He was an author who had become identified with an entirely different type of work.

In many editorial offices nowadays, when schedules are being made up, the remark will be made, "Let us get a Jack London story," not, after the old manner, "Let us get a story by Jack London." In other words, "Let us get a story of the open," not "Let us get any good story that Jack London will write for us." The artists complain, too. James Montgomery Flagg is in demand as a pen-and-ink illustrator. So, of course, is Gibson. Who would ask for a wash drawing by the latter? Thomas Fogarty has done so many Irish types, and done them so remarkably well, that he often finds it hard to convince art editors that he is capable of other things. If you get a Seumas MacManus story you must get Thomas Fogarty drawings. They are inseparable. You cannot think of one without the other. The day will come when Anna Katharine Green will want to write something besides detective stories; but who will help her to freedom? And doesn't Will N. Harben sometimes long to leave Georgia? Even O. Henry was not urged to write novels —his short stories were considered "little classics"—and how tired he must have been of the phrase!

It will be interesting to watch authors like Henry Sydnor Harrison, Julian Street, Edna Ferber, Fanny Hurst, Gouverneur Morris, Bruno Lessing, Kathleen Norris, Montague Glass—indeed, all the virile younger group who are doing such brave things, to see if they will permit a tag to be put to their names.

Charles Hanson Towne.

SUMMER-TIME FICTION*

THE AUGUST INSTALMENT

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"CLARK'S FIELD"

WITH each new volume it becomes more and more apparent that sociology has played havoc with Mr. Herrick's art as a novelist. Instead of depicting conditions, as he did in his earlier books, and letting them speak for themselves, he is all the time obtruding his own views,

*Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

You Never Know Your Luck. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Return of the Prodigal. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Strength of the Strong. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Price of Love. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper and Brothers.

When Love Flies Out of the Window. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Rung Ho! By Talbot Mundy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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either directly or through some chosen mouthpiece from among his characters. And, unless you happen to be thoroughly in accord with Mr. Herrick's economic and ethical views, this constant intervention of the author, his expressed or implied criticisms of things as they are become extremely irritating. It is always interesting to see life through Mr. Herrick's eyes, for he is a keen observer and an artist of the first rank in recording what he sees; but we are not in the least interested when he goes on to tell us what is wrong with the world and how it could be remedied. Half the time we do not in the least agree with his conclusions. This is peculiarly true of *Clark's Field*. It is a provoking book, a book that leaves the impression that it just missed being a very big achievement indeed. It is a crowded book, too, in spite of the fact that the actual number of characters is small; you get a sense of wide stretches of space and time, of the rush of progress, the jostling of multitudes, the mushroom growth of crowded tenements,—and yet in actuality this is all seen in miniature, through the conversion of one fifty-acre lot into city streets and blocks. To sum it up in the briefest possible way, *Clark's Field* is an indictment of our Anglo-Saxon laws of inheritance and real property. The field in question is the remnant of an old farm that has been in the Clark family for generations. In the history of the Clarks, we have a typical case of hundreds of good old New England families of the sturdy yeoman type, who little by little have deteriorated under changing modern conditions, lost their zeal and industry, sold their holdings piecemeal, and are evidently foredoomed to become extinct. So it is with the Clarks. At the close of the nineteenth century, Samuel is dead, his son John and his daughter Aggie are dead, and Aggie's daughter, Adelle, a silent, repressed little girl of twelve, alone remains to lay claim to the clouded title of Clark's Field. For fifty years the family have been trying to sell that fifty acres. Old Samuel would gladly have taken five thousand dollars for it; but unfortunately the land had been willed by his father to Samuel and his brother Edward jointly, and Edward disappeared half a century ago in the Far West, and no trace of him or his possible heirs can be found. Meanwhile, the little farming village of Alton has slowly changed, through the expansion of the neighbouring metropolis into a thriving suburb, and the value of the land has soared by leaps and bounds. Little Adelle, on the death of her only remaining relative, a widowed aunt, is removed from the sordid lodging house where she has done much of the drudgery, and placed by the kindly interest of a shrewd probate judge under the competent guardianship of the Washington Trust Company. This company so ingeniously manages the involved legal tangle of Clark's Field that it becomes one of the historic booms in real estate, and the obscure little waif finds herself within a few years an heiress possessed of five millions in her own right and surrounded by a horde of sycophants and fortune hunters. The development of Adelle's mind, under the peculiar and trying conditions of a fortune thrust upon her before she was mentally fitted to receive it, is admirable in its clear-sighted discernment. The abrupt transition from slavery to opulence beyond her dreams is enough to spoil the character of a young woman of far bigger mentality and character than little Adelle; and when the process of spoiling is aggravated by a few years at a fashionable boarding school, and personally conducted travel courses in Europe and up the Nile, the wonder is that the girl still remains, in spite of her snobbishness, a rather sweet and lovable personality. But, of course, with no woman of the right sort to guide her and with unlimited means at hand with which to commit follies, she is foreordained to come to grief; and the only wonder is that her folly takes no worse form than a runaway marriage with a handsome young Californian, an impecunious artist, lazy, incompetent, and quite ready to let a pretty girl support him for the rest of his life. Up to this point in the story the present reviewer enjoyed it thor-

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oughly; but now Mr. Herrick begins to interfere with his characters' destinies, refusing to let them work out their own salvation, and making chance, fate, and his own philosophy of life dictate what shall become of them. Adelle and her mismated husband go to California to live, and spend a large slice of her five millions in building a gorgeous castle overlooking a ravine. Now among the masons engaged on this work is one man who evidently is not an Italian but an American of clean New England stock, and who should he turn out to be but the missing heir of Edward Clark, whose disappearance clouded the title of Clark's Field for over half a century! Adelle's rapid estrangement from her husband, the latter's intemperate habits, which lead him accidentally to set fire to the house and thus cause the death of their only child; her subsequent divorce, and her growing interest in the illiterate and rather uncouth stone-mason cousin make up the remainder of the volume. And at the close there is a parting suggestion that she will find a belated happiness in a second marriage and will spend the money which has brought her nothing but trouble in public improvements in that part of the town which was once Clark's Field. And hereupon Mr. Herrick indulges, through the mouth of the old probate judge, in a lengthy dissertation on the subject of private ownership of land, not realising that if his story has conveyed the lesson he intended, his sermonising is superfluous, and if the story has conveyed a lesson other than what he intended, his attempt to point the moral is futile. In other words, if the story has convinced a reader that our property laws are bad, he doesn't need to have Mr. Herrick tell him what he thinks, while if, as may well happen, it leaves the reader quite content to let the laws stand as they are, then he certainly does not care to listen to a last word argument against them. The best art in fiction is that which lets the story speak for itself, a principle which Mr. Herrick once knew but seems to have forgotten.

"YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK"

This story is frankly unworthy of Mr. Parker's usual high standard of fiction. It has, to be sure, a certain ease of style, and its portrayal of character reveals the well-trained hand; but it leaves the impression of having been done half-heartedly and with more or less haste. Besides it sadly strains our credulity. Imagine, if you please, a young Irishman of good family, owner of large estates and husband of a charming and idolised wife. But unfortunately Shiel Crozier has one fault, a passion for betting on horses; and little by little, he has stripped himself of his inheritance, and at last, in spite of a solemn promise to his wife never to bet again, gathers together his few remaining pounds, stakes them all on one race, and then, not daring to face his wife, and unwilling to live upon her bounty,—for she is rich in her own right,—he emigrates to Canada. All this antedates the story by five years; and during all this time he cherishes a letter, the envelope of which bears his wife's handwriting, the letter containing her last bitter reproaches before he sailed. But he has never opened the letter, preferring to conjecture the cruel words rather than have them meet his eyes. In Canada he has made his way slowly, waiting for a big opportunity, a chance to share in a certain big land speculation, which has just ripened and which demands a few thousand dollars in ready cash. His credit is good, but he has made enemies through testimony given in a murder trial, and not only are the banks closed to him, but one day he is shot from an ambush and very nearly dies. Now there is a fine young woman, daughter of his landlady, a brave, loyal slip of a girl with Irish eyes and an Irish voice; and although she loves him herself, she determines to bring about a reconciliation with his wife. So while he lies ill, she secretly sends a letter to Ireland, so wisely worded that it brings the other woman speeding across the Atlantic. Now, here is the part that leaves us incredulous. On the day of the fatal horse-race, when Shiel lost his all, we are

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asked to believe that the wife, who had a deadly hatred for betting, found fifty pounds in Shiel's desk, yielded to an impulse, staked it on a different horse at enormous odds, and miraculously cleared four thousand pounds. When Kitty, the landlady's daughter, hears this she has an inspiration. "Your husband has never read your cruel letter," she tells the other woman. "Now, what you must do is this: we will steam the envelope open, and you will write another letter, very different from the first, telling about your lucky bet, and enclosing the four thousand pounds. Then he will be filled with remorse, thinking how he wronged you by leaving you all these years, when you had been so forgiving." The scheme is successful: it never occurs to the husband to notice that the envelope has been tampered with, nor that its thickness has been curiously augmented,—and what is more, the money comes providentially at the very last moment to save him from being crowded out of the big land deal. The book is not lacking in certain readable qualities, but it leaves behind it the impression of not having been quite worth while.

"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL"

No such impression is left by May Sinclair's new volume of short stories, *The Return of the Prodigal,* which gives new evidence of this author's fine artistry, deep insight and unwavering adherence to her own high standard. It is difficult to single out any of these stories for special analysis; that is why a certain injustice must always be suffered by volumes of short stories possessing such even and sustained merit. And of course any choice must be largely personal. Perhaps other readers would not agree that the two stories most deserving of special mention are "The Gift" and "The Flaw," yet they both have a certain poignancy, and at the same time a fine elusiveness that make them gems of the first water. In "The Gift" we have the case of a young woman whose ambition it has long been to write; but her efforts are futile until she meets a man with just the right magnetism to awaken the power that is slumbering in her. Or perhaps the power was not really in her after all, but simply something external, something that he unconsciously gives her. At all events, the stories which she now turns out from time to time are little miracles of art, and the one reward that she craves is his word of praise when he reads them. He does not for a time suspect that she has fallen in love with him; had he done so he would have begun earlier to avoid her. He has had one bitter experience in life, a marriage with a woman now long dead, who was so unworthy, so mentally and morally inferior that the bare thought of a second union is abhorrent to him. Now the other woman, the one to whom he has brought "the gift" asks nothing from him; she is content to go through life, writing her little masterpieces, drawing her inspiration from his words of praise, happy in the expectation of his rare, brief visits. And then suddenly her little paradise is shattered. She has a rival, a cold, calculating person who knows that the man will never marry again, that he has nothing to give any woman save a somewhat reserved friendship,—but that friendship she wants exclusively to herself. So she sets deliberately to work to instill into the man's mind the fact that the other woman loves him and the possibility that he may commit himself and become irremediably entangled. And the result is that his visits cease, the woman loses "the gift," and what is more, she loses her desire to live,—and a few months later he reads a notice of her death.

Equally subtle and delicate is "The Fault." But it is more difficult to convey at second hand. Here again we have a man whose first marriage was tragic, ending in infidelity and divorce. But in course of time he meets another woman whom he seriously thinks of asking to be his wife. It happens, however, that the first wife had various mannerisms, little unforgettable poses, certain tricks of arm and wrist, all of which haunt him like the memory of a bad dream. And by some malignant jest of fate, this other

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woman, the one to whom he is on the point of proposing, unconsciously uses the same gestures, the same little affectations. And at the crucial moment, as he bends over her to utter the decisive words, she raises both arms above her head, and he sees her face for a moment framed between her two white elbows, the counterpart attitude of that other one, on the hideous night when he came home just in time to see her yield her lips to her lover's kiss. And that is why his declaration is never uttered, and why the girl never knows how she lost her opportunity.

"THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG"

Another noteworthy collection of short stories is Jack London's new volume, *The Strength of the Strong.* They are varied enough to suit the most diverse tastes, and in point of time they keep us skipping up and down the centuries, from primordial days to the dim vistas of futurity, as nimbly as though he were endowed with Mr. H. G. Wells's convenient "Time Machine." The story that gives the book its title may be defined as a sort of sociological parable, told by a man of the stone age, a monkey man, bowed with years, who tells the eager circle of his great-grandchildren the history of the tribe's slow emergence from barbarism, their experiments in local government, their mistakes in private ownership of land, and their final victory through breaking up the monopoly of the few and uniting in a free and equal communism. All of which, while cleverly done, is rather tedious, blatantly unreal, and to the reader who does not happen to share Mr. London's economic convictions, quite unimportant. Of a very different class is the amazing and delicious piece of wholesale extravagance called "The Unparalleled Invasion." In it the author has taken one of his forward bounds, a century or two, and imagines that China has undergone a great awakening. Her population has multiplied beyond belief, and the yellow hordes have overrun the greater part of the continent of Asia. They conquer through sheer force of numbers. An army of invasion numbering millions, invades adjoining territory, and on its heels comes another army of wives and children with all their worldly goods,—and they come to stay. All Europe and America are aghast. It is the old bugaboo of the Yellow Peril now come in grim earnest, the Yellow Peril magnified to the *n*th degree. But one day a certain quiet, unobtrusive little American calls at the White House, and what he has to suggest to the President results in a secret conference of the world's powers. Then follows the most astounding gathering of a gigantic host of the allied armies and navies of the civilised world, brought together, not for the purpose of invading China, but of drawing an immense cordon around her on land and sea, so that not one Chinaman can escape. And when arrangements are completed, a vast squadron of little aeroplanes are seen soaring over the whole Chinese Empire, everywhere letting fall a rain of little glass tubes. And within a fortnight China is stricken, not with one plague, but with twenty: typhoid, leprosy, yellow fever, bubonic plague, the sleeping sickness, these and innumerable others, let loose in an unimaginable orgy of pestilence and corruption. It is a Dance Macabre on a gigantic scale; and the only reason why it in a measure defeats itself is that it is just a little too big, too ghastly, too wholesale in its horror for the human mind quite to visualise it. We end by feeling as little kinship for the expiring billions of tortured Chinese as for the same number of garden ants.

"THE PRICE OF LOVE"

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, *The Price of Love,* may be defined as a betwixt and between sort of book, belonging neither to the much too small group of his really big achievements, nor to the far more numerous assortment of those more or less negligible productions which he has himself chosen to call "Fantasias." *The Price of Love* takes us back once more to the Five Towns, with the leaden heaviness of their smoke-laden atmosphere and dull monotony. The opening chap-

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ters promise well; they are unmistakably from the same hand that gave us *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale*. Narrow, repressed lives, pathetically grateful for any petty little break in the dull routine. That is the impression that we get at our first introduction into the quiet, orderly, spotlessly neat sitting-room where gentle old Mrs. Malden and her efficient and devoted young companion, Rachel Fleckring, are waiting in some little perturbation for the arrival of the old lady's two nephews, who are to dine with her. Both young men are late; Julian Malden because, as his telegram states, his train from London has been delayed; Louis Fores, because, as he naturally takes good care not to state, he has worked an hour overtime at his desk, doctoring up the account books so that they will bear inspection on the morrow. Meanwhile, during the hour of waiting, there arrives a self-important, much bewhiskered personage, Thomas Batchgrew, trustee of the old lady's slender income. A mortgage has just been taken up, and, as it is too late to bank the money, he has dropped in to place the amount, one thousand pounds in Bank of England notes, in the custody of the old lady herself. Now Mrs. Malden, we have already discovered to be a very feeble, nervous and forgetful old lady. There have been burglaries in the neighbourhood, and the responsibility of that thousand pounds fills her with unreasoning terror. We see her eagerly taking advantage of Rachel's momentary absence, for the purpose of secreting those notes in various places that she hopes she will be able to remember the next day. At last the two nephews arrive, and it is hard to decide which of them the reader most cordially despises, Julian for his bad manners, or Louis for his lack of character. There is no use in pretending that this is a big book, for it is not. But it had possibilities, which the author somehow failed to follow up. In fact, a good deal of the business connecting with the missing notes,—for of course they disappear over night,—is little less than clap-trap. But it has seemed worth while to reproduce the opening scene with some detail, because the whole interest in what follows rests upon the rather uncommon power of suggestion in these opening pages. We see very little of what happens, and the chances are that where we guess we guess wrong; but we certainly do get, with almost photographic vividness, an impression of the different characters and of their various individual capacities for good or evil. The mystery of the stolen money is slow in clearing up, and while there is no useful purpose served by revealing the heart of the mystery in a review, this much at least should be said, if only to explain the meaning of the title. Rachel marries one of the nephews, and eventually she comes to know that a certain share of the guilt is upon his conscience. But because her own love is of a rather perfect sort she eventually realises that she is willing to pay the price; she is able to say, bravely and sincerely, "I don't want him perfect. If anything goes wrong, well, let it go wrong! I am his wife, I'm his!"

"WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW"

When Love Flies Out of the Window, by Leonard Merrick, is frankly a good deal of a disappointment. There is something rather tediously familiar both in the ground plan of the story and in the tissue of episodes from which it is woven. Ralph Lingham and Meenie Weston are certainly not the first couple, either in real life or in fiction, who have married in haste on the strength of a small windfall and some visionary hopes, and after a few brief months of moonshine and rapture and golden dreams, wake up to find that gaunt hunger, stalking in at the door, has at least temporarily driven love out through the open casement. And when we add that the young woman in question is a struggling actress in dire straits, and the hero a novelist whose novels fail to sell, the whole thing sounds still more painfully hackneyed. We know beforehand just what is going to happen. Under the pressure of necessity, the young novelist is going to do poorer and

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poorer work; editors and publishers are going to be more and more obdurate; and finally the one thing that he has sworn shall not happen inevitably comes about: the wife goes back on the stage. It would not be difficult, with a little thought, to draw up a list of a round dozen of stories dealing with just this situation; and in most of them, so far as memory recalls them, the husband, after making himself phenomenally objectionable with his jealousy and wounded pride, goads the wife into demanding a temporary separation, and eventually gets her back on her own terms. All of which fits the present volume like a well-worn glove. Frankly, the practised novel reader could have filled in for himself the main thread of the story from the moment of the hasty marriage in Paris, with about the same ease that a lawyer's clerk fills in a blank summons or subpœna. Yet perhaps this view is a trifle ungrateful. Mr. Merrick always manages to give us a few characters that are temporarily at least worth while. Any veteran traveller will understand the distinction implied by the word "temporarily." There are golden hours of transient intercourse with strangers who are eminently worth while for the brief duration of a railway journey, a table-d'hôte or a mountain climb, but whom we could not for an instant imagine wanting to meet day after day, summer and winter, in rain or sunshine, in the city of our home. So it is with the people of book-land. There are some to whom we would gladly give the freedom of our city; there are others who are glorious companions for an hour on the highway of adventure; and among the latter Mr. Merrick's entertaining personages hold a not inconspicuous place.

"RUNG HO!"

One stops for a sober second thought, and then for still a third, after reading Talbot Mundy's undeniably stirring story of the Sepoy mutiny days, *Rung Ho!* Is it a really big book, written with intimate knowledge of plot within plot, secret jealousies and machinations, religious intolerance and racial hatreds, that go to make up what Mr. Kipling has called the Great Game? Or is it sheer melodrama cleverly disguised, and now and then a little cheap in its spectacular trickery? In other words, just where does it stand between, let us say, Mr. Kipling and Archibald Clavering Gunter? The answer, as already intimated, is not easy. The plot is now and then a little too machine-made, the situations are too palpably worked up for a sensational effect, the coincidences are too miraculously well timed. And yet, although we see the cogs and wires, the ill-disguised machinery, none the less the author does get his effects, he does stir our pulses and send big thrills of sheer, exuberant delight rioting through our veins. It all happens in a central Indian town of Howrah, a town especially affected with the prevailing unrest of the natives. There is a bitter rivalry between the reigning Maharajah of Howrah and his unscrupulous brother, Jaimihr, who has cast covetous eyes on two objects that are destined to remain beyond his grasp: his brother's throne, and Rosemary McClean, the pretty daughter of an American missionary. Now, the plot that is fermenting throughout all India includes the overthrow of English dominion; and there are certain hill tribes, ruled by a proud band of Rajputs and Rangars, who are still wavering in their allegiance to the British Government. They have not forgotten the old days when they did wonders of valour under the leadership of an English officer, Cunningham,—Cunningham-Bahadur; and rashly they pledge themselves, if another such as Cunningham should be found, to espouse the British cause and follow him. Now, it happens that at this very hour young Cunningham, son of Cunningham-Bahadur, is on his way to India in company of a number of young subalterns, impatient for active service. The way in which young Cunningham is received by the impassive Rangars, tested by them, tested cruelly, brutally, relentlessly, and not found wanting; and the mighty deeds that he and these dauntless hills-men achieve, when

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they come to perfect understanding and confidence, make pages that are good to read, pages that will bear a second reading, too. Of course, the presence of Rosemary, the missionary's daughter, at all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions that make a woman a serious encumbrance, gives the story something of a *Graustark* flavour, and her repeated rescue from the machinations of Jaimihr and her ultimate union with Cunningham-Bahadur suggests the conventional "Let us gaily cheer the bride!" chorus of comic opera. None the less, there is good sterling stuff in *Rung Ho!* with its ringing battle-cry title. Let us hope that the author has more of the same sort in store for us.

RANDOM GLEANINGS FROM CURRENT NOVELS*

BY NORMAN BRYCE

If we are not too hypercritical in our standards of fiction, there is a wide enough variety on the current bookshelf to satisfy the widest range of tastes. For instance, do you want to be transported out of the accustomed and conventional, into an exotic setting, and to be made to vibrate in sympathy with the most intimate sufferings of a proud, tender and much wronged woman? Then by all means read that poignant little tragedy by Jane Stocking, with the laconic title, *Via P. and O.* It is a rare piece of self-revelation by the American wife of a German diplomat in Shanghai, whose illusions of life are rudely brushed aside because of her husband's open and unashamed insistence that the human male is naturally polygamous. The book is very subtle, very real, and its shadows are deftly relieved by occasional lighter touches; while the unforeseen rolling away of the clouds at the end brings that sympathetic relief which we feel at the happy readjustment of the troubles of those near and dear to us.

Another story with an Oriental setting is *The Palace of Darkened Windows,* by Mary Hastings Bradley, the action of which is distributed between Cairo, Karnak and the Sahara desert. If wilful and capricious Arlee Beecher had been content to heed young Falconer's warning against Captain Kerissen, the handsome and ardent Egyptian officer, she would not have found herself a prisoner in a strange old palace with barred and curtained windows, and a

*Via P. and O. By Jane Stocking. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Palace of Darkened Windows. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Purple Mists. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: The John Lane Company.

Pidgin Island. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

No. 13 Washington Square. By Leroy Scott. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

Black is White. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Punch and Judy. By Edwin Pugh. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Gray Youth. By Oliver Onions. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Cordelia Blossom. By George Randolph Chester. New York: The Hurst International Library Company.

The Intervening Lady. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Bobby. By J. J. Bell. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Mirandy. By Dorothy Dix. New York: The Hurst International Library Company.

Jehane of the Forest. By L. A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Primal Lure. By V. E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

A Son of the Ages. By Stanley Waterloo. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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fair prospect of decking the Captain's harem for the rest of her life. Had she had no one but the well-meaning and slow-witted Englishman, Falconer, to aid her, Arlee's chances for freedom would have been negligible; but it happened that she had another devoted slave, one Billy B. Hill, an American whose middle name, to his own chagrin, was Bunker, and who deserved, by the time his exploits were ended, two monuments instead of one,—for he out-generalled not only the Britisher, but Captain Kerissan and a host of fanatical Arabs into the bargain. There is no danger of mistaking this book for a higher type of fiction than it really is. But of its kind it is rather worth while.

We have had so many South African books of late that picturesque verbal landscapes of veldt and kopje are not in themselves sufficient excuse for a book's existence. *The Purple Mists,* by F. E. Mills Young, is not a bad piece of work in plot, provided you can still muster up interest in the revolt of an inexperienced young girl who marries without love or a notion of what love means, merely for the sake of a home. This is the situation in which Euretta Monkswell finds herself after her brother-in-law's ill-treatment has driven her from his farm to support herself by nursing the sick in the neighbouring town; and young Dr. Shaw, "doing locum for Dr. Tennant," persuades her, from mixed motives, to become his wife. The two skirt the brink of some tragic blunders in the course of their slow readjustment; and the story at times becomes a little tedious, in spite of the author's well-meant efforts to glorify a common and somewhat sordid situation with a halo of purple mists.

It is something of a relief to turn to a frankly extravagant story of adventure, such as *Pidgin Island,* by Harold MacGrath. The island in question lies on the border line between Canada and the United States; and while a good fishing ground, it is a dangerous harbour for a small boat during September gales. Young Cranford, the hero, is an ardent fisherman, as all the world is free to know; what the world does not know is that he is in the Government secret service for the detection of smugglers, amateur or professional, who attempt to make unlawful entry of foreign jewels into the United States. What Cranford himself does not know is that Pidgin Island, where he goes when off duty, is a chosen smuggling place of a notorious gang, who have a long standing account to settle with him; and he is equally far from suspecting that Diana Wynne, the clear-eyed, self-reliant young woman with whom he becomes unconventionally acquainted and who can out-row, out-sail and out-fish him, holds the same sort of Government job as himself,—and, what is more, has come to Pidgin Island, not blindly but with her eyes wide open. If you know Harold MacGrath's methods, you know in advance pretty well the sort of story he can serve up with these elements or adventure and danger and romance. But in any case read the book; you are at least certain not to be bored.

If you think it essential to stories of adventure and mystery that you should be transported to Egyptian palaces or lonely islands, turn either to Leroy Scott's *No. 13 Washington Square,* or to *Black is White,* by George Barr McCutcheon, in order to be convinced,—provided that you are sufficiently credulous,—that all sorts of extraordinary things may happen within the dignified precincts of stately lower Fifth Avenue. Mr. Scott's book is essentially farce-comedy, open and unashamed. If the great Mrs. de Peyster had not suffered a curtailment of income, she would have gone abroad for the summer, after her usual custom, and there would have been no story to write. Instead, she gives out word that she has sailed, sending a poor relation to masquerade in her stead, closes the shutters and, with the connivance of her housekeeper, prepares to get through the hot months as best she can. But it happens that she is not the only member of the household who has reasons for going into retirement; among others, there is her own son, John, who makes

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a clandestine marriage against her will, and brings his bride to stay secretly at this same ill-fated No. 13. Accordingly, it is easy to picture the queer comedy of errors and desperate hide-and-seek that ensues between a houseful of people unaware, for the most part, of each other's presence or identity. And when, to crown all the other mishaps, the poor relation involuntarily mismanages things in Paris, and Mrs. de Peyster faces the extraordinary dilemma of looking on through darkened windows at her own funeral cortège, we realise that the powers of gratuitous absurdity have been pushed to their legitimate limit.

As for Mr. McCutcheon's volume, it is equally extreme in its own way, the way in question happening to be melodrama, hovering on the brink of tragic crime. James Brood's life has been darkened by the suspected infidelity of his first wife. He banished her from home, robbed her of the child whom he refused to believe his own son, and spent the next twenty years roaming through the danger-places of the earth. In the course of these years he gathered to himself the companionship of other wanderers, similar social derelicts, but unlike him, lacking in worldly goods. These comrades, Danbury Dawes and Joseph Riggs, he relegates to the old Fifth House when they become too old to travel. A third comrade, John Desmond, has married; and in course of time his widow and daughter come to swell the ranks of this private almshouse. Brood's son Frederick, of doubtful legitimacy, has also returned home from college, and has promptly fallen in love with Lydia Desmond. Picture this little colony, thankful recipients of the absent man's bounty, unsuspicious of the blow about to befall them. With only the warning of a mid-ocean wireless, Brood arrives home, accompanied by a second wife, a Hungarian like the first wife he divorced. The havoc which this magnetic, dangerous and apparently utterly unprincipled young woman wreaks in the Brood household must be left for Mr. McCutcheon himself to narrate. Her purpose in marrying Brood, her secret connection with the dead and gone first wife, and her apparently criminal intent in openly making love to her own step-son, would quite baffle even the most astute reader of novels, were it not for the hint conveyed in the title that we cannot always trust the evidence of our own eyes. For the lady is not as black as she is painted.

It would be hard to find a wider contrast in purpose, method and material than that offered by the pleasant and, on the whole, optimistic little volume by Edwin Pugh, whimsically entitled *Punch and Judy*. The publisher's note opens as follows: "Central in interest is the love affair of a young musician and a fair artist's model, a Trilby of Soho." We need not quarrel with the comparison, but only with the question of its effectiveness. Twenty-five years ago, the phrase "Trilby of Soho" would have had significance. But to-day the readers who remember who Trilby was are sadly in the minority. At all events, here is the situation: the young musical genius in question comes of rather good family, correct, conservative, fastidious in their ways and instincts. He has drifted into Bohemia and has been caught by the glamour of its unaccustomedness. Incidentally, he fancies himself genuinely in love with the beautiful young model for "the altogether." And she, though knowing instinctively that it is all a mistake and that she is not fitted to be his wife, allows herself to be over-persuaded. But she gains a respite before the ceremony: she is to visit his people, learn what they are like, and, as it were, become purified from the contamination of her old life. Luckily, the girl's instinctive common sense asserts itself; her brief excursion into the upper social atmosphere proves to her the incongruity of the whole thing, and she is content to relinquish her wonderful young musician, and accept instead the Bohemian painter, bred in her own environment, who has always wanted her. And we have just realised that the interesting pair of twins, whose youthful escapades give

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the name to this volume, have not as yet been mentioned in this brief review, although they are by no means the least important figures in it.

Another story of artistic and bohemian London is *Gray Youth,* by Oliver Onions. In point of fact, it is two stories bound in one, which in England appeared under the separate titles of *The Two Kisses* and *A Crooked Mile.* It is a book to which a reviewer in sympathy with the theme would joyously devote a five-thousand-word article. But, under the compelling necessity of limited space, one can say only that it is a refreshing, delicious and fairly thorough *reductio ad absurdum* of the main propositions of feminism and eugenics. It is seldom that one runs across a volume which at one and the same time is so serene, so assured and so sardonic. It is not without good reason that the consensus of English criticism has already enrolled Oliver Onions in the forefront of contemporary novelists.

In contrast to the trenchant irony of the Englishman, we have the blithe and buoyant satire of George Randolph Chester on the American woman of the superlatively social-climber type, *Cordelia Blossom.* Cordelia is a prepossessing young person, of outward harmlessness. She looks upon life through very round eyes and has the possibilities of the so-called "baby-stare" reduced to a fine point. She is apparently handicapped by a middle-aged husband of a proud Southern ancestry and of an abnormally sensitive conscience,—especially his political conscience. But this does not in the least deter her from proceeding to get what she wants. And what she wants constitutes a rather big programme: namely, the social leadership of her home town, the presidency of the local branch of the Isis Club, the election of her husband successively to the offices of mayor, governor and United States senator, and her own final apotheosis as the national head of all the confederated branches of her club. Of course, the whole thing is immensely exaggerated; it is the irresistible combination of beauty, diplomacy, and feminine rivalry raised to the *n*th power. But it is all very good fun indeed, and while not taking her at all seriously, we are frankly reluctant, when the time comes, to bid good-by to Cordelia Blossom.

Another member of the fair sex, almost equally potent in her own way, is little Lady Noggs, heroine of Edgar Jepson's mildly diverting new volume, *The Intervening Lady.* The age of Lady Noggs in the opening chapter is problematic; she belongs to that vague tom-boy period that may lie anywhere between ten and fourteen. She has very decided views of life and an embarrassing activity in setting straight anything which she regards as wrong, either in her own family or those of her neighbours. And the fact that she is a peeress in her own right, with a fortune of considerable dimensions, and does not stand the least in awe of her uncle, who happens to be Prime Minister of England, considerably increases the enormity of her escapades. Altogether, she is a refreshing personality. But when we take leave of her at the end, with her skirts let down and her hair put up, we realise that the Lady Noggs is destined to be something more than a handful of responsibility for some dubiously lucky man to manage.

Another volume dealing with the vagaries of immaturity is *Bobby,* by J. J. Bell. Undoubtedly there will be a good many people, readers and reviewers alike, who will follow the lead of the publisher's notice and draw favourable comparisons between *Bobby* and the same author's earlier and almost epoch-making *Wee McGreegor.* But such comparison would be flagrant injustice to a character whom many of us still love after the lapse of more than a decade. Wee McGreegor was a personality and a perennial joy; Bobby is at best a type, the embodiment of all those qualities which, at their worst, fill the inexperienced old bachelor, the maiden aunt, the harassed parents with a variety of emotions ranging from impotent dismay to righteous wrath. And after all, there is no harm in Bobby; it is just the pent-up ef-

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fervescence of youth, like an over-charged syphon of soda water. But the real trouble with *Bobby* is a lack of spontaneity; it reads like a conscious effort; it would suffer rather materially from a comparison with an example of the sterling thing, such as *Helen's Babies,* a "best seller" of half a century ago.

A volume occupying a niche by itself is the series of negro monologues by Dorothy Dix, entitled *Mirandy*. The full portrayal of this portly washing-lady of dark complexion is so largely a joint product of the author and of Mr. E. W. Kemble, who has supplied a generous instalment of illustrations, that the reviewer feels himself incompetent to convey an adequate idea of her buxom amplitude and elephantine grace, and must necessarily confine himself to just a few specimens of her practical philosophy of life. Here are some characteristic extracts:

> Most of the troubles dot women has come along of der bein' born wid a wishbone instid of a backbone.
>
> When a woman quits weepin', she's done throwed de best weapon she's got.
>
> Men and women is much of a muchness, —case ef dey warn't, dey wouldn't match so well.
>
> Fame is somethin' dat you spends you' life a-wukin' for, an' den hit lands you in de po'-house.

Like all character monologues, from *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* and the *Widow Bedott Papers* down to our philosophic friend, Mr. Dooley, the very best of them grow a little tedious if taken in large doses. The best thing that can be said of *Mirandy,* is that it averages very well.

Ten years ago, *Jehane of the Forest,* by L. A. Talbot, would have attracted a brief word of favourable comment as a fairly good example of a prevailing type. To-day a forest romance of the time of Henry II is such an anachronism and rarity that while here and there it may be over-praised, as it has been by Mary Cholmondeley, the chances are very much against its receiving a fair hearing, simply because the public as a whole is not in sympathy with its type. For instance, at the very outset we become mentally out of breath in trying to read and memorise the fact that Jehane, the heroine, is daughter of "Pargeter, the Woodward, Keeper of the Lord John de Fort-Castle, Earl of the Forest of Wyre and Lord of the Township of Clee." Now, the essence of the story is how Jehane, the Woodward's daughter, befriends Lambert, the earl's disinherited son, how through her help he is restored to favour, how she flees from home to a convent, to escape the wicked intent of her sister's betrothed husband, and how Lambert, besieged in his castle by a neighbouring noble, dares a thousand deaths to escape in time to rescue Jehane from the convent, almost with the final and irrevocable vows upon her lips. The whole thing is a well-intentioned echo of Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers,* but the echo is sadly faint and much belated.

The Primal Lure, by Miss V. E. Roe, is also a tale of the forest, but of the forest of the new world instead of the old, and there is in it a surge of vitality and human passion. It is simply a tale of the unspoken love and stubborn anger of one Angus McConnel, a Scotch agent of the Hudson Bay Company in the far north trading post of Fort Lu Cerne. Among the simple French folk who make up the population of the post, there is one beautiful young girl, Lois Le Wayne, who is seen one night stealing out of the agent's business office. The next morning he grimly announces that the ledger containing all the accounts of the colony with his company for the previous season, their debts for supplies, their credits for furs, has been stolen; he intimates that it is the result of a plot to defraud the company. And because suspicion falls upon Lois as the one actually guilty of removing the book, he brutally throws the young girl into the miserable log hovel that is their only local prison, and vows that he will keep her there until the missing book is found. This deed, dictated by an exaggerated sense of duty,

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brings cruel consequences in its wake and is responsible for more than one broken heart and for many a death from the internal strife, the pestilence and the war with neighbouring Indians which it indirectly brings about. And the cruelest part of it all is that Angus, in imprisoning Lois, is dealing his own hopes a death-blow; while she, innocent of any sinful thought, had only one reason for visiting his office on the fatal night, and that was to leave a love token behind her. A simple and poignant love story, worked to a pathetic and satisfactory conclusion.

As for Stanley Waterloo's latest prehistoric tale, *A Son of the Ages,* which seeks to tell in the form of fiction the way in which humanity gained a knowledge of the club, of fire, of chipped stone, of the hollowed log canoe, of copper, of iron, and of the navigation of sail-boats, it will suffice to say that his vehicle of expression, or rather his scheme of connection between the successive episodes lacks plausibility. In each stage of his supposed narrator's existence, his span of life ends prematurely and with violence. And then, all of a sudden he awakens, remembering vaguely the battle that caused his death, finds evidences of the fatal wound in the expected locality, but his surroundings have altered completely. He is some thousands of years further down in the history of the race than when he lost consciousness. Of course, if a human being repeatedly reincarnated at intervals of a few thousand years could in the present incarnation remember his past experiences the effect would be something like what Mr. Waterloo has given us. But each successive remembrance would not dove-tail so nicely with the previous one. And it is this which robs the whole narrative of verisimilitude.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part VIII—Sadowa and Sedan

In the summer of 1865 Frau Putlitz and her husband were the guests of the Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam. This time it is the wife who records her impressions in a series of letters to her sister. She was quite as fervent an admirer of the Crown Princess as Putlitz was, and her letters really supplement and complete his letters, for they supply the feminine point of view.

Frau Putlitz was perhaps most impressed by the Crown Princess's versatility—the ease with which she could turn from a gay and smiling talk about bulbs, for instance, to the serious discussion of the profoundest subjects of philosophy. Naturally, this feminine observer notes the Princess's style of dressing, which she greatly admires as being both simple and perfect. "There is," she says, "a charm about her whole presence which it is impossible to describe." Her way of speaking, too, was fascinating, and though she declared that her German had an English accent, Frau Putlitz found it delightfully soft. Shakespeare the Princess frequently quoted, and one morning she read long passages with an expression which was warmly approved by the dramatist, Putlitz himself, who might be allowed to be a good judge. Frau Putlitz thought that the special charm of the Princess consisted in her entire simplicity and naturalness, which was exemplified in her never uttering banal, used-up phrases.

Of the children we have some glimpses; they are described as perfectly charming and very lively. The Princess told Frau Putlitz how anxious she was to have Prince William educated away from home with other boys of his own age, and this intention, as we know, she afterward carried out in the case of both Prince William and Prince Henry. Little Prince Sigismund is pronounced to be

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really a delightful child. The Princess spoke with deep feeling of her father, whom she scarcely mentioned without tears, and she brought out all her souvenirs of him, which she kept with loving care.

We are also shown the Princess among her books and pictures, the Princess singing old Scottish ballads and English hymns, the Princess painting flower-pieces, and above all the Princess as a gardener. Frau Putlitz compares the neatness of the Princess's own little garden, laid out by herself, to that of a little jewel-box. Enormous strawberries grew on beds of white moss under the beech hedges, and a gigantic lily brought by the Crown Prince from Hamburg was exhibited with pride. Frau Putlitz was surprised at the Princess's practical knowledge of horticulture, and the thoroughness with which she set about it.

These are, to be sure, not matters of great importance in themselves, but it is interesting to see how completely the charm of the Princess's personality fascinated both husband and wife, who were by no means ordinary observers.

We come now to the outbreak of the war with Austria, which arose directly out of the war with Denmark, and which, as we now look back upon it, seems to fall naturally into its place as part of Bismarck's *politique de longue haleine* for the unification of Germany.

The Royal personages of his time were to Bismarck only pawns in the great game on which he was ever engaged. It is impossible to read his life and other literary remains without being struck by the contempt which he entertained for at any rate the great majority of those belonging to the Royal caste, though the management of them sometimes tried all his powers. It is significant that at one moment Bismarck had practically made up his mind to espouse the cause of the Prince whom he habitually called "the Augustenburger" in the Elbe duchies, and it was only after a prolonged interview with the Prince himself that he changed his mind, finding him to be, from his point of view, quite impracticable.

As a rule, however, those Royal personages whom Bismarck looked upon as pawns were actually not only content but proud of the position; the capital exceptions were of course the Crown Prince and Princess, who steadily resented and fought—sometimes successfully—against Bismarck's efforts to relegate them to a position in which they would not count at all.

It is curious to observe how Bismarck always managed to turn to account even circumstances which seemed at first sight most prejudicial to his designs. Thus in June, 1865, the Budget, which included the payment of the bill for the Danish War, was rejected by the Liberal Deputies in the Chamber, but it was this which enabled Bismarck to take the plunge and govern without the constitution.

This rejection of the Budget was followed by the Convention of Gastein in August, by which Austria was to have the temporary government of Holstein, and Prussia that of Schleswig. Such an arrangement contained no element of permanence, and was indeed an obvious step on the way toward annexation. To the hereditary claims of "the Augustenburger," which the Crown Prince had most loyally continued to support, it dealt a fatal blow, and it is particularly interesting to note that Bismarck implored the King to keep the negotiations which led up to the Convention absolutely secret from the Crown Prince. He frankly told his sovereign that if a hint should reach Queen Victoria, the suspicions of the Emperor Francis Joseph would be aroused, and the whole negotiations would fail, and he added, "Behind such failure there lies an inevitable war with Austria."

The secret was duly kept from the Crown Prince; he received the news of the Convention with amazement, and it served to increase—if that was possible—his detestation of Bismarck's policy.

The year 1866 therefore began with the gloomiest prospects from the point of

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view held by the Crown Prince and Princess. The Chambers were opened, but quickly prorogued, and Prussia openly prepared for war. Bismarck saw that the moment was most favourable, for Austria was in want of money, and was also beset with domestic difficulties in Hungary, while he himself had already practically arranged for the support of Italy. Austria was thus driven to demand the demobilisation of Prussia, and this was supported in the Federal Diet by Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and other States. Thereupon, on June 14th, Prussia declared the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and war began on the 18th.

We have become so much accustomed to the conception of a united Germany that it seems now extraordinary that in this war Prussia, with the Northern States, should have been ranged against, not only Austria, but Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, with Saxony and Bavaria.

It thus fell out that the Crown Princess and her sister, Princess Alice, were on opposite sides—a singular penalty which Royal personages are liable to pay for the privileges of their rank. The circumstance naturally increased the maternal anxiety of Queen Victoria. There is no doubt that she believed that Austria would win, and when the result proved that she was wrong, her distrust of Bismarck was increased, not by his success, but by the use which he made of it.

Princess Alice's correspondence with her mother [illegible] how much she was affected by the prospect of this civil war, as she calls it. There are constant references to "poor Vicky and Fritz." On the eve of the outbreak she told her mother that her husband, Prince Louis of Hesse, intended to go to Berlin for a day just to see Fritz and explain how circumstances now forced him to draw his sword against the Prussians in the service of his own country.

We have already noted the extent to which the Crown Prince was excluded at this time from State policy, but as far as he possibly could, even up to the eleventh hour, he continued to oppose the idea of war. The moment, however, that the die was cast and war was declared, he became the simple soldier, intent only on his military duties and ardently desiring a victory for Prussia.

The Crown Prince's second daughter was born on April 12th, and was christened Frederica Amelia Wilhelmina Victoria.

In May, the Prussian Army was divided into three Corps, of which the second was placed under the command of the Crown Prince, who was also appointed Military Governor of Silesia during the mobilisation.

Immediately after the christening of the little Princess, the Crown Prince joined his staff at Breslau. But he left under the most mournful auspices. Just before his departure the baby Prince Sigismund, whom Princess Alice had described as "that beautiful boy, the joy and pride of his parents," fell suddenly ill, and, what seemed particularly cruel and unnecessary, even the doctor in attendance on the sick child had to leave for the front.

There is a very sad reference to the illness of her little nephew in a letter written by Princess Alice on June 15th: "The serious illness of poor little Sigismund in the midst of all these troubles is really dreadful for poor Vicky and Fritz, they are so fond of that merry little child."

Prince Sigismund's disease was at first difficult to diagnose. As a matter of fact it was meningitis, and very soon it became clear that there was no hope. On June 19th the child died, at the very moment when his father was addressing his troops at Niesse, and the Crown Princess found herself alone, without any one near or dear to her to share her bitter grief in this, the second great loss of her life.

Queen Augusta journeyed to the front to tell her son of his bereavement. He, however, more fortunate than the Crown Princess, had much to absorb every moment of his time and thoughts. But after the war was over, in a speech made to the Municipality of Berlin, the Crown

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Prince alluded briefly to his loss. "It was a heavy trial to be separated from my wife and my dying boy. It was a sacrifice which I offered to my country."

In the *Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life* published by Lady Macdonell, widow of Sir Hugh Macdonell, a fact is revealed which shows how the mother's heart must have hungered for Prince Sigismund.

Lady Macdonell became on terms of considerable intimacy with the Crown Princess, who was evidently impressed by her sympathetic nature. One day, when they were going down a corridor in the New Palace, the Princess suddenly unlocked a door, and in the room to which the locked door gave access was preserved surely one of the strangest and most pathetic forms of consolation to which a bereaved mother ever had recourse. Lady Macdonell writes:

"I saw a cradle, and in it a baby boy, beautiful to look upon, but it was only the waxen image of the former occupant, the little Prince Wenceslau [a mistake for Sigismund], who had died when the Crown Prince went to the war of 1866. How pathetic it was to note the silver rattle and ball lying as though flung aside by the little hand, the toys which had amused his baby mind arranged all about the cradle, his little shoes waiting, always waiting—at the side."

When, five years later, Prince and Princess Charles of Roumania lost their only child, Princess Marie, at the age of three and a half, the Crown Prince wrote a letter of condolence to Prince Charles, who was Prince Sigismund's godfather, in which he said:

"May the grace of God give you strength to bear the hopeless grief, the weight of which we know from our own knowledge! In imagination I place myself in your attitude of mind, and realise that you must both be benumbed with sorrow at seeing your sweet child dead before you, knowing that you can never again see a light in her dear eyes, never again a smile on her face! Certainly it is hard to say: 'Thy will be done!' I put this text on the tomb of my son Sigismund, your godchild, because I know of no other consolation; and yet I cannot overcome that pain to-day, though many years have already gone by, and though God has given me a large family. Time does undoubtedly blunt the keenest edge of a parent's anguish, but it does not take away the weight of sorrow which goes with one for the rest of one's life. That my wife is united with me in these sympathetic thoughts you know."

The course of the war of 1866 is well known, and there is no need to trace it in detail. The operations of the Crown Prince with the Second, or Silesian, Army exercised a crucial influence on the whole campaign. Field-Marshal Count von Blumenthal, who, as Chief of the Staff, saw the whole of the operations, bears testimony to the brilliant strategic dispositions of the Crown Prince, which were particularly exhibited in the defeat of the Austrians at Nachod and the subsequent engagements. Von Blumenthal notes that the Crown Prince possessed, not only an extraordinary power of self-control and coolness, but also, what is not always found even in the greatest military leaders, an instinctive perception of how much he could leave to subordinates, while himself keeping a firm hand on the general course of action. The soldiers themselves adored him, for he always managed to find time to visit the wounded in the field hospitals, as well as to encourage by his inspiring utterances the troops in line.

The manner in which the Crown Prince effected a junction with Prince Frederick Charles and the First Army was most masterly; he came up exactly at the right moment and at the right place. Unfortunately, as generally happens, politics intervened, and the Crown Prince was prevented from following up the victories with as much energy as he desired—indeed, it seemed to him that there was a conspiracy to tie his hands and control his movements. He even dropped a hint in the sympathetic ear of Von Blumenthal that if this treatment continued he would ask the King to relieve him of his command. Happily this

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was not necessary. The King himself assumed the supreme command on July 1st, and two days later there came the crowning mercy of Königgrätz or Sadowa, when the Austrians, under Benedek, were totally defeated. It was for his services at this great battle that the Crown Prince was decorated with the Order "Pour le Mérite."

Of Bismarck's exertions in this war, an English observer who was with the Prussian Army has left the following striking picture:

"Bismarck believes in himself and fully so. He believes he was called on to do a certain work, and that he is quite able to accomplish it. His power of endurance is very great. He often sits up night after night working hard. During this campaign he has never slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four: this is less than the great Napoleon, who under similar circumstances took four hours' sleep. But constantly continued work has had an effect upon him: his face is seamed all over, he has dark lines under his eyes, and the eyes themselves are bloodshot. He looks like a man who is knocked up by overwork, and yet he is gay and jovial, pleasant and cheery. What surprised me most was his thouough openness in conversation. Without the least reserve he spoke of his intentions, of the future of Prussia and of Germany. For an hour and a half he thus went on. His resolve is indomitable, and he also feels certain of going through with the work before him. The King is of course a mere tool in his hands; but it shows his great skill and dexterity in turning such an instrument to serve his purpose. I do not think him Liberal in the sense that you or I are Liberal. There is no doubt but what he thinks best he will enforce, and that what he does is, he believes, for the good and glory of Prussia."

Further Prussian victories followed, and the negotiations for peace exhibited a curious rearrangement of the three personalities concerned.

Bismarck was strongly in favour of concluding peace very much on the terms offered by Austria, partly because he feared French intervention, and partly because he saw the imprudence of pressing home her defeat so deeply upon Austria as to leave her with a burning desire for revenge. He wanted to look forward, in the diplomacy of the future, to a friendly Austria. The King, however, could not bear to sacrifice, as it seemed to him, the result of the expenditure of so much blood and treasure, and he wished to follow up the Prussian victories, without having any very clear idea of what further gains could thereby be made.

In these circumstances it was the Crown Prince who came forward as the mediator between the King and his Minister; it was the Crown Prince who supported Bismarck against his father. What really clinched the matter with the King was Bismarck's threat to resign. At the critical Council of War there was a dramatic scene. The King turned to the Crown Prince and said, "You speak, in the name of the future;" and when he found that his son agreed with Bismarck he gave in, and consented, as he himself described it, to bite into the sour apple.

Nevertheless, the terms of peace were not at all bad for Prussia. Her great object, namely, the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation, was secured; she obtained a considerable accession of territory, including Schleswig and Holstein, Hanover, the Electorate of Hesse, and other territories, which covered more than thirteen hundred square miles, with a population of over four millions. Moreover, in August, 1866, on the invitation of the King of Prussia, the Northern States of Germany concluded a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive. Thus was established the North-German Confederation, which was joined by Saxony in the following October, and formed an important step on the way to a united German Empire. Altogether the Confederation consisted of twenty-two States, and the first meeting of the Deputies was held at Berlin on February 24, 1867.

It was suggested that the Crown

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Prince should become Governor-General of Hanover, thus newly annexed to Prussia. It was thought that this plan would to a great extent console Hanover for losing her status as a kingdom, especially as the Crown Princess was closely related to the dispossessed monarch, King George V. The Crown Prince, however, insisted on arrangements which would have made Hanover altogether too independent to be agreeable to Bismarck, and so the idea was not carried out.

On the close of the war of 1866, the Crown Prince and Princess proceeded to Haringsdorf, a little village on the shores of the Baltic, to which the Princess and her children had been sent on account of the cholera, which was then very prevalent in Potsdam.

While there the Princess still busied herself with plans for the care of the wounded in the war. She had already assigned a great part of the palace at Potsdam for the nursing of wounded officers, and a little later on she proceeded with her husband on a long visit to Silesia. There they greatly improved the organisation of the war hospital at Hirschberg. Everything was under their personal supervision, and, thanks to their energy and kindly encouragement, the work was undoubtedly much more efficiently done than it would otherwise have been.

The Crown Prince had ridden with his father over the stricken field of Königgrätz, doing what they could to succour the wounded and the dying. How deeply the horrors of war had been impressed on the Prince's mind is shown by the words he wrote in his diary on the night of the battle: "He who causes war with a stroke of the pen knows not what he is calling up from Hades."

As for the Crown Princess, though she had been spared the sight of the worst horrors, she had nevertheless seen enough to enable her, with her eager, imaginative sympathy, to share in the fullest degree her husband's intense feeling. She never felt she could do enough to mitigate the sufferings of the soldiers, both on the battlefield and afterward in the weary months of convalescence in hospital. This autumn she organised an enormous bazaar at the New Palace in aid of the wounded, to which contributions came from all over the world. The Crown Prince himself went round collecting money for the soldiers, and the whole enterprise brought in a large sum for the fund.

The years that followed up to the outbreak of the war with France were not very eventful.

At the beginning of 1867, the Crown Prince and Princess stayed a while at Dover, where they met Princess Alice and her husband, who went back with them to stay for a few weeks in Berlin. They afterward went together to Paris, at the invitation of the Emperor and Empress of the French, in order to visit the great International Exhibition then being held there. The Crown Prince had served as president of the Prussian Committee for the Exhibition. Their stay in France gave great pleasure to the Crown Princess; the two sisters visited many philanthropic centres, and made an exhaustive survey of French art. It was on this visit to Paris that the Crown Princess first conceived the idea of the School of Design in Berlin which now bears her name, for she was greatly impressed by the imaginative fertility of the Parisian craftsmen, and by the perfection of their work.

The Crown Princess left Paris before her husband. Princess Alice wrote to her mother on June 9th: "Dear Vicky is gone. She was so low the last days, and dislikes going to parties so much just now, that she was longing to get home. The King [of Prussia] wished them both to stop, but only Fritz remained. How sad these days will be for her, poor love! She was in such good looks; every one here is charmed with her."

The Crown Prince had induced his father to visit the Exhibition, and the King, who brought Bismarck with him, had a magnificent reception from the Imperial Court. The Crown Prince and Princess did not abate their interest in

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politics, and they certainly shared Bismarck's view at this time that an arrangement with France was in every way desirable in order to avert war and to consolidate the gains of 1866.

In the autumn a terrible scarcity, almost amounting to famine, in East Prussia afforded a fresh opportunity for the practical sympathy of the Crown Prince and Princess. Together they organised a relief fund and relief works by which the sufferings of the population were much mitigated.

It was on February 10, 1868, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's wedding, and of the Crown Princess's christening, that another son was born, who seemed sent to fill the terrible gap which the death of Prince Sigismund had made two years before. The child was christened on the King of Prussia's seventy-first birthday, at Berlin, receiving the names of Joachim Frederick Ernest Waldemar. The Princess's fourth son was a beautiful and clever child, and his death, which was to follow when he was only eleven years old, was perhaps the deepest grief that fell on his parents. It is significant that when the Emperor Frederick chose his last resting-place, he desired to lie by the side of this child.

In the spring of 1868 the Crown Prince paid a visit to Italy in return for the visit paid to Berlin by Prince Humbert the year before. The Crown Princess did not go with him, but she followed with deep interest and pleasure the accounts of his reception, which were remarkably enthusiastic, and also politically useful, for it prevented the accession to power of a Ministry hostile to Prussia.

In 1869 the Crown Princess received a long visit from Princess Alice at Potsdam, and the two sisters spent their mother's birthday, May 24th, together. Princess Alice spoke in a letter to Queen Victoria of the delightful life "with dear Vicky, so quiet and pleasant, which reminds me in many things of our life in England in former happy days, and so much that we had Vicky has copied for her children. Yet we both always say to each other that no children were so happy, and so spoiled with all the enjoyments and comforts children can wish for, as we were." Again, on June 19th, "Vicky was very low yesterday; she has been so for the last week, and she told me much of what an awful time she went through in 1866 when dear Siggie [Sigismund] died. The little chapel is very peaceful and cheerful and full of flowers. We go there *en passant* nearly daily, and it seems to give dear Vicky pleasure to go there."

The two sisters spent a happy time together at Cannes in the late autumn of 1869, while their respective husbands were abroad. The Crown Prince, with Prince Louis of Hesse, visited Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, and the Holy Land, and went on thence to Port Said for the opening of the Suez Canal. In Jerusalem the Crown Prince took formal possession in the name of his father of the ruined convent of St. John, ceded by the Sultan for the erection of a German Protestant Church. The two Princes joined their wives at Cannes shortly before Christmas.

On their way home the Crown Prince and Princess spent a week in Paris, staying at an hotel. The Crown Princess was surprised to see how changed the Emperor Napoleon was since they had seen him last. She thought him ailing and dejected. In the course of conversation, the Emperor mentioned that he had a new Minister, a certain M. Ollivier.

The Crown Prince and Princess returned to Berlin on the morning of the New Year, 1870. The next time the Crown Prince met Napoleon III was on the morning after the capitulation of Sedan.

The year 1870 opened with no premonition of the tremendous events it was to bring forth.

Princess Victoria had been born on the eve of the Austrian War in 1866, and now, on the eve of this yet greater struggle, on June 14, 1870, the Crown Princess gave birth to her third daughter, Prin-

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cess Sophia Dorothea Ulrica Alice, who was destined to become Queen of the Hellenes. The candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen for the throne of Spain was announced on July 4th, and after fruitless attempts at intervention by the Crown Princess's old friend, Lord Granville, then the British Foreign Minister, war was declared between France and Prussia on July 15th.

At the time of the little Princess's christening, which took place at the New Palace on July 25th, there were few present at the ceremony who were not under orders for the front, and most of the men were already in their campaigning uniform. Emotion, anxiety, and excitement made the even then old King William feel unequal to the task of holding his little granddaughter at the baptismal font according to his wont, and this duty was performed for him by Queen Augusta. The fact that the Kings of Würtemberg and Bavaria were the child's godfathers marked the decision of those States, with Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt, to throw in their lot with Prussia in the war, as the deputies of the North-German Confederation had also done.

The christening was one of special splendour and solemnity, the two outstanding figures in the congregation being Bismarck, in his uniform of major of dragoons, and Field-Marshal Wrangel, now in his eighty-ninth year. Among the guests at the christening were Lord Ronald Gower and "Billy" Russell, the famous war correspondent. Two or three days before, they had been received by the Crown Princess at the New Palace, and Lord Ronald writes: "The Princess expressed almost terror at the idea of the war, and was deeply affected at the sufferings it must bring with it. She feared the brutality of Bazaine and his soldiers, should they invade Germany."

After the christening, King William and Queen Augusta held a kind of informal court in the curious hall known as the Hall of the Shells, full of memories of Frederick the Great. Early the next morning the Crown Prince slipped away out of the palace to spare his wife the agony of parting.

Even at such a moment as this, the Crown Princess's private and personal anxieties were embittered by circumstances which she was unable to modify or affect. Although England was not only ignorant, but was to remain, like the rest of the world, in ignorance for many years, of the falsification of the famous Ems telegram, sympathy with Germany as the supposed injured party in the quarrel was by no means universal.

It is true that on the morrow of the declaration of war the *Times* described it as "unjust but premeditated—the greatest national crime that we have had the pain of recording since the days of the first French Revolution." Nevertheless, France by no means lacked sympathisers in England—indeed, the Crown Princess was much distressed at the way in which her native country interpreted the obligation of neutrality. The Prussian Government considered that the exportation of coal and arms to France was a breach of neutrality; and the attitude of England during the Danish War was still remembered and resented in Germany.

Bismarck, with what Europe has now become aware was gross hypocrisy, observed to Lord Augustus Loftus, the British Ambassador in Berlin, that "Great Britain should have forbidden France to enter on war. She was in a position to do so, and her interests and those of Europe demanded it of her," a sufficiently cynical observation on the part of a man who, as we now know, had himself forced on the conflict at the eleventh hour.

To Queen Victoria the Crown Princess confided her troubles: "The English are more hated at this moment than the French, and Lord Granville more than Benedetti. Of course, *cela a rejailli* on my poor innocent head. I have fought many a battle about Lord Granville, indignant at hearing my old friend so attacked, but all parties agree in making him out *French*. I picked a quarrel about it on the day of the christening, tired

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and miserable as I was. I sent for Bismarck up into my room on purpose to say my say about Lord Granville, but he would not believe me, and said with a smile, *'But his acts prove it.'* Many other people have told me the same. Lord A. Loftus knows it quite well. Fritz, of course, does not believe it, but I think the King and Queen do."

Meanwhile, France was complaining bitterly of Lord Granville's "cold, very cold" attitude. Then suddenly, on July 25th, the *Times* published a draft secret treaty which had been proposed by the Emperor Napoleon to Prussia in 1866. The terms were—(1) that the Emperor should recognise Prussia's acquisitions in the late war; (2) the King of Prussia should promise to facilitate the acquisition of Luxemburg by France; (3) the Emperor should not oppose a federal union of the Northern and Southern German States, excluding Austria; (4) the King of Prussia, in case the Emperor should enter and conquer Belgium, should support him in arms against any opposing Power; and (5) France and Prussia should enter into an offensive and defensive alliance.

This disclosure caused an enormous sensation, and Queen Victoria was much shocked at the apparent revelation of French greed and duplicity. Writing to the Queen, the Crown Princess observed: "Count Bismarck may say the wildest things, but he never acts in a foolish way,"—an interesting pronouncement when one remembers how keen had been and was to be the struggle between these two powerful and determined natures.

As a matter of fact, Bismarck did not hesitate to admit that the document was authentic, but he insisted that he had never seriously entertained the proposal, which came entirely from the Emperor. Not long afterward, on the day of the battle of Wörth, the game of "revelations" was taken up by General Turr, who disclosed proposals made by Bismarck in 1866 and 1867 for the annexation of Luxemburg and Belgium by France.

But already all such recriminations and discussions seemed merely of academic interest; already everything was swept from the mind of the Crown Princess save the necessity for hard work and intelligent organisation. With an ardour natural to her generous and sympathetic temperament she threw herself into everything that could mitigate the sufferings and promote the welfare of both combatants and non-combatants. Prussia's two former wars had given her an amount of experience which she was now able to turn to the best account. Spontaneously, without any advice or prompting from others, she wrote the following letter to the whole of the German world, her desire being to touch the hearts, not only of those Germans at home, but also of those who had settled overseas, in America and elsewhere:

"Once more has Germany called her sons to take arms for her most sacred possessions, her honour, and her independence. A foe, whom we have not molested, begrudges us the fruits of our victories, the development of our national industries by our peaceful labour. Insulted and injured in all that is most dear to them, our German people—for they it is who are our army—have grasped their well-tried arms, and have gone forth to protect hearth, and home, and family. For months past, thousands of women and children have been deprived of their breadwinners. We cannot cure the sickness of their hearts, but at least we can try to preserve them from bodily want. During the last war, which was brought to so speedy, and so fortunate, a conclusion, Germans in every quarter of the globe responded nobly when called upon to prove their love of the Fatherland by helping to relieve the suffering. Let us join hands once more, and prove that we are able and willing to succour the families of those brave men who are ready to sacrifice life and limb for us! Let us give freely, promptly, that the men who are fighting for our sacred rights may go into battle with the comforting assurance that at least the destinies of those who

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are dearest to them are confided to faithful hands.

"Victoria Crown Princess."

This eloquent appeal met with the splendid response which it deserved, and although practically every German Princess of the time took a more or less active part in the care of the wounded and of the families of the soldiers, it was soon realised that the Crown Princess was the master mind to whom all must look for their orders.

Queen Augusta supervised the ambulance and hospital services in Berlin, while the Crown Princess moved to Homburg and started on the organisation of a series of field-lazareths, being most efficiently helped in her labours by her sister, Princess Alice, who herself organised and actively supervised four field hospitals in Darmstadt itself.

The Crown Princess began by turning the old military barracks at Homburg into a hospital, the existing hospital being set aside for the use of wounded French prisoners. She also built at her own expense two magnificent wards, and they—doubtless partly because they were new buildings—showed far more satisfactory results in lower death-rate and shorter convalescence than did the wards in any other of the German military hospitals.

The Victoria Barrack, as the new wards were called, was built of wood on a brick foundation. In addition to the wards, the building contained a good store-room, lined with glass cupboards, in which was kept a quantity of old linen which Queen Victoria had sent for the wounded. Each ward contained twenty-four beds. A feature which the German doctors and nurses regarded with decidedly mixed feelings was a system of ventilation which enabled the whole building to be opened from end to end when required.

By the Crown Princess's orders, the very simplest and plainest appliances compatible with health and comfort were used. Thus the necessary furniture was all of varnished deal. By her wish, too, a great effort was made to give a bright and home-like appearance to each ward, and this, like the special ventilation, was quite a new idea to both German patients and German doctors. In the corners of each ward stood large evergreen shrubs, and on every table were placed cut flowers in glasses. Whenever the Crown Princess received a personal gift of flowers, she immediately sent it off to the hospital, often bringing a bouquet and arranging it herself. Nothing in the Victoria Barrack was used which could conceal any dirt; for instance, the crockery was white and the glass plain.

The Crown Princess attended the military hospitals daily. She went through every ward, and spoke to every patient; and she was quite as regular in her attendance on the wards containing the French prisoners as she was on those where the German soldiers lay. In this way she came into personal association with ordinary people of a class of whom Princesses see as a rule little or nothing. With many of the soldiers who were then tended under her supervision and care she kept in touch long after the war was ended—indeed, she was always eager to help in after life any of those whom she had known at Homburg, or who had fought under her husband's orders.

But the Crown Princess did far more than the work associated with her name at Homburg. It was owing to her promptness and her energy that a long line of military hospitals was rapidly organised along the whole of the Rhine Valley.

At the end of the campaign of 1866 the Crown Prince and Princess had founded the National Institution for Disabled Soldiers, and by the special order of the King it was given the name of the Victoria Institution, because the Crown Princess had suggested and instigated its creation. At the close of 1871, this Institution, again at her suggestion, was placed upon a wider footing, and applied to the whole of Germany instead of only to Prussia.

There is no need here to describe the course of the war itself. A vast literature, both technical and general, has

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grown up round it, and there are many people by no means yet old who remember vividly that immense and sanguinary struggle. To the Crown Prince was assigned the command of the Third Army, in which nearly every State of both North and South Germany was represented, including the Bavarian Corps and the Divisions of Würtemberg and Baden. Once more the Prince proved his fitness for high command, perhaps most notably at the battle of Wörth, when his admirable dispositions and his unhesitating resolve that even the last man must if necessary be staked were the main causes of the victory. Yet the Crown Prince said to the great German writer, Freytag, who was with him in this early part of the war:

"I hate this slaughter. I have never desired the honours of war, and would gladly have left such glory to others. Nevertheless, it is my hard fate to go from battlefield to battlefield, from one war to another, before ascending the throne of my ancestors."

Much as he hated war, the Crown Prince never hesitated, as weak commanders have always done, to pay the necessary price of victory in human lives. Among the troops, "Unser Fritz," as they called him, quickly became extraordinarily popular—indeed, their devotion to their leader formed a strong and politically useful link between men who had actually fought against one another so recently as the Austrian War.

Throughout the campaign, the Crown Prince and Princess corresponded daily. The siege of Paris had begun on September 15th, and the Crown Prince was at Versailles on his birthday, on October 18th, almost the first birthday he had spent away from his wife since their marriage. When he woke in the morning he found on his table a small pocket-pistol, and a housewife, filled with articles for daily use, from the Crown Princess.

There is a very interesting glimpse of the Crown Princess in December, 1870, that is, during the middle of the war, in Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs. He was asked to lunch with her, and they had a long talk about public affairs. The Princess was very dissatisfied concerning the proposed Convention with Bavaria, and it seemed to the statesman that both she and Princess Alice were enthusiastic for the idea of a united Empire without any exception, and that neither sister liked the proposal of federation. The Crown Princess listened attentively, however, to Hohenlohe's defence of the special nature and justification of the Bavarian claims, but it is evident that she agreed with her husband on the question of coercing the Bavarians, if it should be necessary.

The two sisters were together as much as was possible during those terrible months of hard work and anxiety. Princess Alice spent half of the December of 1870 in Berlin, and wrote to her mother: "It is a great comfort to be with dear Vicky. We spend the evenings alone together, talking or writing our letters. It is nearly five months since Louis left, and we lead such single existences that a sister is inexpressibly dear when all closer intercourse is so wanting!"

On Christmas Eve there arrived at the house at Versailles, where the Crown Prince was then living, a huge chest, and he asked his hostess and her family to share his Christmas cake, "for," said he, "this cake was baked by my wife, and you will much oblige me by tasting it." He then chatted to them about the Christmas festival in his own happy household, and translated the letters of the Crown Princess and of his two elder children. Long afterward this lady wrote to a friend a letter which has since been published:

"In those fateful days we learned to know the good and open heart of the late Emperor. We were fortunate indeed to be under the protection of that stately and friendly gentleman, who appeared to us, as we now think of him, to have been a good genius who warded off mischief from our household."

The Crown Princess was accused of having interfered to prevent the bombardment of Paris. Thus Busch writes on December 24, 1870:

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"Bucher told us at lunch he had heard from Berlin that the Queen and the Crown Princess had become very unpopular, owing to their intervention on behalf of Paris; and that the Princess, in the course of a conversation with Putbus, struck the table and exclaimed: 'For all that, Paris shall not be bombarded!'"

As a matter of fact, though both Moltke and the Crown Prince considered that the right tactics would be to starve out Paris by a strict investment, the bombardment, which was urged by Bismarck for political reasons, was delayed, not by any slackness on the part of the Third Army, but simply by insufficient preparation of the siege-train in Berlin. The Crown Princess suffered bitterly from Bismarck. She knew well that he was indispensable, the man of the hour, but he would never trust her. He often held back important political news from the Crown Prince for fear it should leak out through the Crown Princess to England. In this he did her an injustice so gross that it could not be atoned for by his own tardy acknowledgment of the fact in *Thoughts and Remembrances*.

On January 25, 1871, we learn from Busch that Bismarck said of the English who wanted to send a gunboat up the Seine to remove the English families there:

"They merely want to ascertain if we have laid down torpedoes and then to let the French ships follow them. What swine! They are full of vexation and envy because we have fought great battles here—and won them. They cannot bear to think that shabby little Prussia should prosper so. The Prussians are a people who should merely exist in order to carry on war for them in their pay. This is the view taken by all the upper classes in England. They have never been well disposed toward us, and have always done their utmost to immure us. The Crown Princess herself is an incarnation of this way of thinking. She is full of her own great condescension in marrying into our country. I remember her once telling me that two or three merchant families in Liverpool had more silver-plate than the entire Prussian nobility. 'Yes,' I replied, 'that is possibly true, your Royal Highness, but we value ourselves for other things besides silver.'"

After the capitulation of Sedan, the Crown Prince issued from Rheims an appeal for the wounded soldiers and the relatives of the killed and wounded. In it he spoke of his happiness in commanding in the field an army in which Prussians fought side by side with Bavarians, Würtembergers, and men of Baden, and declared that the war had created one German Army and had also unified the nation.

Later on, when the German armies sat down before Paris, the Crown Prince allotted some of the large rooms of the Palace of Versailles for a hospital, and himself supervised the arrangements. All through the war, indeed, he showed the keenest interest in the hospital service, and was constant in his visits to the wounded soldiers. Here we may trace the influence of his wife, who eagerly awaited all that he could tell her in his letters about the poor men to whom her woman's heart went out with such ardent sympathy. The Crown Prince took pains to supply the patients with interesting reading, and at his suggestion the editor of a Berlin Liberal paper sent many hundreds of copies of it daily to the military hospitals. This, however, was not approved at headquarters, and an order was actually issued by von Roon, forbidding the distribution of the paper.

Such incidents illustrate the difficulties with which both the Crown Prince and the Princess had to contend. The presence at Versailles, not only of the King and Bismarck, but of a cohort of German princes with their retinues, as well as numerous diplomatists, Ministers, and other official personages, did not make the Crown Prince's position easier. He had been raised after the fall of Metz to the highest rank in the army, that of General Field-Marshal, the promotion being communicated to him in a letter from his father bearing grateful testimony to his brilliant successes in the

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field, notably the strategic advance by which he covered the left of the main army and enabled it to overcome Bazaine's forces. But this elevation in rank does not appear to have been of much practical value to him.

Naturally both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess took the keenest interest in the question of the Imperial title.

By the end of November, 1870, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Würtemberg, and Bavaria had all joined the North-German Confederation by treaty. Early in December, the King of Bavaria, in a letter to the King of Saxony, which was really written by Bismarck, nominated the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany, and the North-German Parliament, after voting large supplies for the continuance of the war, adopted by an overwhelming majority an address requesting the King to become Emperor. His brother and predecessor had refused the Imperial crown proffered him by the Frankfort Parliament, on the ground that the legal title was insufficient, but now that the dignity was tendered by the Sovereigns and the people of Germany, it was not possible for the King to refuse.

Neither the King himself, however, nor the older Prussian nobility liked the change, which, it was feared, might transform the almost parsimonious austerity of the Prussian Court into something like the pomp and extravagance with which other sovereigns had surrounded themselves. Bismarck, who considered all such matters as titles and heraldic pomp to be only important because they influence men's minds, was disposed to agree with his Sovereign's feeling, but it was the corner-stone of his policy to conciliate the South German States.

To the Crown Prince, on the other hand, with his strongly idealist nature and his highly developed historical imagination, the conception of the Empire won by the sword made an irresistible appeal. He was ready to see in it a revival of the old Empire, by which the King of Prussia should be, not first among his peers, but the overlord of all Germany.

It is significant, however, that King William was proclaimed, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, not Emperor of Germany, but German Emperor. This was on January 18, 1871, the anniversary of the day on which the first King of Prussia had crowned himself at Königsberg. The Crown Prince supervised all the arrangements for the ceremony, and it was his idea to form a kind of trophy of the colours of the regiments which had won glory at Wörth and Weissenburg, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan. Before this trophy the King pronounced the establishment of the German Empire. On the same day by Imperial rescript the new Emperor conferred on the Crown Prince and on his successors as heir apparent the title of Imperial Highness.

The preliminaries of peace were not signed till February 26th, and we have, in a letter written two days later by his friend, Herr Abeken, an interesting glimpse of the feelings with which the Crown Prince regarded these great events, and also the reliance which he placed on the aid of his wife. The Crown Prince told Abeken that he was fully conscious of the tremendous responsibility now incumbent on him. It was thrice as great as that which lay on him as Crown Prince of Prussia, but he did not shrink from it. God had already given him a blessed help and support in his wife, by whose assistance he hoped to fulfil his great work.

The Crown Prince had the satisfaction of leaving behind him in France as friendly feelings toward him personally as could well be entertained by the vanquished for a victorious foe. He had distinguished himself among the German leaders by his moderation in victory, by his stern repression of excesses, and by his chivalrous tributes to the bravery of his enemies.

The Crown Princess, absorbed in her labours among the suffering soldiers, was scarcely aware at the time of the venomous feelings still cherished against her in Prussia, and it was with an exultant heart—as "German" as her most captious

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and suspicious critics could have wished —that she welcomed the conclusion of the great conflict.

Berlin was reached on March 17, 1871, and though no official reception then took place, the Royal carriage in which the new Emperor and the Crown Prince were to be seen side by side could only proceed at a foot's pace through the dense masses who crowded the streets.

Later, in response to the call of the great crowd who thronged about his palace, a window opened, and the Crown Prince was seen in the midst of his family beside the Crown Princess, with his youngest child, the little Princess who had been born at the beginning of the war, in his arms.

When the great struggle was over at last and peace was declared, the Crown Princess had a pleasant opportunity of exercising the generosity and delicacy which formed perhaps the most notable part of her many-sided and impulsive character.

M. Thiers had sent to Berlin as French Ambassador the Comte de Gontaut Biron. Although allied by birth to several great German families, M. de Gontaut, as he was generally styled, found his position in Berlin a very painful one. France lay in the dust at the feet of the only real conqueror she had ever known. The whole of the huge war indemnity had not yet been paid off, and French territory was not yet free from the foot of the invader. There were also all kinds of comparatively unimportant, yet vexatious and annoying, outstanding points which still awaited settlement, and till these were arranged Germany refused to give up certain prisoners confined in German fortresses.

Moreover, Bismarck, though outwardly conciliatory and courteous, did not seek to spare the French Ambassador, as a more generous and sensitive foe would have done. M. de Gontaut was actually expected to be present at each of the splendid Court and military fêtes which were then being given to celebrate the foundation of the new German Empire and the victorious return of the Prussian Army to the capital.

From the very beginning of his difficult task, the Ambassador found firm and kind friends in the Crown Prince and Princess. On the occasion of his first audience the Crown Princess came forward with kindly, eager words, telling him that she and her husband had just read with the greatest pleasure the memoirs of his grandmother, that Duchess de Gontaut who, as Gouvernante of the Royal children, played so great a part in the Revolution, and later, in the Restoration. The Princess went on to speak of her intense satisfaction and relief at the declaration of peace, and she concluded with the words: "We know that you have made a great sacrifice in coming to Berlin; and we will do everything in our power to make your task less painful."

When M. de Gontaut was later joined by his daughter, the Crown Princess did all she could to make the daily life of this young French lady as agreeable as was possible in the circumstances, and in this she had the warm sympathy and assistance of the Empress Augusta, who, as we know, had many old and affectionate links with the Legitimist world to which the Ambassador belonged.

The Crown Princess's youngest child, who afterward married Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, was born on April 22, 1872, and was christened Margaret Beatrice Feodora—Margaret after the Queen of Italy, whom the child's parents both regarded with warm affection.

Queen Margherita came to Berlin for the ceremony, and a great fête was given at the New Palace. It was more like an English garden party than anything previously known at the Prussian Court, but the Crown Princess had a way of making her own precedents. She caused invitations to be sent, not only to the nobility and the hosts of officials who had a prescriptive right to be present at such a function, but also to persons who were merely distinguished for their literary, artistic, or scientific achievements.

The months which followed ushered

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in a peaceful period of happiness and rest for the Princess. Her magnificent work during the war had won her warm friends and admirers in every class, but of more moment to her than her own personal popularity was that enjoyed by the Crown Prince, whose relations with the military party now became much pleasanter in consequence of his achievements in the field and the enthusiastic devotion felt for him throughout the army.

Unfortunately for the Crown Prince and Princess, Bismarck's position had been even more radically transformed by the war, and the Minister's domination over his already ageing sovereign grew more and more obvious. It was an open secret that the Emperor and his heir differed on many important questions, and the gulf between them was sedulously widened by Bismarck's jealous prejudice against the Crown Prince. Incidents that would have been in ordinary circumstances too slight to mention now revealed, even to strangers, the friction which was symptomatic of deeper disagreement.

The Crown Prince, as we have seen, set much store by the new Imperial honours which the war had brought to his House, and he was always very punctilious in speaking of his father as "Emperor" and of his mother as "Empress." The Emperor, however, habitually still spoke of himself as "King" and of the Empress as "Queen." The story goes that on one occasion the Emperor, addressing some lady in the presence of his son, observed that it was extraordinarily mild for the time of year, and that "the Queen" had brought him some spring flowers which she had picked out of doors that morning. The Crown Prince answered, "Yes, so the Empress told me." "I did not know you had already seen the Queen to-day," remarked his father.

The experiences she had just gone through had shown the Crown Princess the inadequacy of the existing hospital organisation in Germany. From her point of view, and from that of the English ladies who had rendered her such great assistance in creating—it was nothing less—the Army Nursing Service, a more scientific training for nurses was evidently the first necessity; and in securing this she was particularly helped by Miss Lees, afterward Mrs. Dacre Craven, who had been a friend and associate of Miss Nightingale.

In 1867 the Crown Princess had drawn up a memorandum in which she laid it down that the best nurses would prove to be those who would combine the obedience of the Catholic Sisterhoods with a more scientific and comprehensive training. The Kaiserwerth Institution, where Florence Nightingale had gained valuable experience, did not give a sufficiently scientific education, and she came to the conclusion that a nursing school must be established in Berlin, where ladies, who should be given a distinguishing dress and badge, should be trained. The outbreak of the war of 1870 interrupted this scheme, but now that the pressing emergency was over, the Princess returned to her old scheme, the fundamental principle of which was that it should be carried out by educated and refined gentlewomen, preferably orphans. They were to have a three years' theoretical and practical course, followed by a course of monthly nursing, and were to pass an examination to test their proficiency.

In the face of strong opposition, both on the part of the medical profession and of the middle classes in Germany, the Princess organised this society of trained lady nurses, who tended the sick poor in their own homes. The society began in a very quiet, humble way, but now you could not find a German, man or woman, who would not admit that this was a splendid addition to the philanthropic institutions of the country. The Princess also founded a society for sending the sick children of poor parents out of the larger towns into the country or to the seaside.

(To be continued)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Uptown)..	The Salamander	The Palace of Darkened Windows
New York(Downtown)	The Salamander	Full Swing
Albany, N. Y.....	The Palace of Darkened Windows	The Salamander
Atlanta, Ga.....	Full Swing	The Price of Love
Baltimore, Md.....	Penrod	You Never Know Your Luck
Birmingham, Ala.	The Price of Love	Pollyanna
Boston, Mass.....	The Price of Love	The Fortunate Youth
Chicago, Ill.....	Tarzan of the Apes	Pollyanna
Chicago, Ill.....	The Salamander	Pollyanna
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	You Never Know Your Luck	What Will People Say?
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Once to Every Man	The Price of Love
Dallas, Tex.....	You Never Know Your Luck	Overland Red
Denver, Colo.....	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth
Des Moines, Iowa	The Salamander	Chance
Detroit, Mich.....	Midstream	The Fortunate Youth
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Salamander	Penrod
Jacksonville, Fla.	Full Swing	The Salamander
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	You Never Know Your Luck
Louisville, Ky.....	You Never Know Your Luck	Once to Every Man
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Fortunate Youth	Two in the Wilderness
New Haven, Conn.....	Penrod	Chance
New Orleans, La.....	What Will People Say?	The Price of Love
Norfolk, Va.....	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck
Omaha, Neb.....	Pollyanna	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.....	You Never Know Your Luck	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth
Portland, Me.....	You Never Know Your Luck	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Providence, R. I.	You Never Know Your Luck	The Price of Love
Rochester, N. Y.....	Full Swing	Captivating Mary Carstairs
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck
Seattle, Wash.....	The Salamander	The Titan
Spokane, Wash.....	Overland Red	Penrod
Toledo, Ohio.....	The Fortunate Youth	The Salamander
Toronto, Canada.....	T. Tembarom	The Price of Love
Washington, D. C.....	Overland Red	World's End
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna	The Boomers

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
E	Full Swing	The Price of Love	Four Faces
The Fortunate Youth	Black is White	The Price of Love	Penrod
The Titan	Miss Madelyn Mack, Detective	You Never Know Your Luck	Clark's Field
Pollyanna	Heart's Country	Penrod	The Fortunate Youth
The Peacock Feather	Captivating Mary Carstairs	The Price of Love	A Lad of Kent
Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Penrod	Captivating Mary Carstairs	Clark's Field	The Salamander
Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup	The Salamander	Laddie
Once to Every Man	Diane of the Green Van	The Titan	You Never Know Your Luck
Diane of the Green Van	The Fortunate Youth	Full Swing	Penrod
Penrod	Pollyanna	You Never Know Your Luck	The Fortunate Youth
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Miss Billy Married	The Salamander
The Salamander	Diane of the Green Van	Overland Red	You Never Know Your Luck
The Price of Love	Laddie	T. Tembarom	The Fortunate Youth
Pollyanna	The Salamander	Penrod	Chance
The Fortunate Youth	You Never Know Your Luck	The Price of Love	Once to Every Man
Overland Red	What Will People Say?	Penrod	Pidgin Island
Westways	Pollyanna	Overland Red	The Salamander
The Peacock Feather	Chance	The Price of Love	The Salamander
North of '53	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	Diane of the Green Van
The Price of Love	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Penrod	The Price of Love	The Salamander	When Ghost Meets Ghost
The Price of Love	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	You Never Know Your Luck	The Salamander
The Salamander	The Titan	World's End	Chance
No. 13 Washington Square	Penrod	Overland Red	When Ghost Meets Ghost
The Inside of the Cup	The Price of Love	Diane of the Green Van	You Never Know Your Luck
The Titan	The Fortunate Youth	Full Swing	The Sale of Lady Daventry
Penrod	Martha-by-the-Day	Sweetapple Cove	Captivating Mary Carstairs
Penrod	The Inside of the Cup	Overland Red	The Peacock Feather
Overland Red	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
The Salamander	Barnabetta	The Boomers	Rose of Roses
Pollyanna	Full Swing	The Price of Love	What Will People Say?
Chance	You Never Know Your Luck	Barnabetta	Once to Every Man
Vandover and the Brute	The Price of Love	The Duchess of Wrexe	Fortitude
What Will People Say?	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Fortunate Youth	North of '53
Ariadne of Allen Water	Black is White	The Price of Love	The Story of Waitstill Baxter
Once to Every Man	The Woman's Law	What Will People Say?	Pollyanna
The Inside of the Cup	You Never Know Your Luck	Once to Every Man	Laddie
When Ghost Meets Ghost	Chance	The Marryers	The Woman's Law
Once to Every man	You Never Know Your Luck	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Salamander

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending June 3d:
1. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
2. Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled. Stuck.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. Modern Mexico. McHugh.
5. Progress of Eugenics. Saleeby.

For the week ending June 10th:
1. Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
2. Paradoxes of Catholicism. Benson.
3. Reinforced Concrete Construction. Hool.
4. Business: A Profession. Brandeis.
5. The Progress of Eugenics. Saleeby.
6. Woman in the Past, Present and Future. Bebel.
7. Thackeray's London. Smith.

For the week ending June 17th:
1. Modern Dancing. Castle.
2. The Promised Land. Antin.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. Crowds. Lee.
5. The America's Cup Races. Stone.

For the week ending June 24th:
1. Poems. Tagore.
2. Meccas of the World. Warwick.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. Ancient Rome and Modern America. Ferrero.
5. Business: A Profession. Brandeis.
6. Amazing Argentine. Fraser.
7. Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. Hutton.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
Fanny's First Play, Misalliance and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Shaw.
The Real Mexico. Fyfe.
The Works of Tagore.
Poems. Noyes.
Crowds. Lee.
Ancient Rome and Modern America. Ferrero.
Our Friend John Burroughs. Barrus.
Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
The Promised Land. Antin.
European Dramatists. Henderson.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 702 and 703) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Salamander. Johnson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	213
2. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker. (Doran.) $1.25	151
3. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	146
4. The Price of Love. Bennett. (Harper.) $1.35	134
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	112
6. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	104

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